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THE AUTHOR

The Story of Lancaster: Old and New

BEING A NARRATIVE HISTORY OF LANCASTER,
PENNSYLVANIA, FROM 1730 TO THE CENTENNIAL
YEAR, 1918

BY

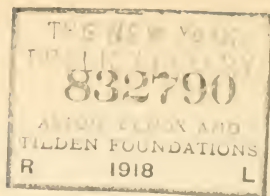
WILLIAM RIDDLE

*Author of "Nicholas Comenius, or Ye Pennsylvania Schoolmaster of ye
Olden Time," "One Hundred and Fifty Years of School History in
Lancaster, Pennsylvania," "The Founder's Return," "A Tribute
to Old Lancaster," and "Cherished Memories."*

DEDICATED TO THE CITIZENS OF "NEW LANCASTER"

WITH 22 ILLUSTRATIONS

LANCASTER, PA.
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR
1917



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By WILLIAM RIDDLE

PRESS OF
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INTRODUCTION

MUCH has been written of the early history of Lancaster city, but it remained for the present octogenarian author to unearth facts of interest, of no little moment, hitherto unpublished. In his assiduous researches he uncovered records to which previous historians apparently had not access. The result is a volume that contributes valuable addition to the store of local historical chronology.

The work, however, is not a mere insipid recital of dates with their associate incidents. With the historical fact is woven a narrative in which liberal scope is given to the play of the imagination, sentiment and romance. The old life of the community is contrasted entertainingly with the new. Informative deductions are drawn therefrom, upon which the author, from time to time, philosophizes, basing his conclusions upon the varied experiences and analytical observations of a long life.

The narrative opens with an account of the establishment in Lancaster of the county seat, and continues through the colonial period down to the time of the city's incorporation. This period, when the government was administered by the Burgesses, is described with much detail that portrays the picturesque and piquant flavor of the time. Instances in which the author finds praise worthy to be deserved, it is bestowed freely, and when censure is

felt to be warranted it is not withheld. Still, "the quality of mercy is not strained," but the reader will be gratified to discover that, in the unbiased judgment of the author, there is more to laud than to condemn.

Following 1818, when the city was granted its charter, the narrative continues through several administrations of the early Mayors, relating to the slow but solid development of the municipality. This brings the record to a period within the author's recollection and affords him opportunity to indulge in reminiscences of his childhood, many incidents of which are vividly told.

Published on the advent of the city's centennial anniversary, the volume has special timeliness and it will occupy its just place as one of the outstanding features of the celebration. But as an epitome of the cardinal events in the pioneer days of this community, conspicuous for its share in the building of the State and Nation, it will serve a much larger purpose as a residuum of ready and permanent reference for all future time.

Perusal of the work will stimulate and foster local pride. As the author well says, too little is known by the present generation of the deeds of their sires, and the community that enjoys a heritage of history so abundantly rich in praiseworthy achievement as Lancaster, is lamentably lacking when it fails either in acquiring knowledge of the facts or in doing them reverence.

B. OVID MUSSELMAN.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

It was in the year 1905 that the chronicler issued his "One Hundred and Fifty Years of School History of Lancaster, Pennsylvania." This somewhat comprehensive work, having met with the hearty approval of all classes interested in our public school system, naturally created a desire on the part of the compiler to follow it with a narrative of Lancaster as a municipality. Having gone through several histories of city and county, it soon became evident that they were intended as books of reference rather than to be read by the average reader, who has little time to leaf over five or six hundred pages in getting what might be had out of a smaller volume written in the shape of a narrative.

Three reasons may be given for entering upon this work at the age of four score, when most men are content to rest from their labors after a somewhat long, busy life. The first, that the chronicler was born in "Old Lancaster," in the year 1837; the second, to be kept busy, feeling that the secret of old age isn't so much that of years, as in keeping the mind employed, if not in a business sense, at least in a line of work conducive to peace and contentment. In both of these, the chronicler has found the pleasure afforded as old age comes creeping on.

The third and all-important reason is yet to be

stated. For many years the writer had been looking forward to 1918, when the various city organizations might meet to arrange to celebrate, in a becoming way, the one hundredth anniversary of Lancaster, which dates back to 1742, when the townstead became a borough under the charter by Act of Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania.

There was still one other reason for turning chronicler—a desire to aid in keeping the name Lancaster on the map, and where it might be seen by men with money to invest, on their way from the Pacific to the Atlantic, instead of going to either New York or Philadelphia for bargains. These, I knew, could be had right in my own home town, whether the passenger station remain where it is or be removed to the cut-off.

With the chronicler the town's future doesn't, after all, rest so much in the location of the station, as in the people themselves. Instead of showing the city's advantages as a center of intellectual worth and literary attainment, it has become a chronic habit with otherwise well-meaning people to discount their own home city on the principle that "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

The chronicler has oftentimes listened to praise showered upon the progressiveness of other towns when contrasted with their own home city of Lancaster. Conclusions are only too frequently hastily reached in prospective, of this or that city's inner life, without reflecting for a moment concerning its own worries and troubles.

Unless greatly mistaken, it is the rule rather than

the exception for those who have resided in Lancaster for any length of time, to speak in the fullness of their hearts of our town's social, industrial and commercial life, as not excelled by any other city in the union of states.

With a good many of our city's otherwise well-thinking people it is familiarity breeds contempt; they know not, nor do they seem to care for Lancaster's past, and how, from a village of a few hundred it has gradually grown—if by slow strides—to its present status of over fifty thousand inhabitants, in possession of a heritage of which any people might well feel proud.

In order then to aid all interested in Lancaster's present and future, it shall be the chronicler's purpose to carry them back in imagination to the year 1742, and thence almost to the beginning of this twentieth century. We have reason to feel that, after having shown how "Old Lancaster" started, confronting almost insurmountable obstacles, there may be much to praise and little to condemn.

If the author at times gives way to his inward emotions in passing judgment on prevailing conditions, he is only exercising a God-given right to discuss in his own way what he believes is for the city's present and future. We have oftentimes overheard men speak exultingly of progress made by this or that other municipality, and yet, when asked to contribute the widow's mite in making their own more healthy, beautiful and enterprising as a place in which to bring up their families, they go their way, saying, "As the town was good enough for

our ancestors, it ought to be good enough for our descendants.”

Possibly, in the union of states there may be other cities more desirable in which to dwell, but we doubt it! While it might be better, it will compare favorably with the great majority of other Pennsylvania towns of high or low degree. It shall be shown, and without malice, that Lancaster didn't spring up over night like a western mushroom town with more unoccupied space than can be covered with homes for a century to come. Of course, it may not suit everybody's whims and caprices, and yet where can be found a better class of dwellers than right here in the center of the richest agricultural county in America? If our local government doesn't suit those who vote "straight" and do the growling on their way home from the polls, they have it in their power to change conditions. But the chronicler's experience, running back a good many years, is that, as a community, we cling too closely to our former habits and traditions. It should not be forgotten that, while we are not living back in the days of our forefathers, when young and old, rich and poor lived as happily together without strangers as with them, we have inherited some of their slow-going ways. But, as the reader shall in due time learn, these were not at all times a disadvantage. It may be within the recollection of many of our citizens to recall how, a third of a century ago, certain industrial cities of the State were thrown into a panic over the failure of a number of big concerns. At the time Lancaster, with its smaller industries, had met with few failures.

However, since the seventies, as a city we have become more liberally disposed in throwing wide open the town's gates to all who may enter as law-abiding citizens in trying to make the city what it must eventually become—a "Greater Lancaster." But, after all, much depends on the meaning of this slogan, so frequently indulged in by the enthusiast without any clearly defined idea of its significance. A greater Lancaster doesn't by any means consist alone in spreading out beyond the town's limits of two miles square. While this may seem desirable, there is still much of "Old Lancaster" that needs looking after. No city is judged alone by the number of acres it covers. Men who have settled in Lancaster have done so largely on account of its home life, its churches, and schools. Of course, without industries—and the more the better—the city of Lancaster would drift back to its former status when the town's people lived largely by, for and within themselves.

At no time with'in the chronicler's recollection have the people as a class shown a greater spirit of progress than at the present day, in keeping the name Lancaster on the map. This is no newly coined term; it was in vogue during Revolutionary times when the patriotic men and women of "Old Lancaster" were in no way found wanting in their devotion to home and country.

In giving expression to another line of thought, the average twentieth-century citizen has little time for what is old. Friends passed away are remembered but for a short time and then forgotten—

unless, perchance, a legacy be forthcoming. Friendships such as existed when men wore crepe on the left arm for thirty days as a mark of respect for the departed, is considered a useless waste of the raw material, better suited for other purposes. Old landmarks are swept aside with impunity, even though one or the other be the homestead of this or that dweller in which he was born and reared.

We go in search of the almighty dollar, or, if not for the dollar, at least for the man who possesses it. Happily men of this kind are the exception. We verily believe there is no other city in the union of states in which the well-to-do are more liberally disposed in helping along every worthy cause than right here in "New Lancaster." This has been made only too clear when "calls" for charity and other beneficent purposes are made in a becoming spirit. As for our city's religious, moral and social life, it might be improved, and yet the chronicler is of the opinion that it will compare favorably with other cities in the forty-eight states of the Union.

However, it is really astonishing how little is known by the average person of how the town grew from an insignificant hamlet of a few hundred in 1730 to an empire surrounded by all the comforts which should in no way make us envious even of our neighbors living on the opposite lines of our two miles square. But one of these days they will be knocking at the door for entrance to our municipality to help to pay the city taxes! But why become envious? Health and wealth we have, some with more, others with less; and yet few have cause to

complain. Of one thing there isn't any shortage as in times gone by—filtered water—with an ample supply to be either used or wasted. Think of seven million gallons consumed daily by the fifty thousand of the city's inhabitants! The only way to account for the quantity consumed every twenty-four hours is that it has taken the place of such stimulants as used to be indulged in when "muddy" water drove a good many of the male population to resort to other means of quenching an inherent thirst. So let us be thankful for small favors, with larger ones in proportion.

And these larger ones are our churches, our schools, our Lancaster County Historical Society, the A. Herr Smith Memorial Library, the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, the Iris Club, Patriotic Daughters of the Revolution, Stevens Industrial School, hospitals, the Long Home and the Home for Friendless Children, not to overlook the ministerial workers, whom some people don't like for a way they have of meddling with their own private affairs. However, with a little patience, they may learn of how the Burgesses had the town constable patrol the streets of the townstead, gathering in all tipplers and other violators of Acts of Assembly.

Of parks we have our Buchanan, Long, Rocky Springs and, last though not least, our Williamson's—a "place of beauty and a joy forever," especially during the "good old summer time." In addition, we have our Chamber of Commerce, City Councils, with the hope that they may pull together instead

of apart in making the coming Centennial of Lancaster's first century as a municipality a crowning success. We know that our system of street cars, the best in the country, will join with the Automobile Club in making the occasion a complete success. Then, with the Brunswick, Stevens, and others, not to forget our picture shows.

To have one's lot cast in such a favored spot as Lancaster, what more could any people desire? What more? Only that our schools do their part in creating a greater love for their county's history! What signifies a mind overcrowded with non-essentials? Ask any high school boy the simplest question relating to the city of his birth, and the chances are his reply will cause you to think that much of our free-school education is out of proportion to its cost.

And here to conclude the preface, let all boys stand up and take notice! What all school boards have a right to expect for the money invested is to know that a substantial return follows in the making of good citizens, loyal in time of peace and equally loyal in time of war. Without the love of parents, home and country, all education counts for naught. This is equally applicable to girls.

To finally conclude with what another has written, and which are the author's sentiments: "I love my home better than any other home, my city better than any other city, my county better than any other county, my State better than any other in the Union, and my country better than any other country in the world."

THE AUTHOR.

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LANCASTER: OLD AND NEW

A PRELIMINARY WAR EPISODE

It was after penning the preface, happy in the thought of what the harvest was to be, that the ringing of bells and the blowing of whistles, came to remind the narrator that the only kind of a story worth the reading at the present time would be a war episode.

It was along at the time the first contingent of young soldier boys went their way to the Rio Grande, there to uphold the nation's flag of red, white and blue. Months had gone by with the danger of war with Mexico subsiding, when came the President's proclamation, calling the young men to do battle in a foreign land. Reaching the station, in paying a last tribute to the boys, surrounded by mothers and sweethearts, it was only the octogenarian's age that kept him from joining the ranks.

Meeting with a war veteran who had done service in the war between the States during the sixties of the past century, as we strolled our way to the author's "den," he had many a graphic story to relate of bygone days. Entering, and after glancing the preface over, he exclaimed, "You, my octogenarian friend, have undertaken a most commendable work in starting to write the story of your own native city, but you must not forget to pay homage to the boys who have enlisted to do honor to their Country's flag of red, white and blue."

And, as we sat discussing the war, in his versatile way he related the following episode, which the chronicler has decided to weave into his narrative as preliminary. And while it has little bearing on what is to follow in the story's evolution, it may be in keeping with these war times. And so, as it came it shall pass muster with no apology on the part of the octogenarian author. Bracing himself in his easy reclining chair, his visitor began:

"It was during my boyhood, away back in the middle fifties of the past century, that a lad of my own age was taken by his father on a packet-boat from Reigart's Landing by canal and tide-water to the Chesapeake, thence up through another canal to the Delaware River, on the opposite side of which stood the great big town of Phildelphy, as we lads called what has since become the city of 'Brotherly Love.'

"For days we stay-at-home lads hung round the wharf, awaiting the return of the packet-boat. And so, one July evening, from off the boat our visiting lad stepped, and so stylishly dressed that, for a time, none of us waiting lads knew him! This was owing to the fact that he had been taken to a Phildelphy tailor and fitted out in a brand new suit of red, white and blue; red jacket, white cap, blue trousers. Instead of kips, such as we poor lads wore, on his feet were a pair of calfskin with red tops! But what made us poor stay-at-homers so thumpin' mad was, that our daddies didn't have the big, round silver dollars to pay our way to Phildelphy on the 'Edward Coleman'! Putting our heads

together we just made up our minds to dump him overboard into the Conestoga! But catching on to the trick, he took us all into the cabin, where he emptied his pockets of his Phildelphy goodies.

“Dropped him overboard! No, bless you, no! We dubbed him ‘Red, White and Blue,’ a nickname by which he was known until the breaking out of the great war of the sixties, when he enlisted to be dubbed the ‘Little Color Bearer’ in carrying the flag of red, white and blue.

“But not to get ahead of my story: It was only after patting him on the back that he began telling us town ‘greenies’ that he had stopped at the ‘Bull’s Head,’ one of the biggest taverns in the town of Phildelphy with so many rooms that he couldn’t count them. And as for the size of the town of Phildelphy, one of the constables had told him that it was so big that it couldn’t be seen for the houses! This was such a puzzler that not one of us home-chappies could get into our heads by either the single or double rule o’ three.

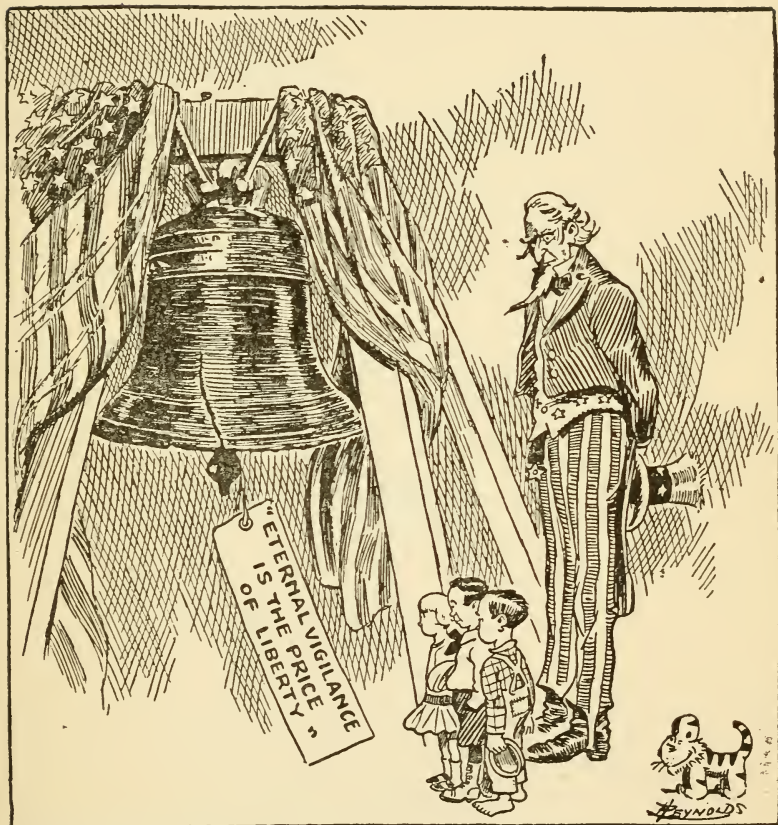
“At last, in dealing out another supply of ‘love-letters,’ he told us all about a visit he had made to ‘Independence Hall,’ to see what had been told him was the ‘Liberty Bell.’ But, oh glory, when he drew from his blue jacket pocket a picture of the ‘bell,’ and a likeness of George Washington, the Father of his Country, and who had never told a ‘fib’ even to his mother, somehow or other we all got to like our boy-traveler the more for having been to Phildelphy to see the ‘sights’! But when one of our ‘gang’ asked him why he hadn’t brought

the bell with him so that we might take a good look at it, he only smiled one of his Phildelphy smiles, adding that we were too dumb to get in out of the rain. This silly question was asked because, at the time, the Liberty Bell to our minds didn't differ except in size from the one which hung high up in the belfry of the Lutheran steeple. Again, American history hadn't as yet been taught in the lower grades of schools.

"As further recalled after these many years, our boy visitor to Phildelphy hadn't a word to say of how, in 1776, the Bell had pealed out the glad tidings of how the colonies had freed themselves from Great Britain's rule. Altogether, to our untutored minds, it was just the kind of a bell as had called us boys to Sabbath school on each recurring Sunday.

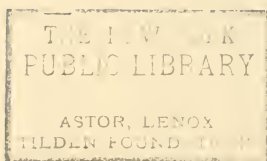
"If, then," continued my veteran friend, with a twinkle of his deep-sunken eyes, "'The Liberty Bell' was viewed by us lads more through curiosity than for the cause it represented, how different in this twentieth century! Why, only a year or two ago it was carried, draped with the Stars and Stripes, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf for the admiration of young and old.

"Ah, yes," he went on in his reminiscent way, "it took almost a century to revive the latent spirit of Revolutionary times; but now, wherever the 'Bell' goes, words of good cheer go forth for this emblem of our country's greatness and glory!" Rising to his feet, with outstretched arm he asked, "Where in the union of states lives there a young man who wouldn't buckle on the armor in defence of the cause



Courtesy Portland Oregonian

THE LIBERTY BELL



for which the 'Liberty Bell' stands, the preservation of the Stars and Stripes of the 'flag' of red, white and blue?

"Do you know," he continued, resuming his seat, "that following the great war, I was given to thinking that patriotism was one of the lost virtues, but with war and rumors of war resounding in our ears, I am inclined to the opinion that the same spirit of patriotic devotion to our country and its flag is as dominant as in the year 1861 when the young soldiers marched in defence of an undivided union of states."

Drawing from his vest-pocket a slip of paper on which was a miniature picture of the United States flag, he read the following:



For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win,
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Glancing at his timepiece, he was about to depart when, hesitating, he went on uninterrupted, "You would scarcely believe that it was only a week ago that my boy-comrade of more than sixty years ago and your veteran friend went our way to the great big city of Philadelphia, not however, on a packet boat but in an automobile, both as octogenarians. Viewed through his narrow boy vision, its streets were lighted by the dim gas lamps, but now by electricity, making night almost as bright as day.

"It's a great age, isn't it?" he continued, as his voice grew stronger; "Why, think of it, seven decades ago, my young chummy rode in an omnibus; later, on this our visit, we took the underground tube from the Pennsylvania station to the Delaware. At the time referred to, 'Old Phildelphy' extended but a short distance west of the Schuylkill, beyond which even Fairmount Park was little more than an unbroken wilderness—now a perfect 'Garden of Eden,' and wherein even Adam and his beloved Eve would be willing to rest content were they permitted to return to live their lives over in this earthly Paradise."

Rushing to the window, my veteran exclaimed, "Whence comes the music reaching our ears? Oh, it's only the town-band saluting more of the young soldier boys on their way to the recruiting stations; but mark an octogenarian's predictions, it won't be many days until the letter carrier will be coming along with letters for sweethearts and dear old mothers!

"And now," resuming his seat, "have you ever seen a mother clasp her son to her bosom as he stepped over the threshold to go forth in patriotic devotion in support of home and country? This is what happened more than half a century ago, and may happen again. Who can tell?

"In mention of letter carriers," he resumed, "have you ever seen a fond, anxious-hearted mother standing at the front door, awaiting the carrier as he approaches with a bundle of letters, but none from her dear boy? But watch this same disap-

pointed mother of the day previous, maybe, the morning following: If close by, you cannot fail to hear her exclaim, 'At last, at last has come the long looked-for letter from my dear son!'

"Keeping within hearing distance, you may hear her as she breaks the seal and reads aloud page after page of how the absent one is getting along away down by the Rio Grande! 'Oh, oh! And just listen, he writes his mother that he will soon be back with the other boys! And where is "Daddy"? Call him in.' And as he sits himself down with both ears wide open what more can he do but to give way to a deep sigh, as he recalls how he himself left his good old mother years before to join the Army of the Potomac at the sound of the drum and fife?"

Changing his trend of thought as he sat blowing the blue smoke of a stogy in graceful ringlets, he continued, "By some writer, it has been said that the boys of this twentieth century are actually dropping out of their home-nests before they can fly, and that scarcely one out of a hundred continues to live in the same house in which he was born. Taking unto himself wings, away he flies, leaving the old mother bird thinking how long it will be until her wandering child returns. But who, with a family of either boys or girls, would ever think of keeping them forever at home? And possibly for the reason that home is everywhere, and no longer as in yе olden time, embraced in one's city or county."

And before taking his departure, my octogenarian friend added, "It used to be said before the breaking out of the European war, that home was to be found

on an Atlantic steamer. 'This must have been so before the 'Lusitania' went down, otherwise there wouldn't have been so many excursionists making these ocean palaces of splendor their migratory homes. But—but, when the war is over, all travel will be resumed.'

And as the narrator bade his veteran friend a final goodbye before leaving for the Soldiers' Home in the city of Washington, his last parting words were, "There is after all compensation; instead of going to Florida in the winter or to the Yellowstone in the summer, those who cannot afford the expense can, for a dime or a nickel, go to a picture-show, there to witness scenes from every part of the world. And after having feasted their eyes on sights such as we octogenarians had never witnessed, all they have to do on reaching the pavement is to enter a trolley or an automobile to be taken to their homes whether far or near."

Purely a flight of the chronicler's imagination? In part only, for, on the fourteenth of January, came the boys referred to, to gladden the hearts of loved ones anxiously awaiting their return from the Rio Grande. And as a fitting conclusion, let it be said that, while the narrative is not to be turned into a war-story, who can say that the foregoing episode does not touch a tender chord in the hearts of all patriotic mothers in knowing what has hitherto happened may happen again before the volume reaches this or that home with anxious mothers standing at the front door awaiting the delivery man?

As a final passing, fitting tribute to the boys, it is the duty of all true-hearted American citizens of whatever nationality to stand shoulder to shoulder by the President of this great Republic—the young men possibly to go to war, the mothers, wives and sweethearts to give encouragement in upholding their country's flag of red, white and blue, the emblem of our cherished liberty, with the pledge that right must prevail though the heavens fall.

In weaving into the story the foregoing imaginary episode, if you please, dear reader, no apology needs be made by the chronicler; he has only given way to such thoughts as have permeated all sections of our common country, such as each bulletin inspires as displayed from each newspaper window. With these sentiments, it is the chronicler's hope that before the volume is issued from the press, the war-clouds which darken the horizon may be lifted with each bulletin bringing the cheerful news that right over wrong has prevailed. If exception be taken by the critically disposed, let them not forget that all things are fair in love and war. The chronicler can only conclude the musings of a young girl as she sat in a corner repeating,

In dust lies genius and glory,
But ev'ry-day talent will *pay*.
It's only the old, old story,
But the piece is repeated each day.

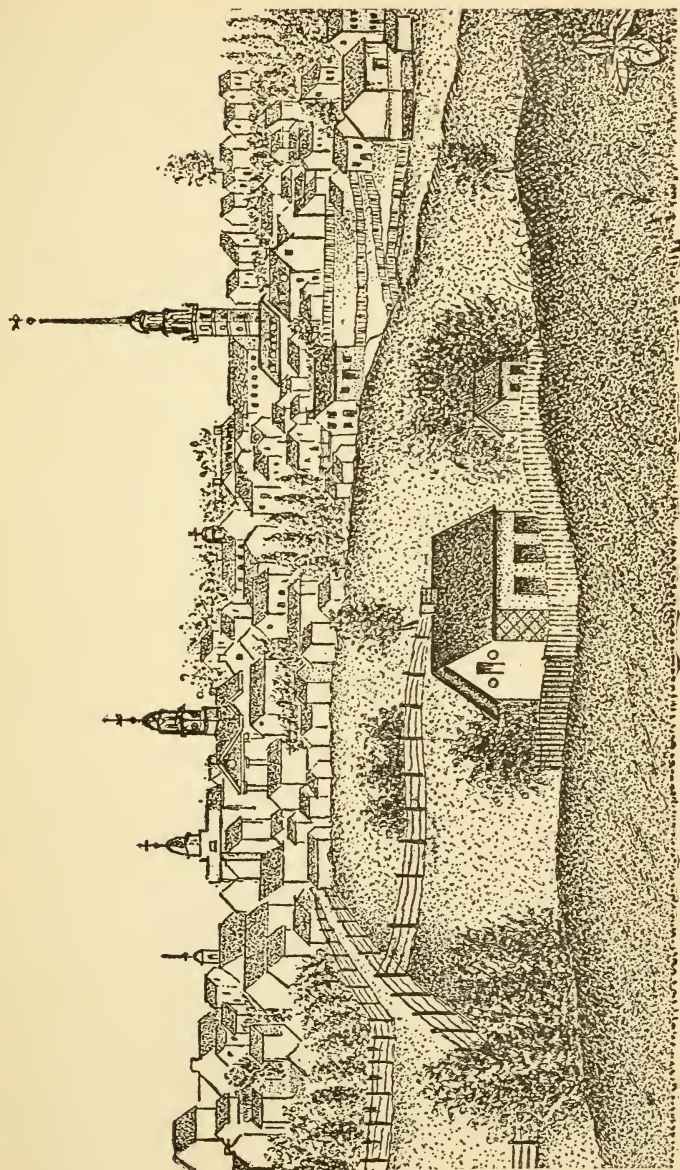
PART I

CHAPTER I

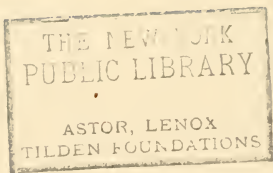
THE START OF THE TOWN IN 1730

ONE hundred eighty and seven years ago, forty-eight years after the arrival of William Penn on the shores of the Delaware, two years before George Washington was born, and fully four decades before the Declaration was proclaimed in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, the name Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was already on the map, and there it has remained down until the close of this, the year of our Lord 1917.

During these one hundred and eighty-seven years, more than seven generations of dwellers have come, played their part and then passed silently away to be remembered for a time, then forgotten. The history of this city of fifty thousand, if gathered by the chronicler, must be largely from musty records stored away among the archives of other decayed volumes that have served their day and generation. To resurrect these has been not only a duty but a pleasure on the part of the chronicler, actuated with the same desire as have others in rummaging through some old book-shop, sometimes through idle curiosity, at others, to bring into light things that have



BIRDS-EYE-VIEW OF OLD LANCASTER, DRAWN BY A LOCAL ARTIST, 1810



long since become old! In tiring of what is new, and by which he is daily surrounded, the souvenir hunter is ever on the go in search of bric-a-brac and other mementoes bearing the mark of age.

Having undertaken the task of compiler, we think we can measure the depth of understanding of most readers who, in addition to statistics, want a little of the human presented in readable shape to while away many a gloomy moment during these times of trouble in the midst of war and rumors of war. And so, if, in the narrative, anything appears to provoke a smile, well and good; on the other hand, if what you cannot approve, let it pass muster, for the reason that in this world there are "many minds of many kinds," all differing as one star differs from another, and yet all able to trace their beginning back to the "Garden of Eden," where both Adam and his beloved Eve lived happily together, until, through Eve's wanting to have the last word in an argument as to the proper way of bringing up their two sons, both were compelled to pass from the garden to end their days pretty much as their descendants down even to the present day.

However, our city is not to end its career over trifles. Unless greatly mistaken, it is to take on a new lease of uninterrupted prosperity. The same spirit which has dominated our people in the past will carry them along through this war, only to reap greater blessings at its close.

In the year 1730, when the name Lancaster was placed on the map, the plot of two miles square didn't have as many homes as in this twentieth

century, nor was it as well and favorably known as were a few of the New England towns following the arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers at a somewhat earlier period.

At the time when the name Lancaster was placed on the map, there were but three other counties in Pennsylvania—Philadelphia, Bucks and the mother-county, Chester, from which our own was separated in 1729.

In searching the pages of history, the compiler has been unable to find any reference to the state of mind in which the goodly Quakers found themselves after having parted with such an extended scope of country as that contained, at least, in our present nine hundred square miles, rich in all things that should make a people contented and happy.

As the part lying west of the Octoraro had, as early as 1709, become settled by Swiss Mennonites and Scotch-Irish, with the Conestoga Indians causing trouble, the inference to be drawn is that the quiet, peaceful Quakers were only too willing to cast off their troublesome neighbors. And yet it is only reasonable to infer that, before a century had gone by, it began to dawn upon the minds of their descendants that they had parted with the richest plot of soil in the United States. Of course, as a soothing balm to their wounded pride, came the consoling reflection that their forefathers had gotten rid of many of the "Dutch," better able and at the same time more willing to remove the tall oaks and hickories before the soil could be utilized for farming purposes.

At the time the county of Lancaster was separated from Chester it covered a pretty large number of acres of Penn's extended domain of about 45,000 square miles. As this was more land than the people of Lancaster County cared to farm even on the shares, in 1749 it gave enough of its broad acres to form the county of York. Again, in 1752, when "Old Berks" wanted to set up housekeeping, Lancaster, with Philadelphia and Chester, gave another allotted portion of her soil. Next came Dauphin in 1785, taking yet another slice. Again, for the last time in 1818, Lancaster joined Dauphin County with enough of what couldn't readily be utilized, in forming the small Dutch county of Lebanon. It will be observed, however, that while the people of Lancaster County were liberally disposed, they took good care to hold fast to the very best of their former holdings, aggregating some nine hundred square miles. And for this our fore-parents are to be congratulated. They might have thrown to Lebanon the Conewago hills with the numerous boulders cropping out here and there, of little use even for ballast.

Not to claim all the credit, each of the counties separated from Lancaster gave enough of their land to form some sixty odd other counties, all embraced within William Penn's forty-five thousand square miles extending from the Delaware to the Ohio and from the lakes to its southern boundary.

However, in seeking still another reason for the separation of Lancaster from the mother county of Chester, it might have been owing to the dialect of

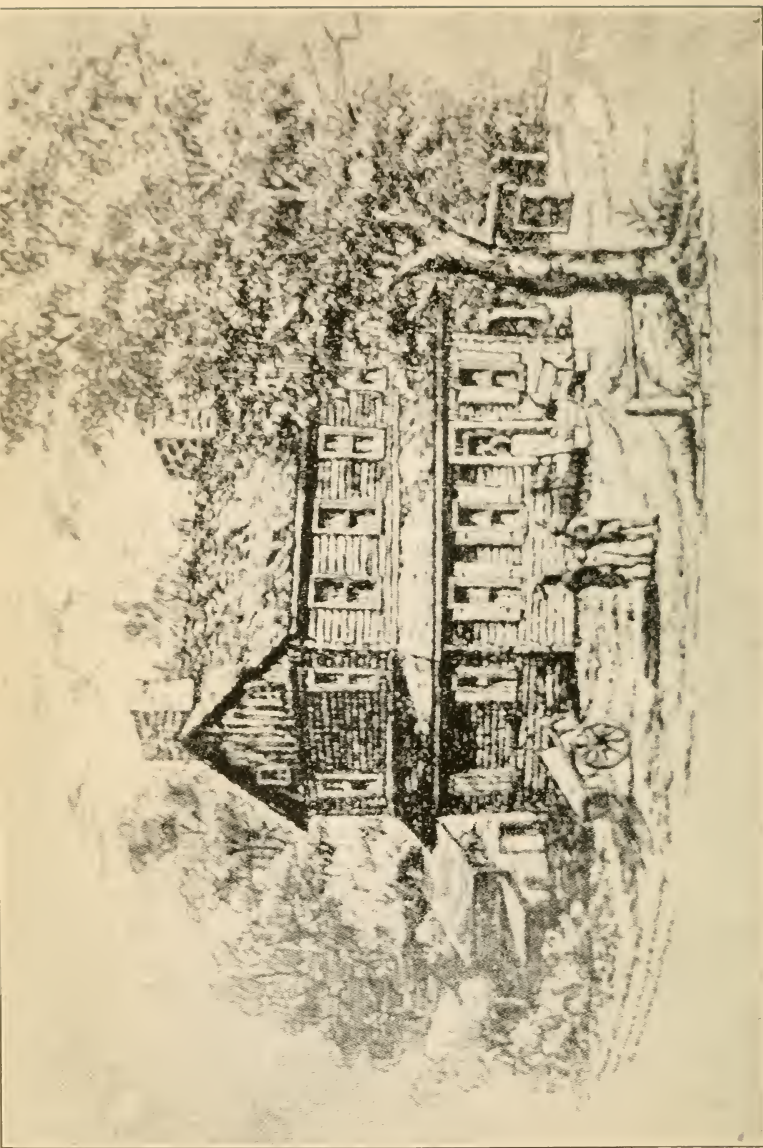
various nationalities to suit the English-speaking Quakers; for, at the time, under the wise dispensation of Penn, all were allowed to worship according to their conscience and in their own way without asking permission of the Quakers, and in any language, provided they observed the laws of the Province and those of Great Britain. Of course, the narrator hasn't submitted the foregoing reflections to the Chester County Historical Society to deny or affirm their correctness.

Having settled the question of how the county of Lancaster happened to be formed, the query naturally arises, "Who was James Hamilton, the town's founder?" Born in the townstead of Philadelphia in 1710, at the death of his father, Andrew, he became one of the wealthiest, as well as one of the most influential citizens of Pennsylvania. Like most public men of that day, the father of James had selected and purchased lands in various parts of the Province in expectation of a rise in value. Some of these were where "New Lancaster" now stands. Whether it was one single plot of twenty-five hundred acres handed over to his son James, or in parcels, may be made the more clear as the narrative continues.

It has been said that young Hamilton was one of the wealthiest of the townstead of Philadelphia. He was a member of the Provincial Assembly in 1734; mayor of Philadelphia in 1745; Lieutenant Governor, 1748. Again appointed Governor, 1759; and for the third time, 1763. He was the only Pennsylvanian appointed to the position of Lieutenant Governor after the death of Penn, 1718. James died in New York, 1783, at the age of 73.

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POSTLETHWAIT'S TAVERN, WHERE COURTS WERE HELD IN 1729-30

At the time the county was separated from Chester in 1729, this young man couldn't have been more than in his twentieth year, and yet a year later, in 1730, he was handed over, if not all, at least the larger portion of what constitutes the city of Lancaster of today. It would be adding stupidity to Andrew Hamilton's shrewdness and alertness even to suppose that he didn't know what was going on at Postlethwait's. Well he knew that the court of the county was being held at the tavern of John Postlethwait, with another rival a dozen miles further up the river, called "Wright's Ferry," and where a jail for evil-doers had already been erected and around which hangs a tale of absorbing interest, as set forth by historian Rupp in his "History of Lancaster County," published in 1844.

Further mention might be made of Postlethwait's were it not that only a few years ago the Lancaster County Historical Society erected a tablet there to the memory of landlord Postlethwait and numerous descendants, no doubt for their great-grandfather's disappointment.

But how came the townstead to be named Lancaster? It was given by that invincible Quaker, John Wright, in honor of his own home town, *Lancaster*, Lancashire, England. If at the time the name Lancaster seemed appropriate for the new-born county, it was equally appropriate for the county seat.

Having made perfectly clear that young James Hamilton did start out in search of his legacy after receiving full instructions from his father, it only

remains for the chronicler to describe his journey through an almost unbroken wilderness beset with dangers on every side.

And what were his father's instructions? To make post-haste in reaching the plot in time to have it made the seat of justice, for well he knew or should have known that, unless this could be accomplished, all his plans might come to naught. But how did young James go? In a four-horse chaise surrounded by a retinue of personal friends? This isn't likely for, at the time, the only pathway was an Indian trail. The one sensible conclusion to be reached is that he started out on a beautiful spring morning with an Indian guide—both on horseback. Following the same line of reasoning, his first stop-over must have been in the village of West Chester, where he rested over night with the Quaker landlord who had no doubt been advised of his coming. That he was kindly received by the young ladies of "sweet eighteen" is scarcely open to doubt. Young, wealthy, well-groomed, with a most striking personality, as his life-size picture shows, in addition to his being a bachelor, it would indeed have been strange for this gallant young man of twenty to have entered the hamlet without his advent becoming known to the leading citizens. Of how he was entertained can only be imagined. And yet, apart from the town's social life, there must have been a few trappers ready to interview their distinguished visitor as to his purpose in going so far from home. Nor is it assuming too much to infer that James wasn't likewise a little anxious to learn what had

taken place with reference to the location of the permanent seat of justice. The danger he well knew lay in procrastination, for, at the time, a week's delay might in all probability have decided the question in favor of one or the other of the sites already mentioned.

Following James Hamilton in imagination as he followed the trail, it is safe to assume that he did reach the Conestoga over which spans the present Witmer bridge. However, as this magnificent structure was not erected until nearly sixty years later, he must have forded his way across. Safely over, on reaching the crest of the steep incline known as "Pott's Hill," who can say that he did not feel himself as much rejoiced as had De Soto after reaching the mighty waters of the Mississippi? Being religiously inclined, who can deny that he knelt down to offer up a prayer on reaching the line separating his two miles square from the county's other acres? The chronicler can only regret his inability to locate the exact spot where this prayer was offered, otherwise a tablet might long since have been erected by the Lancaster County Historical Society to his memory.

What occurred after the weary traveler had reached the Gibson Inn, certain local historians have given as follows: "James Hamilton offered the four commissioners, Caleb Pierce, John Wright, Thomas Edwards and James Mitchell, five places, 'Old Indian field,' 'High plain,' 'Gibson's pasture' with 'Sanderson's,' the other, 'The Waving Hills,' bounded by 'Roaring Brook' on the west. Whether the

two swamps, one called 'Dark Hazel,' the other 'The Long's,' were included in the offer to seal the bargain may be taken for granted, inasmuch as these were a part of the land grant of two miles square."

History makes only too clear that the founder did transact business with the afore-mentioned commissioners under the hickory tree close by the famous spring, also that at least three of the four did possibly yield their former convictions to the persuasive eloquence of James Hamilton! Had this been otherwise, the plot whereon our city now rests might never have been the seat of justice of the new-born county of Lancaster. Had this actually happened, no one living in this twentieth century can imagine the result. Thankful then that the seat of justice was not permanently continued at the tavern of John Postlethwait, or, if not there, at Wright's Ferry, now Columbia.

Having settled the question of the location of the capital of Lancaster County right here in our midst, what the chronicler would like to do is to picture to the reader the status of the hamlet during the twelve years of its village life. This cannot be done for the reason that down to the time it became a borough in 1742, if any minutes were kept, they must have been lost. However, enough has been written by travelers to show that this community of about two hundred trappers, settlers and Indians residing around the log court house must have been a strange mixture, but how governed we have no means of knowing. We have made diligent search among at least a half dozen families who can trace their

ancestors back to 1730, but without recompense for the time and labor required. It cannot be that they were fearful lest the chronicler give the public what they desired most to suppress, their political and financial status.

Only recently the narrator was met by a gentleman residing in a mansion surrounded by all the comforts which twentieth century prosperity can bring. Having decided to make inquiry into his family tree, his purpose was to enlist the chronicler in looking up his lineal ancestors. This thankless task was undertaken, only to discover that his progenitors were poor in this world's goods, that neither of his numerous family had ever held a public office except that of town constable. Reference is here made to this inquiry to show that it is not well for anyone to go too far back in looking up his family record.

And here the question may arise, What reason had James Hamilton in 1742 to turn the village into a borough? Judging himself as little different from the present-day land-owner, his purpose must have been to find a more ready sale for choice lots around Penn Square, either for ready cash in pounds, shillings and pence, or on the ground-rent plan. And who among the business men of "New Lancaster" can say that the founder did not have an eye single to what was coming to him when it is recalled that these desirable business sites have been growing in value ever since 1742 down even to the close of this year 1917?

From the best information obtainable from writers who visited the hamlet as early as 1742, there could

not have been enough inhabitants to seat the Hamilton Theatre with a capacity of at least a thousand. Imagine the whole town's population crowded into the "Hamilton" on a Saturday evening?

However, as we come to think it over, the owner of this handsome structure is to be congratulated in naming it "The Hamilton," although few of its frequenters know after which Hamilton it was christened. Making inquiry from the owner as to his right to the name, he replied, after a moment's hesitation, "To keep the founder's name on the map."

In glancing over the city directory, the chronicler was surprised to find that at least three others had appropriated the name Hamilton without a permit from the agent of the Hamilton estate. Entering the largest watch factory in the world, designated "The Hamilton," in answer to certain pointed questions as to how the company had come by the slogan, the inquisitor was politely informed that the name had been handed down by "James" himself, and for the reason that the identical timepiece he had carried with him in the laying out of the townstead of two miles square had been manufactured by the company at present bearing the slogan "The Hamilton." Having been shown the relic, the author was assured that it had been running without winding for one hundred and eighty-seven years! Whispering in the off ear of the office boy, the chronicler impertinently asked how long it would run if wound occasionally?

The reply not being very satisfactory, the chronicler went his way in search of the "Hamilton Hat

Company.” Asking to be shown a high-top beaver of the latest design suitable for attending a funeral, from a case came one bearing the name inside, “James Hamilton.” This was handed the searcher with the assurance that it had been discovered on the loft of the Gibson Inn before it had been dismantled.

Satisfied that the dealer in hats was justified in having appropriated the name Hamilton without having had it copyrighted, the chronicler went his way in search of the “Hamilton Club” for a little something soothing to ward off a congestive chill. Meeting “George,” the accomplished truthful caterer, his guest was handed a draught from a decanter labeled “Gibson.” Being a little skeptical as to the genuineness of the brand, his friend was assured that the first invoice had just arrived by parcel post from the Gibson still around which there weren’t any twentieth century members of the town’s Law and Order Society. Satisfied beyond all doubt that the business men of “New Lancaster” knew how to boost their trade in honor of James Hamilton, off to the “Hamilton Apartment” house the chronicler went his way in search of the builder. Seeing the name “Hamilton” carved over the entrance, up one flight of steps, then another, the octogenarian trudged his weary limbs to be informed by two score inmates that the builder, Hamilton, had been summoned before Saint Peter for having appropriated the slogan without a written permit from founder Hamilton.

And so ends the chapter, semi-historical, semi-traditional.

CHAPTER II

THE HEARTY GREETING OF A LONG-LOST VOLUME

THE meeting of an old friend has ever been to the chronicler an unmixed pleasure, and for the reason that there are so few remaining over whom to make merry. With the young it is different. Friends they have among their former schoolmates, ready at all times to sit by the hour talking over their boyhood days.

However, the friend the chronicler has in mind is nothing more nor less than a rib-bound volume bearing the age of one hundred and seventy-five years! For a third of a century it had been resting in the quietude of the solitude, unwept, unhonored and unsung with none to do it reverence.

Opening its time-worn lids, we find written with quill in large English script:

“Lancaster Corporation Book”

1742

1818

It was with indescribable pleasure that the chronicler continued to rummage through its time-worn pages, and as each was turned over, what a mint of oldtime recordings had been resting concealed from human vision. For a period of seventy-six years it had served as the minute-book for a long line of burgomasters' clerks who had faithfully inscribed

therein every little eventful incident occurring in the town of "Old Lancaster" during these seven or more decades. And here the question arose, would the contents of the "Corporation Book" prove of any value to the twentieth century reader during these war times if set forth in the shape of a narrative?

Impressed with the importance of the undertaking, the chronicler set himself to the task of handing down to posterity such of the volume's minutes as might prove acceptable to the general reader.

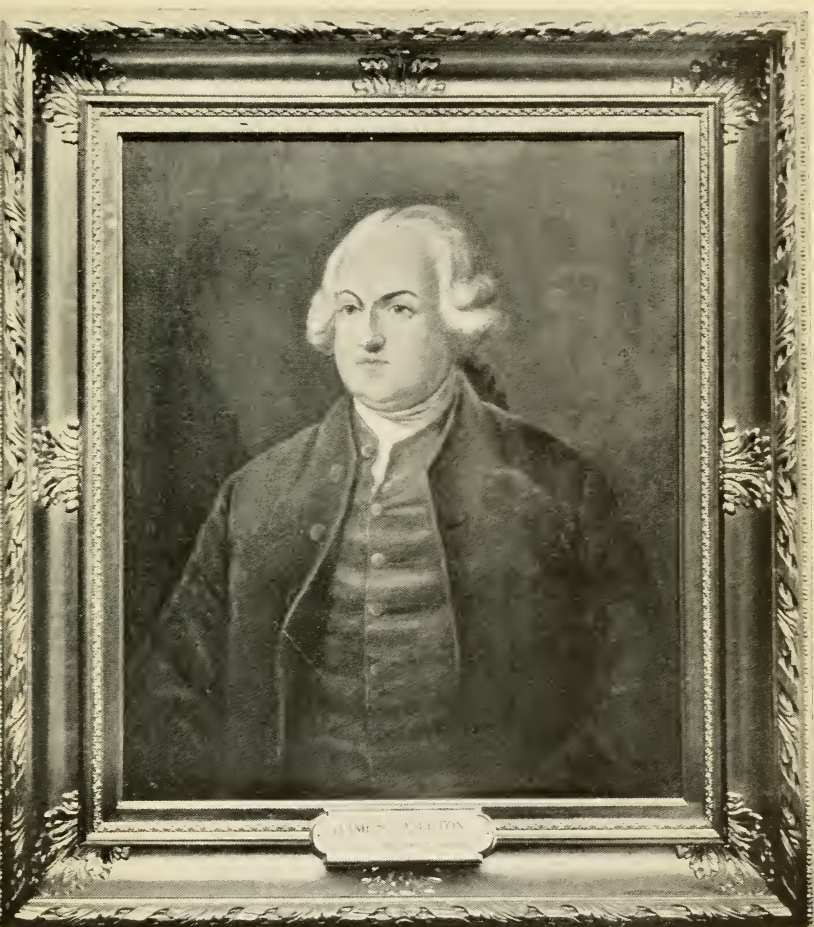
Turning to the first page our eyes take in the following: "At a meeting of the Burgesses and their assistants in the Borough of Lancaster, in the county of Lancaster, in the Province of Pennsylvania, the thirteenth day of August in the year of our Lord, 1742, by virtue of a charter of Incorporation granted by the Honored Proprietor, James Hamilton, dated the first day of May, A. Domini, 1742."

Following the minutes, we find sitting in a room with its low ceiling and scantily supplied furniture, the first assembly of duly constituted burgomasters charged with duties such as they had never before been called upon to exercise in their corporate capacity. At the head of the table sat Thomas Cookson, Chief Burgess, at the other end, Sebastian Graeff, Burgess, while on opposite sides were their six assistants, Michael Byerle, Mathias Young, John Folke, Peter Worrall, John Dehuff, Abraham Johnston.

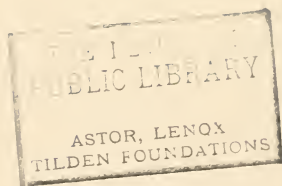
These burgesses and their co-advisors had met to

formulate rules and regulations for the government of the borough under the charter constituting what for a dozen years previous had been but a village subject to no well-established ordinances, rules or regulations.

Before them no doubt rested the charter of the Borough of Lancaster, and from which only a few extracts can be made owing to its length and the space required. It began: "George the Second, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come Greeting: *Whereas* our loving Subject, James Hamilton of the City of Philadelphia, in the Province of Pennsylvania, Esq., owner of a Tract of land whereon the Town of Lancaster, in the same Province, is erected, Hath, on behalf of the Inhabitants of said Town, represented unto our trusty and well beloved Thomas Penn, Esquire, one of the Proprietors of the said Province, and George Thomas, Esq., with our Royal Approbation—do grant and ordain that the streets of said borough shall ever continue as they are now laid out and regulated. And we do now nominate and appoint Thomas Cookson and Sebastian Grooffe to be present Burgesses; and that said Thomas Cookson shall be called Chief Burgess within said borough, and Michael Byerle, Mathias Young, John Dehuff, John Folkes, Abraham Johnston, and Peter Worrall, assistants for advising, aiding and assisting the said Burgesses in the execution of the powers and authorities herein given them."



JAMES HAMILTON, FOUNDER OF LANCASTER, PENNA.



Being a law unto themselves with the charter as their guide, these goodly burgomasters began to legislate in accordance with what the charter prescribed, religiously, morally and socially.

The burgesses' first action ran as follows: "On receiving the charter from James Hamilton, and in regard for the great service done this town of Lancaster in procuring the same to be incorporated, it is unanimously agreed by the Burgesses and their assistants that they wait upon him and return him the thanks of the Corporation for his services. And also request him [in the absence of the Burgesses] to return their thanks to his Honor, the Governor, for the same.

"It is taken into consideration that, by act of Assembly of this Province, made the fourth year in the reign of the late Queen Ann, for the observance of the Lord's Day, it is enacted, that no tradesmen, artificers, workmen, laborers or other persons whatsoever shall do or exercise any worldly business, or work of their ordinary calling on the Sabbath day, therein called the 'First' day upon pain that every such offender forfeit twenty shillings to the use of the poor—Provided always, that nothing in said act extend to prohibit butchers from killing and selling their meat on that day in the months of June, July and August before the hour of nine in the morning, and after five in the afternoon—And that all constables are required to search every tavern, and if any persons are found drinking or 'tippling' on the Sabbath, they are to be fined one shilling sixpence; and the keeper of such house or tavern, ten shilling

for the same use with the proviso that travelers, inmates and lodgers may be supplied with their victuals, drinks for themselves only.”

As the minutes continue: “But notwithstanding such act, it is only too customary for shopkeepers, tavernkeepers and others within the Borough to allow their ordinary callings on the Sabbath day—the shopkeepers by selling their goods to country people, and tavernkeepers by entertaining company—For the putting a stop to such practices for the future, it is ordered that the said act of Assembly be put into execution—And that the chief constable do publish this ordinance, and take due care that all offenders be brought to justice.”

Signed, “GEORGE SANDERSON, clerk of the Burgeses.”

The narrator has no means of knowing what relation if any, this George Sanderson was to the tenth mayor of the city. He might have been his great-grandfather. As to the status of the constables, unless they differed greatly from many of their successors, it need not be assumed that these early guardians of the peace were not disposed to take a sly nip of the liquid that came from the Gibson still even on the Sabbath.

Only in imagination can the present-day reader picture to himself these religiously inclined burgo-masters, as for the first time they sat in the enforcement of the provisions of the new charter in starting the townstead on its future career.

Of one thing there isn't any room for doubt even by the twentieth century law-violator, namely, that

the burgomasters were men of the very highest standing, otherwise they would not have been selected by proprietor, James Hamilton, as burgesses and assistants. While the majority were Germans, they were not all of one nationality as the minutes will make clear as the narrative continues on down through seventy-six years to the year 1818. But come from whence they might, they were men of sterling human timber—pioneers who had endured hardships years before the village had been made a borough.

Without anticipating coming events, the author has gleaned sufficient to show that many of the long line of burgesses and assistants had lived down through the stirring times of the Revolution, but at no time during their seventy-six years of rule was their loyalty ever questioned. Firm in their devotion to the mother country and the government of the Penns, so steadfast were they to the flag, with stars and stripes after the colonies had secured their independence. Opinions differed as they do to-day over matters of church and private affairs, but in their official duties they were actuated by a desire to leave their impress deep and lasting on the pages of history. And unless greatly mistaken, a goodly number of those living in city and county can trace their ancestry back to the time of the burgesses.

And here the question arises, How came the first burgesses and their assistants to hold office, inasmuch as the minutes make no mention of an election being held prior to their entering upon their duties? However, following the year 1742, an election was

held yearly down to the year 1818. As only a certain class, freemen, could vote, see what trouble it saved the rank and file, and all without any taxation to worry over. It was not until the year 1812 that the first property tax was laid and collected. Think then, ye twentieth-century overburdened taxpayers, citizens of "New Lancaster," with no assessor, no tax-collector! Imagine, if you can, a town without taxes for schools, water and streets to worry over! Why, we verily believe that three fourths of the voting population of our city of the present day would be willing to forego the right of franchise, could they feel assured that, for the next half a century, there were not to be any taxes to worry over!

But the query, How was it possible for the burgesses to run the town for half a century without the sinews of war, so to speak?

They had but three resources, markets, fines and fairs. The latter must have been money makers, otherwise they wouldn't have been held twice each year, during June and September, with only two exceptions, during the trying days of the Revolution, after which they were again resorted to, as shall be shown later.

Fairs, unlike those of to-day, were managed by the corporation instead of by private capital. It would well repay any reader for the time in going through the "Corporation Book" to find how many small accounts had to be kept by the clerk of the burgesses, and to find that on fair-settlement day the profit realized scarcely exceeded a few pounds.

One thing the twentieth century reader may have cause to regret, in that the burgesses' clerk did not mention the kind of visitors attending these fairs. Surely they did not reach the townstead on a trolley car or in an auto. The young men must have come on horseback with their girls behind them. Only in imagination can a glimpse be had of what was going on during fair week! No backwoods community of the present day can in any way compare with the townstead "Old Lancaster" during these semi-annual weeks of jollification! But for one thing the country people had cause to be doubly thankful, there were not any turnpikes with "catch-penny" gates, requiring the chauffeur to stop a minute and a half and then speed up the motor in trying to make up for lost time. The few trails were free to all, young and old, rich and poor, with more of the latter than of the former.

However, as has already been said, as it was not possible for even the burgesses to continue to build up the town on the receipts of markets, fairs and fines, the time came when taxation became an absolute necessity, and to this year 1917 it has become a requirement, but seldom has it been downward—always upward. At times the rate has been lowered with the assessment increased, thereby equalizing conditions. But why bring unpleasant reminders to an already overtaxed people the world over!

In closing this chapter, let the narrator quote from the historian Gordon as follows: "Along at the time the town was founded it had but a few one story houses, rented to the poorer classes. As the

ground upon which they stood was being let on the ground-rent plan, and on terms so easy as to invite many poor settlers, it soon became evident that the townstead's two square miles was too large for the surrounding country." And as the reader shall learn, too large it was for a good many years thereafter. Surrounded the dwellers were with plenty of the "open," but much of this was still in the hands of the founder's agent to be sold either for ready cash or on the ground-land plan. But what signified easy terms with the majority without money? Unlike in this twentieth century, pounds, shillings and pence did not come rolling in almost as free as the air we breathe. The struggle for existence was the lot of the first settlers, many of whom had come from Europe with little more than enough to pay their way to this later town of plenty.

As the minutes of the burgesses show, there were promoters, who bought up valuable tracts, awaiting a rise. But one of the difficulties was, when taxation became a necessary evil, how to reach these land grabbers! Many would neither build nor sell. And as shall be shown, when streets came to be laid out, the price demanded was extortionate! But the time came, during Revolutionary times, when not a few died with plenty of land but with little ready cash. And herein lies one of the secrets of Lancaster's slow development.

By some the town's slow progress is attributed to the German settlers, known ever since for their conservatism. However, with these opinions and others the narrator is not disposed to differ; his

mission is to set forth from the "Corporation Book" and later from the councilmanic records a true narrative of how the town grew from an insignificant hamlet in 1730 to a city of fifty odd thousand in this year of our Lord 1917.

To trace the ownership of even the sites upon which buildings stand around Penn Square would require more space than the narrator has to give, when it is recalled that the deed for the original grant where stands the Conestoga National Bank required an endless search and research to determine its present status. Nor is it necessary for the chronicler to go 'searching round among musty records to ascertain the location of the first house built in the hamlet and by whom. By one writer it has been said that here and there one or more were built as early as 1717. As neither one nor the other was erected by the chronicler's great-great-grandfather, why bother himself over trifles?

Too many other matters of greater importance are to occupy the chronicler's attention. What the readers want to know is more of the inner life of their ancestors, their habits, customs and traditions, in order to profit by their virtues and avoid their errors. And oh, how delightful, were it possible to take one and all back to the time of the burgesses to visit them in their homes of one hundred and seventy-eight years ago; to enter therein and maybe to sit before the open fire hearth on a cold winter evening listening to stories of how their ancestors lived before them.

We know how enjoyable it would be to be shown

around the first log court house, to sit under the shade of the old hickory tree by the famous spring, and, after a bath in "Roaring Brook," to partake of a sumptuous repast at the "Gibson Inn" with a little something invigorating from the Gibson still with no government tax of so much per gallon to be collected for revenue purposes.

Think ye, ladies of "New Lancaster," of the pleasure of stepping into this or that store to be fitted out in a wardrobe such as the burgesses' daughters used to wear as they promenaded the streets where are now stores, and of the kind unknown during the good old days,

Were this long time-distance covered in miles instead of in years, the journey might be made in an automobile, but this being impossible—not counting the consumption of gasoline—the reader must remain content with a description of the townstead as taken largely from the "Corporation Book." And even what is to follow may prove of little avail unless the historic student is gifted with a reministic imagination to see things as the chronicler discloses them running down almost to the present day.

Then the cost of the journey must be considered as an item during these war times, with no steamer trunk to be filled with enough winter and summer wearing apparel to worry over! So follow the writer, who will take you back to "Old Lancaster," with a guarantee of a safe return, and all without any worry over a wardrobe. Why, more excursionists worry over making preparations for a journey

to the seashore than is good for their health. They grow nervous for weeks before starting, and, after reaching their destination, they long to be getting back home where they are no longer at the mercy of the infernal mosquito on the one hand and the high price of hotel accommodations on the other. So, my contented home body, if you will but think yourself back in "Old Lancaster" of nearly two centuries ago, you'll surely be there; for, after all, life is what we make it—largely a mental process. A good many people without a dollar think themselves rich, while others with their thousands are forever complaining of being poor. Few realize that the greatest blessing is health. But this is only too frequently sacrificed for wealth. And here, before closing this chapter, is an axiom for boys: To lose wealth is one thing, to lose health is another, but to lose character is to lose everything! Write it out, my lads, and paste it in a conspicuous place to be glanced over when you feel yourself going wrong! Character! it's a jewel! It is delightful to hear it said of a man after passing away, "He was honest, and faithful to every trust in him reposed!" And now to the second meeting of the burgesses.

CHAPTER III

CONTINUATION OF COMPLAINTS BY THE INHABITANTS

CERTAIN descendants of the burgomasters residing in "New Lancaster" at the present time are no doubt waiting with patience to learn what took place at their second meeting at the home of one Jacob Frey. To locate this then well-known place the chronicler has made diligent search in the "Corporation Book," but without success. It might have been a tavern, but, as the burgesses were temperate in their habits, it was more than likely a private house located on the south side of West King Street above Water, where, the narrator has been informed, it stood until 1825, when it was destroyed by fire. In this building the burgesses held their meetings regularly with but few exceptions for seventy-six years. And, as the minutes show, it was always at the house of Jacob Frey, indicating that the first Jacob Frey must have been followed by others in regular succession.

As just one month had elapsed from the time of the burgesses' first meeting to that of their second, sufficient time had no doubt been given them to formulate such other rules and regulations as the newly organized borough required in accordance with the act of Assembly to which they religiously adhered.

We have no means of knowing if a sentry had been placed at the door, admitting only those who had important business with the authorities by telling them how the town ought to be governed. This may seem peculiar in view of the fact that, in all recently organized Lancaster county boroughs, the newly elected councilmen are usually met by a committee representing every condition of society.

Having lived in a borough for a short time after it was emancipated from the burden of township rule, the chronicler had every opportunity to observe how delightedly contented the inhabitants were until the assessor was followed by the tax collector, when, lo! prayers went out regretfully from property holders that they had ever separated themselves from their previous, easy-going life of township rule. But, in the end, came the consoling thought that, by setting up housekeeping for themselves, they had managed to keep their own town's name on the map.

However, no sooner had the burgomasters shielded themselves behind closed and bolted doors than they began in earnest to enforce their well-matured mandates as follows:

“Resolved, as chapmen (peddlers), licensed to travel the county, have been violating the law by setting up stalls within the Corporation at times of fairs, election and court-days, in exposing their goods for sale, be it enacted that no persons except freemen, within the corporate limits of the borough of Lancaster, be permitted to display or offer their goods within this town, under penalty of five pounds

to be levied by distress, and sale of the vender's goods for the use of the Corporation. And that the high constable see that this measure is carried into effect."

That this proclamation was not printed in one of the daily newspapers, at so much per running line, may have been for the reason that there were no papers until about the year 1756. Since that time it is well to note the fact that as many as three hundred different kinds of this, that and the other have been issued in city and county. This one fact goes far to establish the reputation of our people as a highly cultured community, excelled by none the country over.

The present-day reader, at all times impatient over the non arrival of his own daily on schedule time, can hardly realize how any community could have existed for so many years without a morning or evening newspaper. We sometimes wonder how the women managed to endure without a paper filled with advertisements! Again, think of no dailies from Philadelphia and New York to be read at one's breakfast, or the evening sheet at one's supper!

What these goodly people had to take the place of the newspaper we can better imagine than describe. No doubt every now and then would come a copy of Ben Franklin's "Poor Richard," out of which was culled, among others, "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." If this moral were written today, it would read, "Late to bed and late to rise makes a man neither healthy, wealthy nor wise."

However, it is altogether a matter of conditions. A people who could live for a century depending on wells, pumps and springs, without a railroad, trolley, automobiles, motor-cycles, bicycles, gas or even matches, surely were not worrying over the need of a newspaper! No doubt, for what they had they were thankful, neither too much nor too little.

But how different in this twentieth century! Blessings are multiplied four-fold! Why, if the telephone gets out of order for a minute and a half, what growling and grumbling! The only thing many church-goers will overlook is a rainy Sabbath.

And now to a few difficulties with which the burgesses had to contend, one of the most grievous of which was the danger of chimneys catching fire. Numerous complaints having been made by housewives, it was, "Resolved that any person within the limits of the town of two miles square who shall suffer his or her chimney to catch fire so as to flare out at the top, shall forfeit ten shilling for the use of the Corporation."

This was a wise and necessary provision, enacted not so much for the revenue in the shape of fines, as protection to other properties. Only those old in years can recall how readily chimneys caught fire, owing to the soot gathering from the burning of wood, before coal came into general use among housekeepers. To witness a flare-up during the night with sparks flying in all directions was a sight to bring terror to those living within easy distance of a burning chimney.

As no mention of chimney sweeps was made by

the burgesses, it may have been owing to the fact that these "sweepers of chimneys" had not as yet found their way to the borough, where, during later years, they could be seen at the top of a chimney, singing out their weird refrain. Crawling upward from the fireplace, they were known at times to become encased within, requiring to be drawn out by a rope and with the greatest difficulty. Covered with soot, on their appearance they might have been taken for a part of the colored population.

But to continue the minutes: "And as to the burning of charcoal by blacksmiths, as this has become a nuisance and very offensive, it is ordered that no charcoal be permitted to be burned within a half mile of the town as already laid out under penalty of thirty shilling for each and every offence."

That no mention of either bituminous or anthracite coal was made, may have been because these articles of combustion at the time were unheard of among the town inhabitants. As for charcoal, it had, no doubt, become a very profitable industry among the chestnut timber farmers.

The second complaint was against butchers who had been caught in the act of "blowing-up" their meat by the use of pipes. As the minutes fail to make mention of what the "blowing-up" of meat actually meant, the process has been explained by one whose great-grandfather had actually been guilty of this crime, practiced on poor, suffering humanity by the olden-time butchers.

When a slab-sided sheep, calf or other quadruped was slaughtered without the proper outward quality

for market, a tube was inserted lengthwise within one side and air pumped into the parts with a bellows! After the whole had become well inflated, a coating of hot tallow was carefully poured over the end of the opening, making it difficult for the buyer to discover the trick until the quantity was hung up in the fireplace, no doubt to be cured, as was the custom. As the minutes show, this butcher was fined five pounds with a warning that, for a repetition of this trickery, his license would be forfeited.

The next petition signed by some of the women was of so much importance as to cause the clerk to visit "the owners of all 'public bakers,' and weigh whatever bread he finds, which, if deficient according to the standard as provided by act of Assembly, it shall be taken to any one of the burgesses who is empowered to dispose of it for the use of the poor."

What may seem strange to the average twentieth-century housewife is that no complaint was made about the "public bread bakers" in "blowing-up" their bread as had the butchers their meat through pipes. It may have been that the bread bakers had not as yet learned the art of creating "vacuums" in their bread loaves so common at the present day in all cities except "New Lancaster." As it happened, bread was sold by weight in accordance with an act of Assembly. Of course, the minutes fail to show how the bread bakers' scales were adjusted like those of today.

Judging from what is to appear, most of the trickery practiced during recent years must have been handed down from remote times. Again,

“Whereas, frequent complaint has been made of farmers disposing of their cord wood and not giving sufficient measure, it is ordered that any cord wood so deficient in measure shall be sold for the benefit of the Corporation.” Whether this embargo made farmers more careful in knowing just how many sticks a cord was to contain, the clerk had not figured out. However, it is a sorrowful story we have related with others to follow. And now, ye automobile speeders, give ear: “It is ordered that if any persons whatsoever shall presume to gallop any horse or horses through the streets or any part of them, they shall be compelled to pay a fine of twenty shilling for each and every offence for the use of the Corporation.” It has been said that the once-upon-a-time “Devil Dave Miller” rode his horse to the second floor of the North American Hotel, where today stands the Hotel Brunswick. He must have learned the trick from some of his ancestors.

“It is also enacted that no firing of guns or other fire-arms loaded with bullet or shot be permitted within the inhabited parts of the town. This shall not be allowed until permission is first given. And whereas, the evil consequences which formerly have arisen by people selling cider and spiritous liquors on the streets to persons in getting ‘drunk,’ be it ordered that whosoever shall expose cider, beer or intoxicants, at any time hereafter, shall pay a fine of twenty shillings for each and every offence. And whereas, the assembling of persons around the court house in playing ball, has resulted in a breech

of the peace, to the injury of country people on horseback—for a violation of this order, five shillings shall be paid and collected by the clerk of the market.”

It must appear evident to the clerk of the present market committee that this overworked servant of the town must have had his hands full in looking after butchers, public bread bakers, chapmen and, maybe, candlestick makers. And for the clerk of the burgesses, the minutes show the number of small accounts he was compelled to keep, and the time required.

Reformers in the strictest sense of the word these goodly burgesses may have been, having drawn their inspiration from the Pilgrim Fathers. But it should not be overlooked by all twentieth century critics that, apart from correcting certain evils which had been only too common for a dozen years previous, it was money they needed to keep the wheels of the borough in motion. And a portion of this they got from barbers for shaving on the Sabbath day.

At the time of the burgesses' appointment, nowhere do the minutes show that they had a single dollar in the treasury; and, as this was needed, the only source of income came from markets, fairs and fines! They were surrounded by plenty of land, but this belonged to the proprietor, James Hamilton. Even what they bought had to be paid for in pounds, shillings and pence or on the ground-rent plan. Of the founder's liberality more may be said as the narrative continues.

However, by the year 1757, through the closest economy, they had accumulated enough to erect a market house on the site where stands the building over which Lodge No. 43, F. & A. M., was built in 1798. On the completion of the first market house, they must have felt themselves deserving of praise, according to the following: "Whereas, the inhabitants of the Borough have, at a very great expense, built a convenient market house on the space specified by the founder for said purpose—Therefore, be it resolved, that, from and immediately after the publication hereof, any butcher found selling or exposing for sale fish, flesh, fowl, or other market products at any other place than within the market house, other than on Wednesdays and Saturdays, shall forfeit the sum of fifteen shillings for each and every offence."

We have no means of knowing how much growling there was over this edict, by farmers and others, but, judging them as a class, they no doubt were compelled to obey the burgesses' mandates or submit to a fine which, with money scarce, ended in their obeying the law.

This convenient (?) market house, as the cost goes to show, was but a temporary structure, built upon poles with a straw covering, common to many of the houses at the time. And here follows what may prove of interest to members of the various fire companies before the paid service came to take their place. It was in 1763 that the burgesses ordered "That forthwith a hose house be built on the northwest corner of the market house, to take

up in length three pillars, and not more than four feet of the inside of the market house, which space is to contain three engines." This was the first hose house built in the borough of Lancaster. The same year, a company was formed by name "The Sun." To settle a long-disputed question as between the "Union" and the "Sun" as to which had priority, the narrator called on Mr. Henry Demuth, and from the minutes of the "Sun's" proceedings it was ascertained that it was in this same year, 1763, that the "Sun" hose company came into being. On the other hand, the "Union" members claim to have organized their company in 1760.

We have no means of learning from the minutes what kind of fire-engines were in use; no doubt they were like those of the writer's boyhood, requiring what was called "The Bucket Brigade" to draw water from wells and then to be poured into the box-reservoir to be forced out of the nozzle of the hose by a hand arrangement. Compare then this old-time method of fighting fires with engines of the present day run by gasoline and ladder-trucks reaching almost to the tops of the highest buildings.

In this same year, 1763, on the twenty-seventh of December, while the burgomasters were engaged in the solemnities of the sanctuary, came the startling news that a gruesome murder had been committed in the workhouse of the Lancaster jail by a number of Paxton men with a grievance against the Indians who had previously murdered several families of the white settlers along the lower Conestoga.

The following account is taken from a letter by William Henry, Esq., to a friend in Philadelphia:

“The first notice I had of the affair was when I saw a number of people running down the street toward the jail. About six or eight yards from there, we met from twenty-five to thirty men, well mounted on horses with rifles, tomahawks, and scalping-knives, equipped for murder. Running into the prison-yard, oh, what a horrid sight presented itself to my view! Near the back door of the prison lay an old Indian and his squaw. His name was Will Soc, and across their remains lay two children of about the age of three years whose heads were split open and their scalps taken off.”

As the remaining portion of this letter is too gruesome to repeat, it shall be omitted. This in addition history records: “After the Indians had been killed, all parties busied themselves to ascertain who was to blame. The burgesses were charged with remissness of duty, and the people with being in collusion and connivance with the Paxton men. But as history further shows, no convictions were the result.”

The chronicler having gone carefully through the minutes of the burgesses, was surprised to find no mention of the occurrence, no doubt for the reason that they didn't want to give too wide publicity to what might reflect upon the town's future. And as for the town's newspaper, there were no reporters meddling with everybody's private and public affairs; they had not as yet been discovered, belonging as they did to a much later epoch. For this much, at least, the burgesses had cause to be thankful.

But if the burgesses had managed to eliminate from their proceedings all mention of this massacre, the "press" of Philadelphia teemed with pamphlets, letters, appeals, pasquinades, and caricatures, many of which are still preserved in the Philadelphia Library. This one act of violence gave the townstead more notoriety throughout the Province of Pennsylvania than anything that had occurred since its founding. Reasons for the actions of the Paxton "Boys," as they were called, if at all justifiable, were swept aside. And yet, what occurred at a much later epoch, called the "Christiana Riot," ended in pretty much the same way, with no convictions to follow. Nor have atrocities ceased even down to the present day. If at all justifiable, the massacre of 1763 would seem to have been excusable, owing to conditions at the time of its occurrence between the Indians and white settlers, the former wishing to retain their lands, the latter to possess them.

The chronicler can readily imagine what is uppermost in the reader's mind—why resurrect from the pages of the "Corporation Book" what should have been allowed to rest in oblivion?

CHAPTER IV

AN AWAKENING OF THE BOROUGH OF "OLD LANCASTER" TO HIGHER IDEALS

FROM now on, extending through succeeding years, the reader shall learn of the town's awakening to higher ideals. The first departure from old-time methods came on the seventeenth of September, 1770, with William Atlee following James Rallfe as Chief Burgess. Previous to the election of Burgess Atlee, all oaths were administered in a shorter way. Quoting from the minutes we find the following: "On the 17th day of September, 1770, William Atlee as Chief Burgess of the Borough of Lancaster did take and subscribe to the oath of allegiance, supremacy and abjuration, and did also take his oath of office before Edward Shippen, Esquire, of the same Borough, appointed by the Hon. John Penn, Esquire, Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania by his Didimus Potestatem, to administer the oaths aforesaid—On the same day, 17 of September, 1770, William Atlee in pursuance of the powers to him given in and by the charter of the said Borough, did administer the oaths of allegiance, supremacy and abjuration to Christian Voght, Burgess, John Hobson, William Henry, George Mayer, Ludwick Lawman, Christian Boogh, assistants."

This oath taken by Chief Burgess Atlee was in conformity with the new charter passed shortly before by the Provincial Assembly. To divert the reader's attention momentarily from what occurred during the four years of Burgess Atlee's stewardship, mention will be made of certain business pursuits conducted within a square or two from the court house. This mart had already become a beehive of trade and commerce, as business commercially speaking went in those early days.

Few possibly living at the present day have ever heard of Joseph Simon, a worthy, honest Jew. He was agent for the Philadelphia "Gratz Brothers" in many lines of business. As early as 1747 Joseph Simon and some of his friends purchased and laid out what is known as the Jewish graveyard, lying in Manheim Township, south of the Pennsylvania Railroad "Cut-off." This plot has ever since been cared for by the Gratz descendants.

In 1773 Joseph Simon was managing two stores in "Old Lancaster" in partnership with Mr. A. L. Levy, as leading merchants and fur traders in the Ohio valley. Their advertisement, being rather unique, ran as follows:

"Simon and Levy, of Lancaster, take this opportunity of acquainting their friends and the public in general that they have for sale in their stores near the court house, opposite Mr. Thomas Poultney's, a large and general assortment of East India and European goods, suitable to all seasons; these they are determined to sell upon the lowest terms. They have just imported a general assortment of saddlery-

dimity; cotton gowns; fine Dresden tape; scarlet and black everlasting; tailors' sheers; sheep shears and sundry other goods too tedious to mention."

The foregoing has been copied from the "Gratz papers" to show that at the time, in 1770, when William Atlee was elected chief burgess, the borough of "Old Lancaster" had already assumed some importance as a center of commercial activity, not only at home but extending among the fur traders of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys.

In passing along any one of the thoroughfares of "New Lancaster," there are not to be seen ladies decorated with garnets and other costly adornments such as were worn by the better classes during and preceding the Revolution. Expensive gowns imported from Paris took the place of the cheaper material on sale in most of the stores here and elsewhere of this twentieth century.

It will be noticed that in the advertisement no mention was made of hoops, no doubt for the reason that they had not as yet come into style; and so large were they during our boyhood as to go thrice round a sugar hogshead with a few remaining. Shawls for men took the place of overcoats. But what has become of the "Walking Gentleman" with high black silk hat, satin vest, and trousers fastened with a strap under his calf skin boots to keep them from bagging at the knees?

However, dress, travel, education, amusements—all have changed so completely as to cause the octogenarian narrator to wonder from what source the girls are to draw their styles of dress a six months

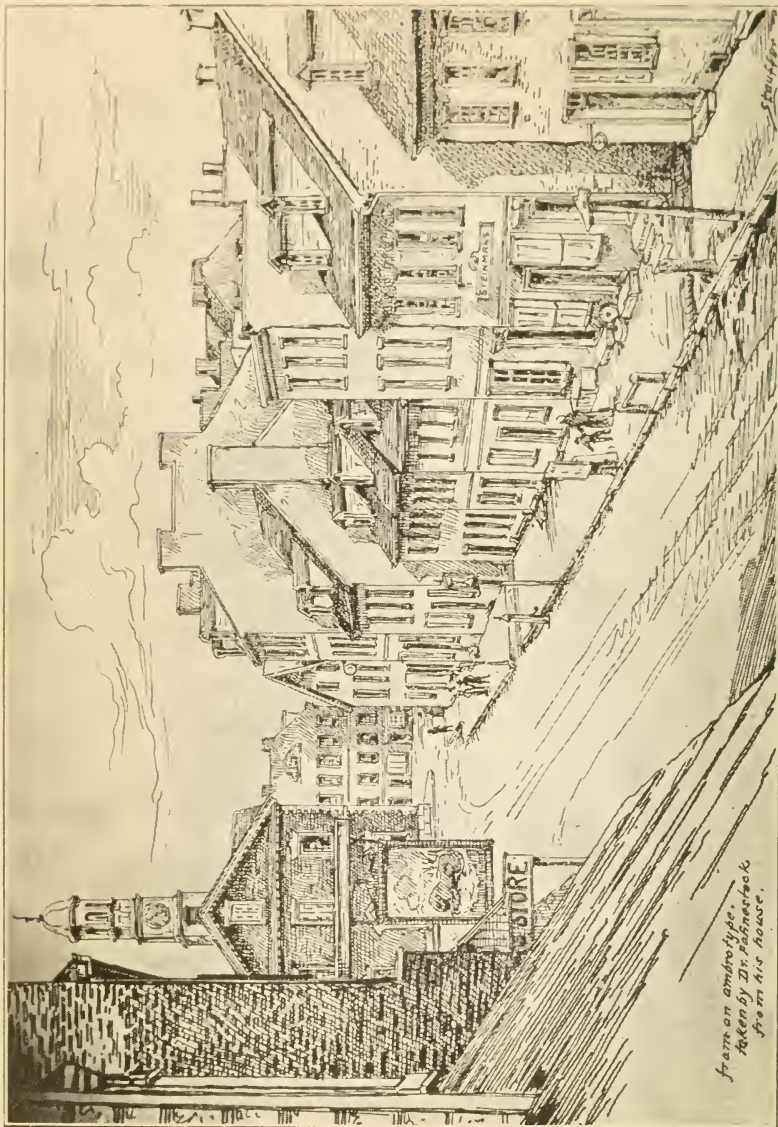
hence? In seeing a bunch passing along this or that street, arm in arm, with no two hats alike, no two gowns of the same color, cut or finish, we step out of their way, wondering what the world is coming to! But it is easily to be seen that the old-time dress-maker is no longer in evidence. Stopping in front of a show-window, all that a twentieth century girl of the "period" has to do is to step within and disrobe, when a half hour later out she emerges a new made being. And as she goes her way trippingly along in her white shoes and silk hose a yard in length, who will say that the girls of "New Lancaster" haven't outdone the girls of Revolutionary times, and at one third the cost?

There is yet one class of farmers' daughters and sons who have not grown poor from over dress. We feel like congratulating the rosy-faced country girls, and for the reason that they don't have to sit up for a six months worrying over what the Parisian styles are to be a half year later.

Begging our dear girls' pardon for having trespassed upon their exclusive domain, it may be necessary in order to determine what had remained in doubt at the time of Burgess Atlee's first year in office, to bring to the attention of the historical student the question of ownership of the ground given by the founder for market purposes.

"One of Mr. Atlee's first acts was to write James Wright, at Columbia, requesting him to make search among his deceased father's, John Wright's, papers, also among those of the late Samuel Blunson's, for the deed given the trustees for the market ground

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from an ambrotype.
taken by Dr. P. H. H. H.
from his house.

belonging to the Corporation." The following is the answer to Burgess Atlee's letter:

"That Mr. Wright has informed Mr. Atlee of his having found the deed, which matter having been considered by the Burgesses, it is agreed that said deed be recorded after Mr. Atlee and the High constable shall have called on him for the same."

Let it be said that upon this deed much litigation is to follow. It was ordered by the burgesses to be recorded in the Recorder's office here in Lancaster. But the narrator has been unable to find it anywhere on record.

This plot of ground whereon stands our city hall, and that portion over which Blue Lodge was erected as a superstructure in 1798, consisted of one hundred and twenty feet square. It extended northward and where now stands the present brick market house, formerly occupied by rows of frame shops and offices. If the reader has the patience to await the time, the minutes of burgesses and councils may set at rest the disturbing question as to the ownership of city hall, called at times "The State House."

Ever active in well-doing for the uplift of the borough, at a meeting in 1772, Burgess Atlee submitted to his colleagues the draught of a bill prepared by Mr. Ross and himself, to be laid before the Assembly of the Province to be enacted into a law. As the minutes of the Corporation Book show, it was the first call upon the law-making power of the Province for the elimination of certain evils, called "nuisances," with which the town had been afflicted. And here follows the action of the Burgesses.

“As Mr. Ross is at present in Philadelphia, attending the Assembly, he is requested to use his influence in giving Magistrates the same power as have justices of the peace in the county in determining controversies and other matters which affect the inhabitants of the Borough of Lancaster. Also, to enable the Burgesses to make rules and ordinances for the town’s government in some constitutional way less troublesome and more convenient than formerly.”

Space alone forbids the narrator from giving a sketch of the life of plain George Ross, Esquire, and consequently the Corporation Book must be relied on for what is to follow.

It was at a meeting of the burgesses on the third day of October, 1772, “that several reputable citizens were present with the request that the thanks of the Corporation be given Emanuel Carpenter, Esquire, and George Ross, Esquire, for their services as Representatives of the General Assembly of the Province.” The following addresses were presented to these gentlemen, to wit:

“In behalf of the services rendered by you, Emanuel Carpenter, as one of the Representatives for the county of Lancaster for these seventeen years past, the Burgesses have directed that the thanks of the Corporation be offered you, with the assurance of their approbation of your steady and uniform conduct in that station. And as you have declined serving your county in that capacity, I am charged that it is the earnest wish of the inhabitants of Lancaster that you may be continued in the com-

mission of the peace and a judge in our County court, where you have so long presided, and deservedly acquired and supported the character of an upright, impartial magistrate."

Signed, "CASPER SHAFFNER, Town Clerk, dated Lancaster October third, 1772"

Here follows the reply:

"*Gentlemen:* The approbation you express of my conduct both as a representative and a Magistrate for this county gives me great satisfaction. I hope to continue to deserve your good opinion by endeavoring to discharge any trust reposed in me with impartiality and fidelity."

Signed, "EMANUEL CARPENTER."

Letter of thanks to George Ross:

"*To George Ross:* I am authorized, Sir, to say that the inhabitants of the Borough intended to have shown their sense of your services and behavior by re-electing you, but as, by an unexpected opposition of a part of the county whose Deputies had agreed with them in fixing you on the ticket; and thereby rendered themselves less active in supporting you, that hath been prevented; they therefore take this method of testifying their approbation of your conduct as one of the Representatives in Assembly. And I am directed, Sir, in this public manner to communicate it to you.

"CASPER SHAFFNER, Clerk."

Here follows the answer:

"Accept my thanks for your kind and public appreciation of my conduct while I had the honor

of representing you in the Assembly—permit me also with the greatest sincerity to assure you that my actions while I had that honor, were altogether governed by what I conceived in conscience would tend to increase the advantage and happiness of this Province, the trade whereof I have always had in view and endeavored to promote: The same principles and motives induced me to oppose the unreasonable request made for an additional number of Representatives for the city of Philadelphia. As I conceive it a just balance necessary for preserving the liberties of the whole Government. As the city and county of Philadelphia are now fully represented in Assembly, I shall at all times, when within my power, render every acceptable service to the Borough and county of Lancaster. And shall always retain a proper sense of this, your kind address, being sincerely your and my country's friend."

Signed, "GEORGE ROSS."

These were tributes worthy the cause these two great men had espoused in behalf of their constituents. However, it was at the close of Burgess Atlee's fourth consecutive term of office that the following substantial tribute of confidence and respect was paid him by the Corporation. That mention has hitherto been made by other historians, makes it none the less worthy of finding a place in the chronicler's narrative:

"In consideration of the services Mr. Atlee has done for the Borough in penning and preparing the above laws, and refusing to accept a draft on the Treasurer for the same, it is unanimously agreed

(he having retired at the request of the other gentlemen present) that Mr. Henry Lowman and Mr. Hobson have some piece of plate made as shall be agreeable to Mrs. Atlee—genteel and not too expensive, and present the same to her as testimony of their approbation of Mr. Atlee's conduct in serving the Borough." Where this presentation was made, and its value, is not material to the chronicler.

And since it is not possible to take the reader back in the flesh to past Revolutionary times, in closing this chapter, let the writer quote what a traveler had to say of the town of "Old Lancaster" along about the time already referred to.

"When I was a boy, at the quiet corner of North Queen and Chestnut there lived a few old-fashioned German families making a living by the closest economy. Since then, new houses have started up, and old ones have been altered and dressed anew. Among the improvements are the handsome buildings around center square, in place of the one-story houses with which the corners were occupied."

And here the chronicler can only imagine what he would have to say could he stand in the "Square" on a Saturday evening of to-day, amid the myriads of electric lights with no court house in sight. But instead, the Soldiers' Monument, trolley-cars and automobiles! But to continue the reminiscences:

"Walking along Orange street, I cannot help but contrast its present appearance with what it was in my boyhood. At the time it was little more than a wide lane, with a half dozen houses, nearly all of

which are yet standing. The peaceable and retired-looking mansion with the willow-tree in front, at present inhabited by the widow of Judge Franklin, I remember it as a commission store, where trade was carried on with a few Indians still in the neighborhood, and also with those from a greater distance, who exchanged their furs and peltries for beads, blankets and cutlery—with rum, always on sale,”—no doubt fresh from the Gibson still. But to continue:

“The house in which the North American hotel is kept [now the Brunswick] was occupied by the Land Commissioner a few years later. I recall the forest trees standing on East King street, nearly as far out as McConigle’s tavern. What is now called Adams-street, then Adamstown, was the most thickly inhabited place about. It was a village unconnected with Lancaster. The two-story brick house, now owned by Mr. Donnely, was used as a hospital for the sick and wounded soldiers of the Revolution, and numbers lie buried in the lot on which it stands. What is now the old storehouse was then the new college, at which I was placed by way of making me a ‘gentleman.’

“Annually during fair weeks, June and September, you could hardly see the streets for the stables and booths, covered with merchandise and trinkets of every kind. There were silks, laces and jewelry, calicoes, gingerbread, such as the ladies love; and that was the time they got plenty of them, too, for the young fellows used to hoard up their pocket-money for months to spend at the fairs; and no girl

felt ashamed to be treated to a 'fairing' even by a lad she had never seen before. This was the first step toward expressing admiration, and she who got the most of the fairings was considered the belle.

"Then the corners of the streets were taken up with mountebanks, rope-dances, and all the latest amusements. To see these, each young man took the girl that pleased him the most, or, if he had a capacious heart, he sometimes took a half dozen. There were also the dances—the crowning pleasure of all. In every tavern was to be heard the sound of the fiddle," and, as the chronicler may add, with no ministerial committee in evidence.

"The most remarkable," continues the traveler, "is the Episcopal church which occupies the place of the venerable and time-worn edifice that I remember. It was built under a charter granted by George II, and never had been entirely finished. As I am informed so great was its age and infirmities, the congregation were obliged to have it taken down to prevent its tumbling at their ears. I shall never forget the last time I sat in it. Every thing about the antique and sacred structure made an impression on my mind not easily to be effaced. Even the old sexton, John Webster, a colored man, and his wife, Dinah, rustled past in her old-fashioned silks with white sleeves, apron and 'kerchief.' Another remarkable character was old Mr. Pall with his glass-head cane, bent figure and hoary locks. This patriarch was never absent from the broken pew in the corner except when prevented from sickness in attending service.

“The second ‘antique and sacred structure’ was erected about 1744 of stone, partly at least when, in 1761, the people by way of lottery, raised a considerable sum of money with which they afterwards built a steeple, erected galleries, bought a bell and finished a stone wall round the church yard. In 1765 the vestry resolved that the minister should be entitled to a surplice fee of five shillings for every grave dug in the church yard.” No mention is made by the writer of the foregoing of how many patriarchs were willing to add to the minister’s fees in like manner. However, as at the time the membership was not as large as it is today, there was no room for envy over the Rector’s getting rich in digging graves.

During the year 1820 the edifice, as the chronicler knew it during the later forties, was consecrated, and in 1827 came the Rev. Samuel Bowman continuing until his untimely demise, August 3, 1860.

If the chronicler has seen fit to speak at some length of the old brick church, it is for the reason that, as a boy, he sat on a bench on one of the galleries that extended along both sides of the edifice. And a most lovable pastor was the Rev. Samuel Bowman, whose personality has been deeply indented upon the tablets of our boy-memory.

But apart from Old St. James, since our boyhood greatly improved inwardly and outwardly, there were at least four other churches known to most of the boys of “Old Lancaster,” Old Trinity, built as early as 1736, rebuilt in 1785, with its steeple of one hundred and ninety-five feet, and where it yet

stands beautiful in its symmetrical proportions. But what have become of its chimes as they used to ring out their Christian melodies? Then there was the old stone church presided over by the good Father Keenan who, at the age of ninety, when reminded of his years, said, "Tut, tut, we'll live as long as we can!" And to a good ripe old age he did live, beloved by all.

We can well recall the Moravian church erected about 1742, the Presbyterian church which stood where the new edifice now stands. But of all the old churches few could compare with the First Reformed, dismantled in 1852. It is a pity old churches have to go, but go they must to meet the wants of a capricious public sentiment. No longer are the attendants satisfied to sit on the plain benches without backs. They must have cushion seats with cushion backs. And even with these, the cushion back of an automobile seems to be preferable, even on the Sabbath.

As we close this chapter, the bells of the First Methodist are ringing in our ears, carrying us back to those early days of boyhood when to attend both Sabbath school and church service was a requirement not to be disobeyed except under penalty.

To close this chapter finally, how fitting are a few lines from an unknown poet, and published in the Lancaster *Intelligencer* years ago:

Ring on, ye bells of Lancaster!
Ring boldly forth! ring full! ring free;
Forsaken hopes, long buried joys
Come creeping down the past to me.
 Oh, tuneful bells!
 Oh, happy bells!
Oh, chiming bells of Lancaster!

CHAPTER V

THE INCOMING OF A NEW ERA FOR THE BOROUGH OF LANCASTER

IT is pleasing as well as diverting to review the minutes of the "Corporation Book" during the seventy-six years of the burgomasters' rule. If regret follow, it is because the narrator was not a part of the town's village life at the time it was converted into a borough by the founder, James Hamilton, in 1742. But even could this be shown, the dwellers of this twentieth century would not believe even the date or name contained in any one of the burgesses' bibles!

However, following William Atlee in 1774, came William Bausman, who held the office of chief burgess until 1778, when he was succeeded by Henry Dehuff, with Michael Diffenderfer as burgess. The foregoing well-known names have been handed down from Revolutionary times to find their descendants, the Atlees, Bausmans and Diffenderfers, still among the well known of this twentieth century.

Under Chief Burgess William Bausman we find, at the close of the September fair-week, the amount of money received by Stophel Franciscus, treasurer, for the use of the Corporation, 39 pounds, 14 shillings, 3 pence. Out of this gross sum was allowed for building stalls, 8 pounds; poles, 1 pound; to cryer

for opening the fair, five shillings; two constables for attendance, one pound. The balance, 2 pounds, was the neat little sum accruing to the corporation out of the holding of the fair.

At this meeting "it was ordered that Stans Ferry be warned not to put any more straw or hay on the garret of his dwelling house; and that he remove from before his door certain nuisances; also, that he cut off his posts and lower his pavement three inches as soon as he can get workmen to do it."

It was also ordered that the high constable shall receive yearly three pounds out of the corporation stock for his extraordinary services and trouble which he has had in attending and serving the corporation. A year later, it was ordered that "the three pounds allowed this officer as a yearly salary should not be paid him any longer."

Complaints having been made, it was ordered that "hugsters shall be stationed at certain places in the market, and that they shall sell nothing but eatables whatsoever, and if they offer to sell any kind of merchandise, they shall be under the penalty of forfeiting their license. And, likewise, that they shall pay yearly ten shillings for their standing room."

Passing over pages of the same kind of embargoes of dispensers of every kind of marketable products from which a small pittance could be had in support of the town government, mention shall be made of the center square log court house, erected in 1730 and destroyed by fire in 1781. However, in 1783 the second, a brick structure, was built on the same

site. As the reader shall learn, at no time from 1742 to 1818 were meetings held by the burgesses in either the log or the brick court house. This may have been owing to the fact that each in turn was under the jurisdiction of the court and for county purposes. However, of this more later.

As history makes mention, before the log court house was destroyed by fire, it was well and favorably known inwardly at least for its historic importance. What helped to make it memorable was the great treaty conference between the governors of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia and certain of the Indian chiefs in the settlement of grievances which had sprung up among the white settlers and their various tribes.

Again, what continued to make the log court house still better known, occurred on the Fourth of July, 1776, while the Declaration was being read in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. It was then that the Pennsylvania militia was in session in the borough court house, its purpose being to resist the invasion of the British army.

And here is the story of how it came to be destroyed in 1781. Quoting from one who knew whereof he wrote: "It had been undergoing some repairs, and as the plasterers were at work, a quantity of lime was put on the inside to secure it from the weather. Some supposed the lime had set it afire, others, that the clock-repairer, being negligent, had set it afire. There were still others, that some villain had caused its destruction." However, two years later, in 1783, a second, a brick structure, was built on the site of the old log building.

As so much has been written concerning this later court house, it will be described by one who was familiar with its interior as well as exterior: "It was quadrangular in shape, two stories high, with four gables, and large bell, surmounted with a steeple in which was placed a good clock with four faces and time-piece, which struck out the hours of day and night.

"There was a door in the center of each front, facing entrance to the four principal streets. The door on the North Queen Street front was never opened, that part being occupied by the Judges' Bench. The west door was opened only when there was a great crowd; the east door was used principally by lawyers and court-officers."

Aside from what has been quoted, what fond memories linger in the mind of the octogenarian chronicler of this same court house so graphically described by one who knew it even better than the writer as a boy in his teens. Well can he recall how the voters of the four wards gathered to cast their ballots, each ward with a separate window, except when a fight occurred, when they would flock together in defending their party rights.

But the narrator is getting ahead of his story: During Revolutionary times few meetings were held, the time of the burgesses being taken up with matters pertaining to the war. This the minutes show: "That meetings had not been adhered to on account of their falling on troublesome times when the majority of Burgesses and assistants could not attend." However at an impromptu meeting in

1782, "it was unanimously agreed to that, owing to the discord among the prisoners of war, that the brick house on the 'commons' be immediately converted into quarters fit for the reception of the sick, who are at once to be placed therein; likewise, that the Continental stables be converted and fitted up into Barracks for the reception of any such troops as may necessarily and promptly require quarters in this place."

The following testimonial of regard was presented to General Hazen, bearing the title of Brigadier General: "Sir: We the Burgesses and Assistants do with the utmost satisfaction return you and your officers our most sincere and warmest thanks for the many distinguished proofs of your regard and attention to them and to the inhabitants. Your generous undertaking in erecting Barracks for the reception of your troops, and others that may hereafter require quarters, and thereby easing the inhabitants, your faithful and steady attention as superintendent of prisoners of war, merits the approbation and thanks of this Corporation. This testimonial is entrusted to Mr. William Parr and John Hobson who will deliver the same to you in person."

Where the barracks stood is not as important as to know the purpose it served during the Revolution. Among the first prisoners who came to Lancaster in 1775 was Major André, who was captured by General Montgomery, in Upper Canada of the same year, and taken, with other officers, to Lancaster, and where he became an inmate of Caleb Cope's house, standing at the time at the northeast

corner of Lime and Grant Streets where the Baker mansion now stands. The writer, who wrote a very interesting biographical sketch of Major André and Caleb Cope, states that "Caleb Cope, the elder, was Burgess of Lancaster, Pa., under the British Government, immediately prior to the Revolution. The eldest of the five sons, John, then in his thirteenth year, received lessons in drawing from Major André; and that the three brothers, John, William and Thomas, had, in after life, vivid recollections of their games of marbles and other juvenile sports with the lively young English officer who was destined to figure so terribly in the after history of this country."

Referring once more to the complimentary letter written by the burgesses it may have grown out of an episode so graphically portrayed in a paper read before the Lancaster County Historical Society by Mr. Frank Diffenderffer.

Only its length precludes its insertion in the author's narrative. This much may be set forth: "The old Barracks was the scene of one of the most exciting episodes of the war of Independence." The prison was surrounded by a stockade of logs and strongly guarded, but, in spite of all precautions, prisoners escaped and found their way back to the British army. It was General Hazen who devised a plan to detect the method of escape. A Captain Lee, a patriotic officer, was selected to carry out the scheme. He disguised himself as a British officer and was thrust into the jail with the others. At the time he could discover nothing, but one night

while lying awake, the door was opened silently and an old woman came in, touched the nearest sleeping prisoner, who arose; then she approached Lee, looked at him and whispered, "Not the man, but come." This seemed to be the opportunity so long awaited, and he also arose and followed. The woman was alarmed and went out, telling Lee to follow. And he did follow the British prisoners for twelve days, stopping during the day in barns and farm houses of the Tories, where they found food and were cared for. One of the number recognized Lee, who had punished him, and he told the leader who he was. This man attempted to kill Lee, but both were seized and carried before a magistrate by some loyal countrymen. Lee told his tale, but was not believed, and sent to jail. He prevailed on the jailor to carry a note to General Lincoln, who was at the time in Philadelphia, and who almost failed to recognize him in his rags. "Lee returned to Lancaster, and was instrumental in arresting and punishing fifteen persons who had aided the prisoners to escape."

What in addition happened in "Old Lancaster" during these exciting times is a story in itself to be found in any one of the histories of the Revolution.

It has already been said that fairs were held twice a year during June and September with the exception of two years. It was at a meeting of the burgesses in 1783 that there came a petition from business men and others to revive the former custom. At last, in conformity to the petitioners' pleadings, "It was resolved, Whereas, the Borough

hath for several years been deprived of holding fairs on account of an oppressive, but at length a glorious ended war—it is agreed that poles be immediately provided for the setting up of stalls, and the reëstablishing of former customs of holding fairs to the great advantage of country people and our good inhabitants.” And so the custom was reëstablished, continuing down to the year 1818 as money-producers. After the burgesses had handed the borough over to the nine select and fifteen common councilmen, fairs were conducted by individual enterprise. With but an occasional exception these annual fall assemblies of city and country people may be considered as coördinate with the founding of the town as far back as the townstead itself. And the only wonder is that some humorist has not written a volume on fairs. At times they have been money-makers, at others money losers, but just how much profit or loss is not usually mentioned by the promoters.

Fairs, bless me! in addition to Whitmonday, April first—until they fell out of custom—were to “Old Lancaster” what the modern game of baseball was only a few years ago to the “bleachers” ready to wend their way to Rossmere on a trolley car to the neglect of more important business. But the circus with its parade of animals, clowns and riders! The first to be recalled was in a lot opposite the Poor House Hill along in the early fifties. At the time, from the corner where stands the Brunswick stood a long row of frame sheds extending to Christian Street and used as eating rooms for the country

visitors. And where lived the boy who would not run away from school to witness a circus parade? And maybe slip under the circus tent? This habit was not confined to days gone by! In many respects boy-nature never changes. Nor is it confined to the ragtail and bobtail of the town's youngsters. As the chronicler has every reason to know, running away from school to see the elephants has made at least one good judge who, if he were running a show himself, instead of a juvenile court, would let in all the school boys gratis. So, let every school board close the schools for an hour at least on every circus day, and if for no other reason than that even the modern day picture show is an educator of youth.

But to what the minutes of the burgesses have to set forth. There was one example for incoming generations to profit by. If they did not open many of the streets, they usually managed to keep receipts and expenditures evenly balanced at the close of each year without piling up debts for their descendants to pay. Of course, at the time of which we write, the town did not extend very far in any direction from the court house except along the four streets, north, south, east and west. And yet it has been written by one who had visited the borough that a certain man who lived a square or two eastward on King Street would occasionally find his way from the country to the "hub" to learn the news, but more likely to indulge himself in a "swigger" that came from the Gibson still; and years before the government had placed an embargo over all distilled spirits. Whether tavernkeeper Gibson

was fined for selling on the Sabbath except to travelers, inmates and others, no mention is made in the Corporation Book. It would have been an act of discourtesy on the part of the burgomasters to disclose secrets that are kept inviolate by councilmen down even to the present day.

And here it must not be forgotten that as these custodians were engaged in the building up of the town, what they needed most were strangers to make the wheels of industry go round. And who can doubt that an occasional one coming from Philadelphia did not help leaven the loaf in giving the borough a Saturday evening appearance even without street lights strung along the principal thoroughfares like unto this twentieth century?

During our boyhood there was a game called "Follow Your Leader." This game is still in vogue, not so much among boys as among men of all political parties. We get the cue, and, after getting it, go following our leader, may be for the reason that so few men are capable of leading except in their own particular line of business.

It has been said only too frequently, "Put your best men in office." And into office many have gone, only to find out how little they knew of the science of city government, and how much they had to learn. Possibly before the conclusion of the narrative, the chronicler may find a solution for the difficult problem of better local government.

However, because a man is successful in his own line of business is no guarantee that he has found a cure for his town's numerous ills. If such can be

found even among the members of the Automobile Club or the Chamber of Commerce, they would be worth their weight in solid gold. Critics each and every generation have had in telling just how this or that should be done at the least possible expense. But when the tax rate is mentioned with the property valuation, and their own likely to be increased, phew, the poor old city! Everybody is ready to give it a fling! And why? Because everybody is part owner!

There is one class in every town or city that cannot well be ignored. It is the laboring element, and who, being without a trade or other means of support, naturally look for employment if not in one way then in another. They constitute an important factor, especially during election time, when their votes are not to be ignored by the political leaders. And after all, it is a blessed thing that employment be given old men who have seen better days.

It is the ballot in this free country that is every man's defensive or offensive, and can be used on the day of election individually or collectively. But results count only when there is concentration, or what may be called consensus of opinion expressed in numbers.

So completely has local government been systematized as to make the stray voter wonder how it has been accomplished! It is a science known alone to those who have made town government a study. This the average citizen does not do, possibly for the want of time, possibly because he does not care! Then party politics is more binding than

church creeds on the average church member. The minister may preach a sermon of an hour's length the Sabbath before election on what he considers the voter's duty, but when the voter stands before the man with the poll-book—perhaps the parson's own son or other near relative—the political sermon he has to whisper in the voter's ear is the more convincing.

And so, the longer the chronicler struggles to find a solution for the vexed question of better municipal government, the less he is able to succeed. Perhaps, before the volume is completed, the reader may learn something from the action of the burgesses extending down through seventy-six years.

CHAPTER VI

THE ELECTION OF BURGESS EDWARD HAND OF REVOLUTIONARY FAME

AT the close of Henry Dehuff's term, came that of Jacob Reigart, followed by Henry Dering, serving until 1789, when that great patriot of Revolutionary times, Edward Hand, was elected chief burgess. It was at the time when the people, through their representatives, were looking for a site for the national government. Philadelphia, Baltimore and other towns had become aspirants for the honor of becoming the nation's future capital. Nor were the inhabitants of "Old Lancaster" any the less interested, believing as they did that their own inland town was possessed of a greater number of advantages than those of any other site that might be offered.

The following letter was written by Chief Burgess Hand on the seventeenth of March, 1789, to senators and representatives, and brings into light, to a greater extent than hitherto, the status of the borough of Lancaster, its internal improvements and social life, enumerating its diversity of local industries which, in the estimation of Burgess Hand, were not surpassed in the town's size and possibilities by any other in the Union.

As the letter is somewhat lengthy, only a portion

shall be given, and yet sufficient to show the love this patriot had for his adopted city. And so, mark with what sincerity the letter was written. It began:

“BOROUGH OF LANCASTER, March 17, 1789,

“*Gentlemen:* The Corporation of this Borough have been instructed by the inhabitants thereof and adjoining township to address you. The new Constitution, to which we anxiously sought as a means of establishing the Empire of America on the most sure and solid basis, is now in motion, and one of the objects of Congress will be to fix a permanent place of residence where their exclusive jurisdiction can be conveniently and safely exercised.

“Should the general interests of the Union point out an inland, central situation as preferable to a seaport for the future residence of your Honorable Body, We humbly offer ourselves as candidate for that distinguished honor. As an inland town, we do not consider ourselves inferior to any within the Dominion of the United States. Our lands are remarkably fertile and in a high state of cultivation. Our town is possessed of every advantage for Water Works, as will appear from the draughts herewith sent, and peculiarly healthy, with springs, wells and pumps in nearly every portion of the town.”

“Springs, wells and pumps in nearly every portion of the town!” This was no exaggerated statement of Burgess Hand. Only those who have lived through the days of old can recall how boys were sent with pitcher on a warm July afternoon for a draught of clear, sparkling pump-water! Of course,

ice was harvested, to be stored away during winter, provided the season was favorable. But this was years before the manufactured product came to take the place of that gathered at Graeff's Landing.

At the time bacteria, if known to the medical fraternity, were not heralded through the newspapers as a warning to bathers. They enjoyed their afternoon and evening baths as a god-given privilege. But, as the city grew, with the sewage in greater quantity finding its way into the Conestoga, the cry went out, "Beware of the germs!" Think for a moment. Who would have thought seventy years ago that the time would ever come when placards were to be tacked to this or that tree as a warning to old and young? And yet in this advanced age of scientific discoveries, the Conestoga is avoided by bathers as dangerous to both health and even life!

But to conclude Burgess Hand's letter to Representatives and Senators of the United States: To the city's inhabitants of this twentieth century it cannot help but provoke a smile to think that "Old Lancaster" in 1789 should presume to offer itself as suitable for the United States capital! And it was not a joke either! No, no! The letter meant just what it said. Now mark what is to follow, enough to make the mayor and councils of "New Lancaster" stand up and take notice!

"Every necessary material is to be had and in the greatest quantity desired at the most reasonable rates. We venture to assert that there is no part of the United States which can boast, within the compass of ten miles, a larger number of wagons and good teams than ourselves!

“The Borough of Lancaster is a square encompassing a portion of ground one mile in length from the center (the court house) by the main streets which intersect at right angles. We have five public buildings, including an elegant court house, fifty by forty-eight feet. In the second story thereof is a very handsome room 44 by 32 feet in the clear, and two convenient adjoining rooms, each being 22 by 16 in the clear. There are several places of worship besides a temporary synagogue, belonging to the respective Societies of Episcopalian, Presbyterian,



CONESTOGA WAGON.

Lutherans, Reformed Church of Heidelberg, Moravian, Quakers and Catholics.”

Note what is to follow, and you, dear reader, will almost think yourself back in “Old Lancaster” of one hundred and twenty years ago:

“Within the compass of the Borough, an enumeration of dwellings was actually taken in 1786, and the number then built was 678. Many of the houses are large and elegant, and would, in our idea, accommodate Congress and their Suite at this period without inconvenience. Boarding and lodging are to be had at very easy rates. According to the best

computation we can make, there are within this Borough about 4200 souls."

Again note the town's industries—"14 hatters, 36 shoemakers, 4 tanners, 17 saddlers, 25 tailors, 22 butchers, 25 weavers, 25 blacksmiths, 12 public bakers, 30 carpenters, 11 coopers, 6 dyers, 7 gunsmiths, 5 ropemakers, 5 tinnerns, 2 brass-founders, 3 skin-dressers, 1 brushmaker, 7 turners, 7 nailors, 5 silversmiths, 3 potters, 3 coppersmiths, 3 breweries, 3 brickyards, 3 printing presses, and 40 houses of public entertainment within the Borough.

"The current price of provisions—wheat, 5 shilling sixpence; rye, 3 shilling; Indian corn, 2/6; oats, 1/6; best hay, 3 £ per ton; pork and stall-fed beef from 25/ to 30 per cwt. All kinds of poultry in great abundance and reasonable. Shad, rock and salmon are plentifully supplied from the Susquehanna in their seasons."

And here the chronicler can only say that, if this letter had been written in this year 1917, he might have said something of how these species of fish had been destroyed by the coal refuse coming down the river.

As in that epoch of over a century ago, when the borough had a population of but 4,200, with but 678 dwellings, these burgesses must have considered the town of some importance. And verily justified they were in boosting it instead of discounting it, as is done at the present day by some who never know when they are well off.

It is well to remember that in the years to come old newspapers will be read over; and it is not

pleasant for us to feel what other people will think when they read of criticism made by present-day critics except to complain of muddy and dusty streets.

But let us conclude Burgess Hand's letter. Think of "forty houses of public entertainment" within the borough of 4,200 souls!—one for every hundred of the town's population! Of course, all could not have been taverns nor even apartment houses with "rooms to let." Some few must have been places of amusement for senators, congressmen, their wives and daughters; but the kind of entertainment! Of one thing we feel reasonably sure, there were not any moving pictures shows bearing the slogan "The Hamilton," "Hippodrome," "Scenic," "Colonial" and others.

It takes no vivid imagination to place oneself in the mental condition of these burgesses as they sat in the ease of contentment, awaiting a favorable response to the letter sent no doubt by special delivery to senators and representatives.

As the missive had not been kept a profound secret from the shopkeepers, tavernkeepers and boarding-house-keepers, we can only think what a hurly-burly of excitement all were put to in making preparation for the incoming of this representative body! How much time was devoted by the janitor in getting the court house in order may never be known! What the reader shall shortly learn is that the court house was later handed over to Congress at least for one short day; and that, at a still later time, was used by the Legislature for over a

decade. But why anticipate coming events? The narrator has enough to do to fathom the depths of gloom which hung over the burgesses and their assistants, as for many weary weeks they hopefully looked forward to converting the borough into a "New Lancaster."

We believe it is the regret of every councilman of today that the verdict was not favorable! The reply, if one came, must have been destroyed by the burgesses for fear of the commotion its reception might likely have created among shopkeepers, butchers, bread bakers, and last among the owners of the forty places of public entertainment!

The reader will recall the order to the clerk to visit every public baker and weigh each loaf. And now, imagine if you can, by whom all the bread was consumed by a population of but 4,200 souls. Of course, there could not have been any delivery-wagons going from village to village. All that can be inferred is that the inhabitants must have been pretty good bread eaters to keep the twelve town bakers busy. Then think again of the bake ovens necessary!

But let us not overlook the "twenty-two" butchers! By whom all the choice roasts were consumed is another puzzler for the chronicler. But as the choicest of these could be had at a sixpence per pound, to live on the fat of the land was better than to live in a city of fifty thousand with roasts at fifty cents per pound, and none of the best at that!

But the chronicler must not forget the trend of his narrative by indulging himself too freely in

helping the reader to think out what he is able to reason to his own satisfaction.

No. We are not disposed to find fault with the burgesses for trying to prevent people from getting drunk on the public streets! They may be blamed for allowing three distilleries in full operation. But as they were revenue producers, like those of the present day, they were tolerated as a necessary evil. Again, how could the twelve public bakers have carried on their business without "sots" to make the dough rise? Why, during our boyhood, nearly every half-grown lad could be seen with kettle in hand on his way to Shearer's distillery, around the corner at North Queen and Lemon Streets for a supply of this old-fashioned ingredient. And when these tired lads received a slice of their mothers' home-made bread as round as a miniature race-track covered with "smearkase" and molasses, what more could their hearts desire than perhaps another slice of the same kind?

In the "good old days" people ate hog and hominy, jowl and greens, bacon and beans, "snitz and knep," without any knowledge of their inner organs. Today a boy lives on cigarettes, the girls on chewing gum, their fathers at the "club," their mothers at their sociables when not out collecting. However, a tap on the shoulder by one in authority admonished the chronicler that, for the sake of family peace—and with this gentle hint, the chapter closes, with a few more complaints on the part of the burgesses:

"As many inconveniences have arisen from the

butchers bringing their dogs with them to market, it is ordered that they confine them at home during the market hours; and likewise as the market place has been obstructed by their not keeping their blocks in regular order which has prevented a regular thoroughfare through the market, it is ordered that after cutting up their meat, the clerk shall see that this regulation is enforced."

Also: "As frequent complaints have been made by the inhabitants from the inconvenience of swine running at large through the borough, it is ordered that the High Constable shall make proclamation for that purpose in confining them for the space of four days from this date under penalty of five shillings to the informer and one half of the swine taken for the poor of the borough."

Here follows an order on John Hobson, late treasurer: Sir, please pay to William Ross, the present treasurer, the sum of seventy two pounds four pence specie, and sixty one pounds thirteen shillings and four pence Continental Currency which now remains in your hands, and this shall be your order, given under my hand this 10 day of October, 1786.

"JACOB REIGART, Burgess."

This is the first mention of Continental Currency by the burgesses. Of course it was generally in use at the time in 1786 and for some years previous among merchants and the public generally. It would seem that the trouble with butchers would never cease. "Finding a number continuing at home and selling their meat during market hours,

the Corporation have resolved that every one and each in said borough bring their meat to market on each market day and there continue with the sale until the hour of nine in the morning. For non-compliance for each offence, they will suffer a penalty of fifteen shilling. It is further resolved that they weigh their meat by scales, owing to a bad custom they have of blowing up their mutton by their *breath*; therefore, all meat thus blown up shall be confiscated.

“Again, as wood is an expensive article to the Borough we have thought fit to appoint three assistants to the clerk of the market who for every cord shall be entitled six pence paid by the farmer of the wood if it be deficient in being a good cord to the purchaser.”

Think for a moment of wood being a scarce article a century and a half ago! No, it was not that cord wood was scarce, with nearly three fourths of the county heavily timbered. There were other reasons. Reports coming from the treeless West, led the farmers to believe that the most valuable of their holdings were their timber tracts. And in this, but for the discovery of coal at a somewhat later day, their hopes might have been realized. Who would have ever imagined that at the time mentioned, there could have been a “corner” in cord-wood for domestic use? It seems almost incredible! And yet, from other sources we learn that to cut down a forest tree for family use was considered sacrilegious. Only the dead trees were cut out to make more room for the young, healthy

timber. It is within the recollection of the chronicler that on both sides of the turnpike leading east from Witmer's bridge, timber grew in an overabundance. The same along other pikes. It was only after the cultivation of tobacco became highly profitable that the oaks and hickories had to go. No doubt these included the famous hickory that stood before the Gibson Inn. This historic tree being one of the landmarks of the town, it came early to be associated with what were called the "Hickory Indians," thereby receiving the name "Hickory" town.

The statement having been set forth that down to the year 1812, no general system of property taxation had been authorized by act of Assembly, the following taken from the minutes of October 7, 1791, will make only too clear:

"Whereas, it is highly necessary that the Corporation should strictly attend to the due application of the monies assessed or levied and received for fines or penalties by virtue of the act of Assembly passed the 22 of January, 1774, entitled an act for regulating the buildings, keeping in repair the streets, lanes and highways in the Borough of Lancaster and for other purposes therein mentioned, Therefore—Ordered that the highway constable give notice to the present supervisors to be ready on the time of settling their accounts to inform the Corporation what streets, lanes and alleys and highways have been repaired and what sums of money may have been expended on any particular street in order that the Corporation may be able to judge

of the due application for that purpose expended and whether the same were just and reasonable according to act of Assembly aforesaid."

From the proceedings of the burgesses, it would seem that no one carrying on any kind of business having to do in supplying the public, could escape the tax-collector. The employed officials were ever on the go from public bread baker to butcher, artisans, peddlers, and others from whom a few pounds, shillings and pence might be gathered wherewith to keep the town's wheels in motion. But of all the revenue collected, the greater portion came from markets and fairs. To close this chapter, let the twentieth-century reader be thankful for even an increase in taxation, with the hope that one of these days "New Lancaster" may have a just and equitable assessment of all property. Nor can the people of this city ever hope to have better streets until that day arrives. Go where one may, the most absorbing question is a just and equitable assessment of town property. For a full century the taxpayers have talked it over, but it seems favoritism is still the rule in most cities with Lancaster being no exception if complaints generally made have any foundation in fact.

In closing this chapter, it may not be amiss to ask holders of turnpike stock to locate once upon a time Anderson's Ferry & New Haven Turnpike chartered in 1810? A certificate has been copied, as follows:

"EVIDENCE OF STOCK

"Anderson's Ferry, Waterford & New Haven Turnpike Office, Jan. 30, 1812.

“BE IT HEREBY CERTIFIED, by the President, Managers and Company of the Anderson’s Ferry, Waterford & New Haven Turnpike Road, That James Mehaffey of Waterford, Lancaster County, having paid thirty Dollars, is entitled to one share of stock in the said company, numbered two hundred and ninety three, transferable in the presence of the President or Treasurer, by the said James Mehaffey—or his Attorney, subject to the payments now due or to become due agreeably to the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, passed the nineteenth day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ten, and Sealed with the Common Seal of the Company.

“GEORGE SNYDER, *Treasurer*.

“HENRY SHARE, *President*.”

We do not know at what price per share the Marietta turnpike stock is valued at today, changed as has the Company’s name.

A bid for this one share, number two hundred and ninety-three, properly endorsed by the president and treasurer, is awaited by the chronicler.

CHAPTER VII

RECOMMENDATION BY THE GRAND INQUEST, RESULTING IN THE BUILDING OF CITY HALL

WE are now to reach an important epoch of the administration of the burgesses at their meeting of the fourth of April, 1794, in which it was “Resolved, That the agreement entered into on the first day of January last, respecting the building for the public offices on part of the site of the market house, together with the concurrence of the Court thereon, be entered on the records of this Corporation—and are as follows, (to wit)

“The Grand Inquest

“(Seventeen in number being present) for the body of the county of Lancaster, at their Sessions, 1794, are unanimously of the opinion, That the Corporation of the Borough of Lancaster will grant a spot of ground, part of the ground allotted for the market place, which may be thought suitable for erecting the public buildings, which spot of ground shall be granted free of expences to the county, and that such public buildings shall be erected on solid ground of two stories high, unless it shall be thought necessary to build arched cellars underneath, in such case the Grand Inquest unanimously recommend such buildings to be erected.

“Signed—	P. Musselman
William Kelly	John Barvel
William Smith	John Baughman
Jacob Johns	Michael Hess
Frederick Segar	John Free
Jacob Graeff	John Roberts
Abraham Whiteside	Nathaniel Zagnr
Thomas Evans	Thomas Robinson
Christian Kauffman	William Boel

“The Court concurred with the Grand Jury so far as relates to the erection of the public buildings on the site of the market house in the manner the jury have pointed out:

“By the Court:

“JOHN HUBLEY, Chief clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace.”

At a meeting of the Burgesses, January 1, 1795, it was concluded and agreed that “the Commissioners with the approbation of the Judges of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, may erect a building for the public offices on the present site of the market house, that is to say, on the east end of the same, the breadth of which building shall be twenty-eight to thirty feet from south to north, and the length thereof, forty-five or fifty feet from east to west. Done at the Borough aforesaid the day and year afor mentioned. Paul Zantzinger, C. B. Charles Shaffner, B.”

Here follows the consent of the judges: “We do by virtue of the presentment of the Grand Jury, consent that the Commissioners of the county of Lan-

caster, do erect the public offices on the ground within allotted for that purpose. They further order and direct that the said Commissioners procure a plan or plans for the same building for the approbation of the said court, the expence thereof to be paid out of the county stock:

“Signed, Joseph Henry
Robert Coleman
Frederic Kuhn
Andrew Graff”

It was at the house of Philip Diffenderfer on the twenty-fourth day of February, 1798, that it was resolved by the burgesses that the corporation meet at the house of Jacob Frey, March 2, in order to take into consideration the building of the “New Market House.” At this meeting appeared a committee from Blue Lodge No. 43, consisting of Charles Smith, Henry Dering, William Kirkpatrick, and John Miller, Jr., to consult and to agree with the corporation respecting the privilege of erecting a superstructure upon the market house for the use of the Freemason Lodge, No. 43. The committee handed the corporation the following proposals, to wit:

“The Corporation to erect pillars and arches sufficiently strong to support the superstructure and roof, which pillars and arches are to be at the expence of the Corporation; the Lodge to build the superstructure and roof the building from floor and ceiling; the Corporation to grant the right to erect

this superstructure and the direction of its uses of it to such trustees as may be appointed by the Lodge—But a room shall always be reserved for the use of the meetings of the Corporation—All other public uses of the rooms to be at the option of the Lodge.

“If the Corporation should think it proper to erect pillars in the Square, beyond the extent of the main market building for the use of the country market people, the Lodge will extend the roof over the same, floor, ceil, paint and finish it in a neat manner. [This was never done.]

“We on the part of the Lodge and on the part of the Corporation agree to the above proposals—By order of the Corporation: Paul Zantzinger, C. B. By order of the Lodge—C. Smith, Henry Dering, John Miller, Jr., L. Lauman.

“At a meeting, March 22 following, at the house of Philip Diffenderfer, the erection of the market house being under consideration, it is agreed that the market house shall be built agreeably to the proposals this day signed by the Chief Burgess on the part of the Borough, and on the part of the Mason’s Lodge No. 43, by Charles Smith, John Miller, Jr., Lewis Lauman and Henry Deering:

“Agreed that Paul Zantzinger, John Hubley and Jacob Krug or any two of them are appointed to procure materials and workmen for the building of the above mentioned market house, in conjunction with any person or persons that the Lodge 43 will appoint for the same purpose.”

At a meeting at the house of Jacob Frey, April 5,

following, it was ordered "that the committee appointed March 22 last to employ workmen and procure materials for the building of the market house in conjunction with the persons who may be appointed by Lodge 43—reported that, in conjunction with Charles Smith, William Kirkpatrick and Lewis Lauman, on the part of the said Lodge—The said committee agreed with George Peters, brickmaker, Jacob Albright, mason and bricklayer, and Godlieb Sener, carpenter, as workmen and persons to procure material for the said building agreeably to the contract signed by them and produced to the Corporation, the same being duly considered is agreed to and approved by the Corporation.

"Agreed that Paul Zantzinger and John Hubley, the Burgesses in whose names the order is drawn by the Commissioners of the county for the money granted by the Grand Jury and Court, toward the building of the market house, do call on the treasurer of the county, and receive the amount of the said order and deposite the same in the hands of John Roberts, the treasurer of the Corporation for the purposes of defraying the expences of the said building, and paying the same on the orders of the two Burgesses for the use of the said building. PAUL ZANTZINGER, C. B."

That the market house was erected in 1798, including the superstructure, is evidenced by the date on the West King side of the Lodge rooms.

At a meeting held January 21, it was resolved,

“That butcher stalls in the new market house be numbered, and that the butchers meet at the house of Jacob Frey on the evening of the 30 following to draw lots as to the choice, except such as the Corporation shall think proper to except, and it is agreed that each butcher pay for his stall annually £ 3 in quarterly payments for the use of the corporation—the time to commence from the first day of January inst., with the exception of two days for the June fair.” The stalls as set forth in the minutes are twenty-four in number. John deGraff drew number 4, Christopher Hager 5, Andrew Lieibly 7, Solomon Kauffman 8, John Leibly, jun., 12, John Yost 13, Philip Metzger 14, Philip Russel 15, Uriah Lambard 17, Jos. Hoover 18, Christopher Franciscus 20, John Leibly 22, Stephen Lutz 23, John Metzger 24.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the trade of butchering must have been quite a profitable business, otherwise so many of the best citizens would not have been engaged in it. If it was profitable for them it must have been a money-maker for the burgesses also.

What the impatient reader is anxious to know is when the present city hall was erected? It will be recalled, at a meeting of the corporation, January 1, 1795, the opinion of the court was read, “It is concluded and agreed that the Commissioners of the county with the approbation of the Court of General Sessions, acting in accordance with the Grand Jury’s report, ‘may erect a building for the public offices on the present site of the market house, that is to

say, on the east end of the same, the breadth of which building shall be twenty eight or thirty feet from the south to the north, and the length thereof, forty five or fifty feet from east to west.'” This confirms the measurement taken by the chronicler. An examination of the dividing line proves beyond a doubt that both the market house and city hall were not built at the same year, or at least at the same time. But that both were erected and paid for out of county funds is not to be questioned. It could not have been built by the corporation unless they had gone a-borrowing. To fix the exact time the minutes of the burgesses fail to make entirely clear. However, along in 1801, the city hall was used by George Duffield, Controller General, or his deputy, Samuel Bryan, who, on refusing to pay rent, suit was brought against the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

What remains for the records to show is that from the time it was erected down to 1854 neither the burgesses nor councils ever held their meetings therein. During this more than half century, it was used for such offices as the County Commissioners had determined. Nor is there any proof that the room set apart for the convenience of the burgesses, and to which they claimed the right to occupy under the agreement between Blue Lodge and the corporation, was occupied.

With a little patience, the reader may learn how the city of Lancaster came into undisputed possession of the much-disputed question of its ownership. It might be now stated, but it is better to wait and

see what the council minutes may have to disclose.

To show how poor the borough authorities were, at least in pounds, shillings and pence, it needs only be stated that from 1742 down until 1812 when redress came in the shape of an Act of Assembly authorizing the burgesses to levy a tax on all real estate, the receipts were never more than fifty pounds in one year. And while this tax levy was but a trifle, it raised a storm of protest among property holders who had bought up whole tracts within the town's two miles square, not to be utilized in the opening up of streets but to hold the same for a sudden rise in value.

However, at last the County Commissioners did fill up and "pike" Center Square, after the burgesses had made their report as follows: "Resolved that, having viewed the premises, we are fully of the opinion that the complaint of the petitioners is well founded in fact; that the water which flows on all four sides of the court house for want of proper drainage, stagnates in the Square, giving rise to a public nuisance as well as a public grievance."

This was the verdict of the burgesses. but as the square on which the court house stood was claimed by the County Commissioners, who, being slow to act, and the authorities without the legal right or money, this "goose-pond" was no doubt highly enjoyed by the boys until the county began to get busy. How the lawyers managed to find their way into the court of justice without stilts, we have no means of knowing.

To bear and forebear all kinds of inconveniences only goes to show that the dwellers of "Old Lancaster" were a patient, law-abiding people, willing to suffer to the limits of endurance anything and all things. Possibly they had more urgent matters to worry over from year to year to make both ends meet in trying to pay their annual ground rent.

The reason no mention is made of compelling owners or tenants to shovel their pavements after a two-foot snow, may have been owing to the fact that brick pavements were few and far between except around the square, where all kind of business flourished. But how little different in this twentieth century! Ordinances are passed requiring housekeepers to shovel the snow from their own sidewalks, if not for their own convenience, at least for that of the traveling public. It has been said by a former mayor that "New Lancaster" has some of the worst pavements in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Being a judge of bricks, he might have added with equal force that many of these half-worn out bricks had come over on the "William and Sarah" as far back as the year 1709. But with all due respect for the feelings of owners of sidewalks, a certain respect should be shown for aged women and especially for dainty shoes with heels that have not as yet become so high as to keep the skirts of young girls from being sent to the laundry every day in the week, Sundays, of course, excepted.

As for dust carried into the home of every well-regulated family, the responsibility rests equally between the city fathers and owners of automobiles

who have to wear "goggles" to keep themselves from being blinded, or, what is worse, smothered by the volumes of dust turned up in their wake.

Turning over a nearly two-century old page of the "Corporation Book:" "Resolved that the firing off of guns and pistols on New Year's night, or at any other time, has likewise become dangerous, all persons violating this decree, shall pay twenty shillings for the use of the Corporation."

To the credit of the police force of today, the chronicler can say that this one particular ordinance has been fully complied with, for seldom do we hear of the firing off of a gun or pistol as during our boyhood when pistols were carried and fired without fear of arrest.

As to smoking on the streets and alleys, and against which the goodly burgesses had issued their edict to frighten boys, the modern day text-books of physiology and hygiene used in all schools under state control have served their purpose.

Why smoking was more common among half-grown boys during the forties and fifties of the past century was owing to the fact that a "sixer" could be had for a big, round, copper cent! Cheap! Why, it was not until the government began to levy a tax on cigars and tobacco that the price went soaring skyward! Why the habit was not broken by the narrator from the standpoint of economy was to help the nation along in the raising of revenue. But even this is no good reason for twentieth-century boys to form the habit. Tobacco in any shape is not only a vicious but an extravagant habit.

Don't begin it, my boys, and you will not have the trouble of stopping it when your bank account runs short! As chewing gum is indulged in by so many mothers, why give advice to girls?

The reason the minutes of the burgesses make no mention of the "curfew" is owing to the fact that no public school system had been established at the time, with no "truant" officer in evidence in making boys toe the mark in attending school whether they wanted to or not! However, this is not meant to convey the impression that all youngsters were allowed to reach the age of discretion without at least a familiarity of the three "R's,"—reading, writing and 'rithmetic—in the single and double "rule o' three," with spelling, at present, one of the lost arts. To have brought children up without the rudiments of an education would have been a criminal neglect of duty on the part of parents. The schoolmaster was abroad, if not in the home, at least in the church schools. But as the octogenarian author has other duties to perform apart from that of turning schuylemaister, the story will be continued with the burgomasters' minutes to furnish the inspiration to complete the volume. If reflection be cast upon the present generation's fads and fancies, the hope is, they will be more forgiving when they reach their four-score. And so say all octogenarians!

CHAPTER VIII

OPINION OF CITY SOLICITOR SLAYMAKER AS TO THE FOUNDER'S BEQUEST

IN a hurried glance through one of the councilmanic books of 1847, the searcher was delighted to find reference to the same troublesome question as to the right and title of city hall which had been erected out of money appropriated by the county.

The following resolution offered by a member of Select Council was read and concurred in by the common branch: "Resolved, that the City Solicitor be instructed to inquire into the ownership of city hall, and to ascertain on what pretext the County still occupies it with their offices?"

At the next meeting the following opinion was rendered, "On the 16 of May, 1730, three lots of ground in the town of Lancaster were granted by James Hamilton in trust; the first for the use of the county whereon to erect a court house, the second for a jail, and the third, containing one hundred and twenty feet square, for the erection, keeping and holding a market for the ease and convenience of the inhabitants thereof, and others who have occasion to resort thither.

"On the first day of January, A. D. 1795, it was agreed by the officers of the Corporation, with the approval of the Court of General Sessions, that

the county may erect a building for the use of the public offices on the present site of the market house to extend twenty-eight to thirty feet from south to north, and forty-five to fifty feet from east to west. In accordance with this agreement, a building for county offices was erected and has continued in use for these purposes up to the present time [1847].

“Upon this state of facts two questions arise—First, does the license of the Corporation of 1795 to the county to build on the market-house space bind the public? And if it does not? Second, will occupancy for any length of time give the county a right to the ground covered by its offices, as against the public?

“The grant of the lot is declared to be for a specific purpose of arching, keeping and holding a market: The intention of the grantor is here distinctly expressed, and all rights proven or exercised under the grant must be in strict accordance with its provisions.

“But further—the conveyance is stated is to be for the benefit not only for the city but also for others who may have occasion to resort to the market; thus dedicating the subject-matter of the grant to the use of the public. The Corporation has here not an absolute, but merely a qualified property right for a specific purpose; it is in fact no more than a trustee for the use of the public in general; none of its rights therefore with reference to this property (meaning the city hall) would be valid unless they were done in pursuance of the purposes of the grant—nor otherwise could they be

binding upon its trust—the public. If any part of the lot could be appropriated to any other use than that specified in the grant, by a parity of reasoning, so also might the whole, and to any other use whatsoever; and thus the intention of the grantor be frustrated and the benefit to the public entirely lost.

“The public to which use this property is dedicated is not the public of one generation, but of each generation successively as it makes its appearance on the stage of action, and no fraudulent, improvident or misconceived action on the part of the public or its officers at any particular period can be permitted to diminish or destroy the right of the future public. If this reasoning be correct then it is clear that the license by the Burgesses in 1795 could give the county no right to erect its buildings on the Square, set apart for the market house.

“It then only remains for us to inquire how the rights of the parties are affected by the lapse of time. With regard to private rights the lapse of time may be conclusive. The public interests require that there should be an end of strife, and when an individual with the strong, natural stimulus to action of an immediate personal interest neglects for a long space of time to assert its rights, the law in many instances presumes for the sake of peace that he has parted with those rights. As regards the public, however, no such presumption should with any propriety have place.

“The public is an aggregation of individuals, no one of whom usually conceives himself to have in

the common property such a direct interest as all experience proves is alone sufficient to stimulate men to active and earnest efforts. Gradual and slight encroachment on public rights therefore rarely attracts attention, particularly if no special inconvenience is the immediate result. And thus the public, did the lapse of time furnish a bar to its claim, would find the circle of its rights steadily contracting until at length not a vestige of those rights would remain.

“To avoid such mischief as this, the Supreme Court has decided in a number of instances that the presumption does not arise against the public, and that the grant of a part of a street or square will not be presumed so as bar an indictment for a nuisance. In the case under consideration no such presumption can be admitted. Upon the title as set forth in the Corporation Book, depends all the rights with reference to the property in question. If the officers of the corporation had the authority to dispose of the market square for any other purpose than that mentioned in the original grant, then the county had the valid right to the space occupied by its offices. If however, as we suppose, those officers had no such right or authority, then the county buildings are a public nuisance and all parties occupying them are liable to indictment.

“A. SLAYMAKER, *Solicitor for the city.*”

As little understood as the above-mentioned opinion may be by the public at large, it is quoted to show that even down to the year 1847 when the matter came up in councils, the present city hall

had proved a bone of contention as to its ownership. As the reader shall learn, down until the year 1854 it was occupied by county and state officials, not to overlook the fact that a decade previous councils had tried to get possession of it, and which they finally did, by the right of purchase from the county, as shall be made clear in due time.

Allowing this question to rest temporarily, it was at a meeting of the burgesses, October 6, 1798, that an act, passed by the General Assembly for a "Nightly Watch," came before said body for action. As many of its provisions are worth reading, a few may be quoted.

"It is enacted by the authority aforesaid that the Burgesses shall have power to set up a number of lamps in such parts of the highways, streets and public alleys as to them shall seem to be expedient, and to contract with any person or persons for the lighting, trimming, supplying and maintaining the same. And likewise to employ any number of watchmen at such reasonable wages as shall be found expedient. Also, that these watchmen shall use their best endeavors to prevent fires, murders, burglaries, robberies, and other outrages and disorders within the Borough. And to that end, they shall apprehend all suspicious persons. And further, that if any minor, bound-servant, apprentice, negro, slave, or mulatto to be apprehended, he shall be sent to prison for any such length of time, not exceeding ten days, unless parents, guardians or mistress of such offender pay the damages aforesaid."

The mention of apprentice, "slave," or bound-servants may sound strange in the ears of people living in this twentieth century, and yet during those early days, it was not unusual to see advertisements like the following:

"A White Negro—Fifty Dollars Reward:

"He is white as any man; but is a slave for life; his hair is red, but turned up before with a nice curl, has blue eyes, is a little cross-eyed, and but for this, would be very likely; is 5 feet two inches high, about twenty years old; had on and took with him, a light Summer coat of cotton, striped blue, swan-down vest." He was further described by the owner in the same characteristic way as such notices usually ran. Nor were slaves the only ones held in bondage; bound white boys, when apprenticed to a trade, were compelled to serve their time, usually from three to four years, and as for girls, few found employment like those of today, many of whom are to be found holding responsible positions in all departments of business. And who can say that the girls of "New Lancaster" are not making their boy friends stand up and take notice that they have come by their own both in the family and in the financial, social and commercial world?

There was a time, as far back as 1786, when William Henry, after holding numerous positions of trust, became county treasurer of Lancaster County, with his residence at the corner of Moravian and Market place. After his demise, his widow, Ann, continued to fill out his unexpired term. In

many respects she was a remarkable woman, and the first that ever held either a city or county office. After raising a family of thirteen children, in 1798 she was laid beside her husband in the old Moravian graveyard.

However, there was one other Ann, the wife of George Moore, who held the position of postmaster until his death in 1798 when his widow, Ann, continued to the year 1809. Following came Mary Dickson, as postmistress in 1828, holding it until 1850. On January 15, 1872, Mrs. Ellen H. Hager filled out the unexpired term of her husband, H. W. Hager. At the proper place the names of the postmasters, twenty-two in number, may be given, running from 1790 down to the present incumbent's appointment.

As will be seen from the foregoing, from the year 1786 to this year 1917, only three women held public office within the city of Lancaster. It has not been that they were not qualified, polite and accommodating. But, more of the women of Lancaster as the story progresses.

As has been referred to, it was not until 1798 that an act was passed by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth, empowering the burgesses to set up lamps on the streets and alleys of the borough. Imagine, if you can, dear, disgruntled reader, of how, for nearly a half century, the streets of "Old Lancaster" were dark, except on moonlight nights. As there was no "Weather Bureau" to tell when the nights were to be clear or when cloudy, the people had to take their chances of getting to their homes as best they could. Plenty of those old in years

can recall when, during moonlight nights, economy was practiced in the saving of either oil or gas.

As it is with the human most readers are interested, special reference shall be made to the old stone jail which stood at the corner of Prince and West King Streets until its removal along about the year 1850.

And here it can be said that, although maybe deserving, the chronicler was never compelled to do "time" within its gloomy walls. However, there was one we happened to know, who was sentenced by Squire Van Camp for six months for some trifling offense. Taking pity on the poor fellow, at times we could see him standing looking through the bars. Unthreading one of his woolen socks, down he would drop the yarn, with note pleading for some of Mammy Gruel's sugar cakes and other goodies. Finding the yarn not strong enough, to the end of the cord we would tie a piece of kite string. This, when drawn up with a ginger-horse, maybe, at the end, would at times be seen by the good-natured jailor, who only smiled one of his pleasant smiles, recalling, as he doubtless did, how he had been a boy once upon a time himself.

Mention of kite string leads the narrator to ask all twentieth-century boys what have become of kites? Their reply will no doubt be that they have been ruled out by the many telegraph wires strung all over the town. Again, why do not boys play "shinny," town or corner ball any more? During our boyhood, the best exercise was in playing hopscotch, mummydepeg, and other games now almost forgotten. Pitching pennies, a species of gambling,

was a game usually practiced in an alley with no constable around. This game lasted until big coppers went out of use. And it is well for the boys they did, as they led to other gambling devices of which the town was full to overflowing during fair week, circus days, Whitmonday, April first, with the thimble-rigger at all times in evidence in roping into his drag net the unsophisticated country youngster, ever ready to beat the expert at his own game. However, whether boys are getting more out of life with so much to be seen and heard during these days, we have no means of knowing. In the olden times, boys were boys until they had reached their voting age; today, they pass as men at seventeen.

In repeated mention of the old jail, it must not be forgotten that on the site where it stood was erected Fulton Hall in honor of Robert Fulton who ran his first paddle-wheel steamboat on the Conestoga near by where yet stands the residence of the great patriot, General Hand who, as chief burgess wrote the letter to Senators and Representatives of the United States as far back as 1789.

Old Fulton Hall! Only those well along in years can recall the fairs held therein by the women of Lancaster during the war of the sixties! Oh! there is nothing like a war to bring to the fore woman's inherent qualities of soul, mind and body. That same womanly spirit dominant during Revolutionary times, bubbled forth during the dark days of the Civil War. Nor has it subsided in these trying days. With the passing of mothers and grandmothers, we have their granddaughters, members of the "Red

Cross" and other organizations, each in its own way ready to sustain the President of the United States in his laudable ambition to maintain the rights of all citizens of whatever nationality.

Old Fulton Hall! It is no more as we once knew it. Known as the Fulton Opera House, so completely has it undergone change as scarcely to be recognized from what it was when first erected more than sixty years ago by Christopher Hager & Son.

And now, to what the pages of the "Corporation Book" may yet have to disclose.

CHAPTER IX

THE ESTABLISHING OF A BANK IN LANCASTER

FOR sixty years, from 1742 down to 1803, the borough of Lancaster was without a bank! And it was not until at a meeting of the burgesses the same year, that the following resolution was offered and passed by councils: "Whereas, The establishment of a bank in the Borough of Lancaster is considered not to be contrary to the interests of its inhabitants, but rather expected to be promotive of the inland trade of this place and vicinity; it is therefore

"Resolved, That the President, Directors and Company of the Bank of Pennsylvania be, and are hereby permitted and invited to establish a branch of the said bank in the Borough, in conformity to the Act of Assembly incorporating the subscribers to the same, in case the said president and directors should think proper to do so."

On May 18, 1803, the bank was opened in the building which still stands on the northeast corner of West King and Prince Streets. The directors, twelve in number, were elected, with Adam Reigart, Jr., as president, and James Houston as cashier.

This branch of the Bank of Pennsylvania located in Philadelphia managed to weather the storm until about 1841, when failure of the larger brought failure

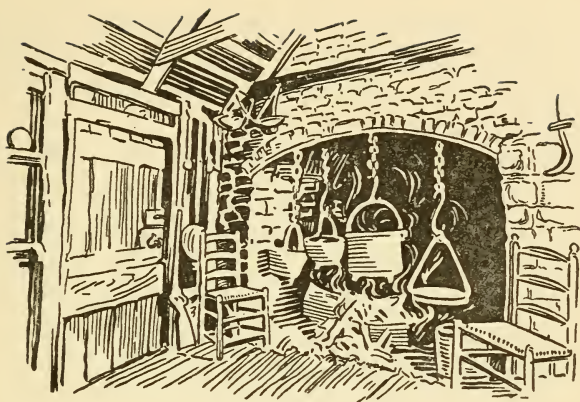
to the smaller banking institution, compelling it to close its doors. However, twenty years before the branch Bank of Pennsylvania went into liquidation, along in the year 1810, came what is known at the present day as The Farmers Trust Company, and what a long, uninterrupted career of prosperity it has had during the past one hundred and seven years. During times of panics and other financial upheavals, it has managed to weather the financial storms. At the time when the Farmers' Bank was chartered, the town was still a borough with a population of a little more than five thousand inhabitants. Nor were they then all of one nationality. It was in many respects a heterogeneous mixture of English, Germans, Irish, Scotch-Irish, Welsh, Quakers, French Huguenots and a sprinkling of negroes. As has already been shown from Chief Burgess Hand's letter, this community was the second largest in Pennsylvania, and the largest inland town in the United States.

One is given to wondering how, for more than half a century, the public managed to transact business, the borough being nearly seventy miles from the townstead Philadelphia. Money, some genuine, other spurious, was kept securely hidden away in secluded places. Of course, there were what might be called "individual bankers," known today as "curbstone brokers," who accepted money from farmers and others at a low rate, and put it out to borrowers who were as numerous then as in this much later epoch, considering the difference in time.

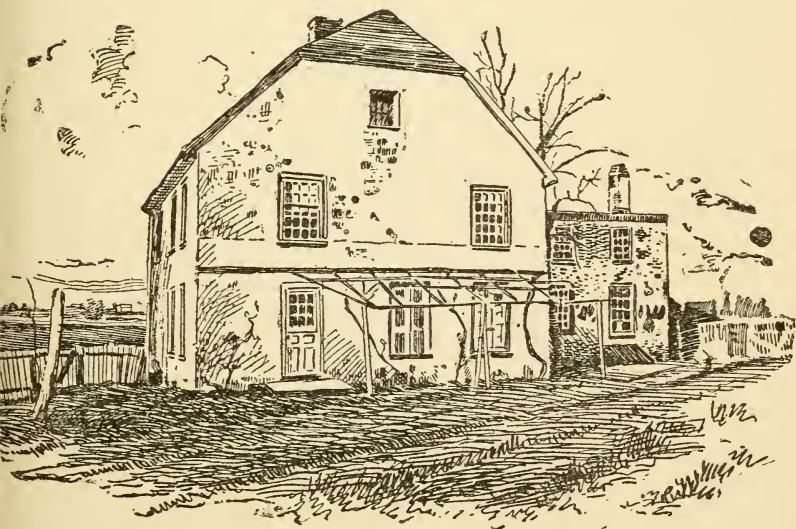
There must have been, away back in the early days, much antipathy among money-lenders against the first bank. Nor had it subsided down to a time within the recollection of the old-time present-day bankers. It is not over a half century when, on April first, farmers, instead of depositing their money and paying their debts with checks, would crowd the taverns and stairways on which they would transact their business. And who can say that banking in "New Lancaster" has not made much progress during the past century with a half dozen banks, and almost as many trust companies all on a safe foundation and, it is to be hoped, will so continue.

Not only have city people placed their trust in banks, but the rural population as well, considering that almost every town in the county has its bank, with dividend coming to the investor semi-annually.

Although the burgesses, during their seventy-six years of rule, had occasion every now and then to summon the butchers, breadbakers, chapmen and others before them for wrong-doing, the records also contain one charge against the Pennsylvania Legislature! It will be recalled that this state representative body held its sessions in the court house from 1799 to 1812. As the "Corporation Book" shows, this distinguished assembly had gone their way to Harrisburg without first having paid five pounds rent for the use of a ten-plate wood stove in the court house. So annoyed were the burgesses over the Legislature's neglect to pay the five pounds overdue, as to cause the clerk to present a bill to



OLD COLONIAL FIREPLACE



GEORGE ROSS MANSION IN COLONIAL TIMES

“Mattheus Huston, Esquire, of the Assembly, with instructions that if the amount be not paid promptly, to bring suit against the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania!”

Thinking possibly that the ten-plate wood stove might have been stored away on the loft of city hall by the janitor, every effort has been made by the chronicler to locate it, but without success. However, it might be well for every descendant of this Legislative body, to make diligent search for this memento of other days. The chances are it will still turn up in time for the incoming Centennial. It would add much to the occasion, provided it was not doing service in the old capitol building at the time it went up in smoke. However, might it not be well for councils to authorize our accomplished young city solicitor to bring suit against the next Legislature for the five pounds at the rate of six per cent. compound interest, dating from the year 1799 to the present year 1917?

Mention of fires, it was along in the year 1812, that one fire followed another with stables, barns and other buildings falling prey to the flames. Rewards were offered for the arrest and conviction of the incendiary or incendiaries, but without success. At last a town meeting was held at the court house, at which it was “Resolved that all able-bodied men of the borough be compelled to organize themselves into a patrol to parade the streets at all hours of the night.”

Like the faithful historian who wrote the Knickerbocker History of New Amsterdam, the chronicler

must not be taken too seriously, if occasionally he is inclined to make merry over some of the rulings of the burgesses. And yet, here is what is set forth in their minutes: "It shall be the duty of each Captain of his ward to keep his company constantly on the march during nights on the lookout for all suspicious characters, incendiaries and other nightly prowlers, and who are to be locked in the old stone jail unless they can give a good account of themselves."

One newspaper account of that early day has this to say of the many uncalled-for arrests made during the first night of the patrol on the march in search for all suspicious characters. It seems that the captain, after having imbibed too many brandy-punches, being unable to distinguish members of this or that lodge homeward bound, had committed the unpardonable mistake of arresting the Grand Master of Blue Lodge, No. 43, in stepping out of the room over the market house, at present used for city purposes. This flagrant violation of decorum brought a speedy end of the nightly patrol.

Already mention has been made that, with one exception, no property tax was laid on real estate until the year 1812, under Act of Assembly. This property tax of three thousand dollars was levied on all land within the borough's two miles square for the repair of the streets within the built-up portion. How far north, south, east and west the built-up portion extended, can only be approximately stated. However, what the minutes show is that large sections of unimproved land within the town's corporate limits had been purchased from the

Hamilton agent on the ground-land plan in anticipation of a rise in value. As a result, when taxation came, many of these land owners became panic-stricken, leading to hard times for the dwellers of "Old Lancaster."

With this came the War of 1812 with its disheartening consequences. It was at a town meeting that a very large and respectable number of citizens of the borough convened at the court house, and where the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, it appears by the General Orders of the Governor of Pennsylvania that the Capitol of the United States has been destroyed by a haughty and powerful enemy, who threatens the metropolis of a sister state, and whose conduct warrants an opinion that an attack is also meditated on the shores of the Delaware. And whereas, his Excellency has under these circumstances thought proper to direct that the Militia generally within the eastern counties of Pennsylvania should be immediately called into active service: and whereas, it is the duty of every American who regards the safety and happiness of his Country, at such an alarming crisis to aid and assist in bringing forth the physical force of the people, Therefore

"Resolved, that it be recommended to the free, able-bodied citizens of our borough and county particularly to form themselves into Volunteer Companies as expeditiously as possible, to march at a moment's warning to such points where their services may be most wanted:

“Resolved, That the Volunteer Companies of this borough, commanded by William Hamilton and George Hambright be authorized to procure every necessary article of Camp Equipage without delay. And we who are here present authorize the Corporation to borrow \$2,000 to be reimbursed by the Commonwealth, upon the production of proper vouchers.

“Resolved, That the citizens of Lancaster who are exempt from Military duty, or others who cannot leave home, will form themselves into associations for the safety of the place and well-being of the families of those who have stepped out in defence of our beloved country, during their absence.

“Resolved, That a committee be appointed for each ward of the borough to collect such military apparatus as may assist the volunteers to march to Baltimore forthwith, such as rifles, powderhorns, knapsacks, blankets and other articles.”

While much has been omitted, enough has been quoted to show the excited condition of the five thousand inhabitants in hourly fear that the British might be working their way up the Conestoga. As the minutes further show, these companies reached the outskirts of Baltimore to find, to their great delight, that the British warships had disappeared, after burning the capitol at Washington.

Mark what followed at a meeting of the burgesses in March, 1814: “To the Court and Grand Jury: The Burgesses beg leave to show that when our country was invaded by the enemy, the volunteers that marched to do battle, being in need of supplies;

these were furnished by the Corporation, amounting to \$480. As this amount could not be paid by the State or the United States Government, and the Corporation having but a small income, their funds being exhausted, they therefore solicit the aid of the county in reimbursing the Corporation for the expense incurred." Whether the corporation was ever reimbursed by either the State or the United States, no mention is made in the burgesses' proceedings.

If more than ordinary space has been given to the foregoing episode, it is to show how history repeats itself.

At the time the capitol at Washington was burned there was no telegraph nor telephone to waft the news to the quiet town of Lancaster. Such news as came from even the Governor had to be carried on horseback.

Many living at the present day can recall what happened preceding the battle of Gettysburg, when reports reached Lancaster that Lee's army was approaching our city.

And now, with a few additional facts gathered from the "Corporation Book" *Part Second* will follow.

At the house of William Cooper were assembled "on the 13th of May, 1818, Samuel Carpenter, Chief Burgess, John Reitzel, Burgess, and by their side, Peter Reed, Henry Keffer, David R. Barton, George Buengard, William Kirkpatrick, assistants."

Following is what actually occurred—"Whereas, in and by an act of Assembly of the Commonwealth

of Pennsylvania, entitled an act to incorporate the city of Lancaster, passed the twentieth of March, 1818, the Burgesses and their assistants agreeably to the provisions of said act, enjoining them to hold an election on the second Tuesday of May, being the twelfth of this instant for the choosing by ballot of fifteen persons qualified to serve as members of the House of Representatives, to be members of Common Councils, and nine persons qualified to serve as Senators of the Commonwealth, to be members of Select Councils—The Burgesses having given due notice to the citizens and inhabitants of Lancaster in the several newspapers printed in the town at the time and place of holding said election. And having duly attended to their duties, on the closing of the poles and counting the votes, the following gentlemen were elected members of Common and Select Councils of the city of Lancaster, namely:

Common Councils

Adam Reigart	Ingham Wood
Jeremiah Moser	John Reynolds
Jacob Shearer	Philip Heitshu
George Musser	John Weaver
Jacob Duchman	John Bomberger
Jacob Eicholtz	Joseph T. Smith
George Buengard	John Christ
Luke Brown	

Select Councils

John Hubley	Samuel Humes
Robert Coleman	William Jenkins

William Kirkpatrick

Samuel Slaymaker

John F. Steinman

Jacob Lemmon

William Dickson

“Testified to by the Corporation by the returns filed in the proper office, dated May 13, 1818.

“Signed—SAMUEL CARPENTER

JOHN REITZEL

Burgesses, acting as inspectors

“PETER REED

WM KIRKPATRICK

GEORGE BUENGARD

Assistant Burgesses, acting as judges

“Attest, GEORGE WEITZEL, *Town Clerk.*”

Having performed their duties in accordance with the Act of Assembly, in the change of the borough into a city, this, the last meeting of burgesses, ended, in so far as their minutes show, without any display of feeling outwardly at least. What their inward thoughts were can only be imagined. For seventy-six years, from August 13, 1742, down to 1818, these duly constituted men of public affairs had met as occasion required at the home of one of their number. This place of meeting, as the “Corporation Book” shows, was usually at the house of one Jacob Frey. Indeed, so frequently has the name Jacob Frey been mentioned, running down through more than seven decades, as to lead the narrator to the opinion that the first Jacob Frey must have been followed by other sons, so on down through succeeding years. This well-known family name is yet to be found in the city directory.

But as we glance over the list of distinguished

burgesses and assistants, the surprise is how few of their descendants are living at the present day. It is only proper then that homage be paid their memory at the incoming of the Centennial, marking the closing of the past one hundred years, in laying out plans in starting the new century on its future career of unexampled prosperity. And as we glance back in imagination over the seventy-six years, it seems more like a dream than a reality.

However, with the passing of the burgesses, only the first part of the narrative has been written: what is to follow needs to be gathered from the councilmanic records. What these will have to show remains for the narrator to disclose, provided these musty minute books can be found and give up their contents, not so much for any gratification it may afford the writer, as for the lasting good afforded in setting before the inhabitants of "New Lancaster" the story of the people of "Old Lancaster." And so, with the names of the burgesses and their assistants, we enter upon *Part Second* of the narrative. But, in entering upon what is to follow, it will never do to become forgetful that with all we have, all we are and can ever hope to be as a city, too much praise cannot be given to the pioneers who, as far back as 1730, laid the foundation good and strong for the generations which have followed. Would that some of these burgomasters could have witnessed quite recently the grandest martial outpouring of patriotism "New Lancaster" has ever seen. It would have made their hearts throb with inward joy to have looked upon such a pageant as paraded the streets on

this first of May evening of 1917. It only goes to show that the spirit of Revolutionary times is still dominant among all classes of Lancastrians who have the love of country at heart. The same spirit which pervaded the people of "Old Lancaster" in 1776, and later, 1812 and in 1861, has become even more intensified with one determination, to uphold the Stars and Stripes of the same old flag that waved over this city in years gone by.

Few know that in 1795 the flag had fifteen stripes and the same number of stars; and it was not until after Vermont and Kentucky had been admitted that this emblem was made to conform to its present size of thirteen stripes and now with forty-eight stars. Imagine a flag with forty-eight stripes! Why, there is not a patriotic boy large or strong enough to carry it in parade.

And as a fitting closing of the administration of the burgesses and their assistants, before entering on *Part Second* of the narrative, their names shall be given in order that the present generation may trace their ancestry back to those early, halcyon days when the making of "New Lancaster" began. To avoid duplicating, no names shall be repeated. The first are the names of the chief burgesses:

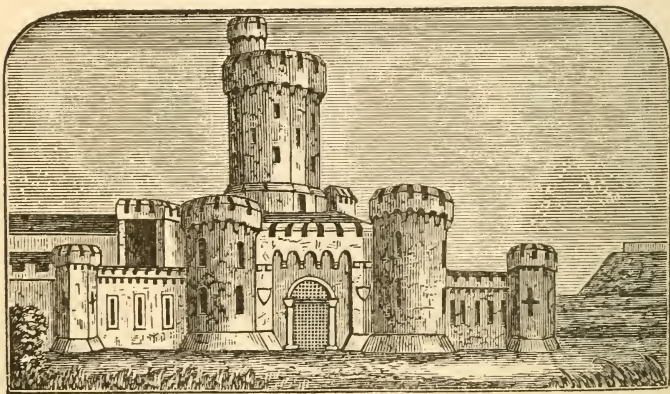
Thomas Cookson, John Dehuff, Adam Simon Kuhn, Samuel Boude, John Hobson, James Bickham, William Bausman, James Burd, Michael Hubley, James Ralffe, William Atlee, Henry Dehuff, Paul Zantzinger, William Parr, Jacob Reigart, Henry Dering, Edward Hand, Adam Reigart, John Miller, William Reichenbach, Frederick Steinman,

John Light, John Eberman, John Messencop, Samuel Carpenter.

Following are the names of burgesses: Sebastian Graff, James Webb, Peter Warrall, Luddwig Stone, Isaac Whitlelock, Philip Lenhere, Bernard Hubley, Michael Hubley, William Henry, Christian Voght, William Hamilton, Caleb Cope, Casper Shaffner, Charles Hall, George Ross, Jacob Kaegy, Frederick Kuhn, James Jacks, Adam Wilhelm, John Hubley, John Roberts, John Bausman, Philip Diffenderfer, Henry Pinkerton, Leonard Eicholtz, John Hoff, John Reitzel. During the seventy-six years there were two hundred and forty-eight assistants. These from time to time must have comprised the leading citizens of the borough.



OLD JAIL, CORNER WEST KING AND PRINCE STREETS



MODERN JAIL AS IT STOOD ABOUT 1853

PART II

CHAPTER X

LANCASTER A CITY AFTER SEVENTY-SIX YEARS OF BURGESS RULE

FOR the borough to throw off the robe in which it had been wrapped for seventy-six years, eventually to become a full-fledged municipality under a more liberal charter, must have been the opening up of possibilities such as the goodly inhabitants of the townstead had never before witnessed. Then, for the nine select and fifteen common councilmen to be designated "senators and representatives" could not otherwise than add dignity to their proceedings. It is to be regretted that these "city fathers" were not long to be known as such in their corporate capacity. And as for the burgesses, the great majority were relegated to private life.

What may strike the twentieth-century reader as peculiar is that no chief magistrate was voted for at the time the councilmen were elected; the reason is not difficult to explain. As Governor Snyder had the appointing power under the new charter, he had reserved the right to appoint any reputable citizen whom the inhabitants desired, and this attorney-at-law turned out to be John Passmore of

Quaker ancestry, but with no great leaning toward the Quakers as a society. How many were residents of the city at the time the change was made the records fail to mention, largely for the reason that the great majority of what were known as "Friends" had settled in Chester County a century or more before for reasons best known to themselves.

How the legally disposed John Passmore happened to locate so far from his Quaker friends, history fails to set forth with any degree of accuracy.

What is known is that, after serving one term by appointment, he was elected by councils in convention assembled for another year at the princely salary of two hundred dollars per annum! This at the time was considered ample, in view of the fact that the burgesses and their assistants had served their constituents during a period of seventy-six years for the honor alone.

During those early times there was more in the honor of the office than in the emoluments accruing therefrom. In fact, to walk the streets of the metropolis and be able to say, "I am the Honorable John Passmore, the first mayor of Lancaster," must have carried with it a sort of inexpressible dignity since unknown to other chief magistrates who valued the salary more than the honor. However, Mayor Passmore must have been a jolly good fellow as most fat men usually are, with so much weight, physically speaking, to carry. Somewhat eccentric, he could crack a joke, as is illustrated by the following. Strolling into his office, young James Buchanan, later President of the United

States, took a book from the case, and, before departing, allowed it to remain open on the desk. Following him to the door, the weighty John, in his humorous way, called, "Jim, come back and put that book where you found it!" And back he came and into the case went the volume. Pretty good advice, we have overheard more than one other attorney declare, on finding his office turned into a junk shop.

We have no means of knowing how he dressed. No doubt in keeping with other professional gentlemen of the times: "swallow tail," stand-up collar, cravat, a black silk neckerchief, rolled twice around the neck, forming of that day the first step away from the older "stock collar" custom.

Whether this our first mayor at all times wore a high silk hat or only on state occasions, is another puzzler for the chronicler. But of one thing there is little room for doubt, it being a custom for all gentlemen to wear black silk hats! Of course, being allied with the Quakers, he might have worn a head-gear in keeping with his Quaker ancestry.

Being an inveterate smoker, and having forgotten the ordinance the burgomasters had passed against smoking on the public streets, Mayor Passmore fined himself twenty shillings, no doubt as an example for other users of the weed. As tobacco chewing was more common than it is today, we have no means of knowing whether at the time this, the city's first mayor, fined himself for expectorating on the sidewalk. The probability is he had allowed the ordinance to become a dead letter, and a dead

letter it has been down to the present day, except on the part of those who usually obey the laws, not so much from compulsion as from a desire to prove themselves good, law-abiding citizens! It has been said that a much later mayor fined his own father for not obeying the ordinance in neglecting to remove the snow from his own sidewalk. Why examples have not been made of other violators of city ordinances, with the possible exception of automobile speeders, is not for the chronicler to determine.

Tradition, at most times an uncertain quantity, says that John Passmore weighed on the town scales four hundred and eighty and a half pounds avoirdupois, and when he departed this life in 1827, at the age of fifty-five, at the northwest corner of Orange and Shippen, there was not a catafalque large or strong enough to convey his remains to their last resting place. Nor were they considered of so much importance as to keep the sexton up nightly to prevent the town's medical students from carrying them off for experimental purposes—maybe, on account of their weight.

But by way of curiosity, what has become of the “sun-dial” that used to hang suspended over the door of his famous residence? It had its use, but only during hours when the sun shone, especially in the winter time. As to the number of pall-bearers with crepe on the left arm, they were no doubt in proportion to the town's population. However, this being an old-time custom, no further reference to it shall be made concerning people's cherished

rights of the present day to conduct funerals to suit themselves, with as many honorary pall-bearers as may suit their convenience.

In many respects his honor took things easy, as many of his successors have since done. But with all their easy-going ways not a single one of the other twenty-four mayors who have since held office, has followed John Passmore in rotundity! Why this has been, the narrator has not been able to discover from the records of the mayor's office. It is not that they have not been in the enjoyment of the many good things sent in by their numerous friends in expectation of a street to be repaired, or an invitation to attend an annual "blow-out" such as shall be shown to have been extended councilmen on a journey down through the canal to the Susquehanna on the packet the "Edward Coleman."

Leaving Mayor Passmore to practice his profession at the close of his two years as chief magistrate, in glancing back over the minutes of the burgesses, no mention is anywhere made that the townspeople had met at the court house square with brass band to celebrate the passing of the *old* dispensation, and the incoming of the newer order of municipal life. Nor is there anything to show that the burgesses and their assistants had unwillingly parted with responsibilities such as they must have known were sure to follow their successors in office, the nine select and fifteen common councilmen. What their minutes show and what they were proud of, was that they had left a clean

balance sheet with no bad debts to be collected. This economy had been practiced religiously from 1742 down to 1818.

But no sooner had the borough become a city than politics as a science began to permeate all classes with political ambitions to gratify. Candidates there were for this or that office. Nor were they confined to one party, as the following circular and letter testify. Framed and in possession of Attorney Elmer Miller, both circular and missive show that the question of conscience did not enter into conditions as a disturbing factor. To win the golden prize was sufficient unto the evil thereof. We think we know how rejoiced some of the present-day politicians may feel that "graft" in a certain way had its beginning a century ago. As the parties are no longer here in the flesh, there is not any danger of the chronicler being prosecuted for libel. And now, give close attention to what is herein set forth:

"LANCASTER, October 18, 1818.

*"To The Free And Independent Voters Of The City
And County Of Lancaster.*

"Fellow-Citizens and Neighbors:

"Pursuant to previous notice given, we are again assembled for the purpose of concerting measures necessary to ensure the most cordial support to Messers Frederick Hambright and Wm. B. Ross, the persons nominated and taken was for the office of Sheriff, by a large respectable meeting of our friends, at the house of Mr. John Hatz, Innkeeper, in the City of Lancaster, on Wednesday evening,

the 19 inst., in opposition to those settled on the Federal Ticket on the same day at the house of Mr. John Bachman.

“In all elections particularly by officers, whose duties are entirely ministerial, it is conceived that we should divest ourselves of all party considerations, and unite in favor of those, who are most characterised by their patriotism—their talents, and just claims.

“The people have too long suffered themselves to be the dupes of designing and party men: The result of the last sheriff’s election conclusively demonstrates the disposition of an enlightened people, to patronize those, who have rendered essential services to our country, and to pay a just tribute to worth and merit, unshakled by party prejudices, or local jealousies—and that too, at that time, in opposition to the settled tickets of both parties.

“Township meetings are so partially attended, that the sense of the people can never be correctly ascertained by the choice of their Delegates.

“It is a well known fact, that in many of them, not *one fifth* of those entitled to vote, attended; yet, we are called upon to support men thus nominated by a few individuals,—direct opposition to what we conceive to be the will of the majority.

“‘Rotation in Office,’ has always been acknowledged to be one of the fundamental principles of a republican government: In conformity with this principle, our constitution has wisely provided that the office of Sheriff shall not be filled by the same person twice successively.

“During the last six years property has undergone a considerable revolution. The wild and visionary schemes of speculators have entranced landed estate to an unnatural and artificial price and its sudden fall involved many of our wealthy citizens in difficulties and embarrassments; hence arose litigation and contention, which caused our dockets to swell to an unprecedented extent.

“This, therefore, furnished an ample harvest for those who had the good fortune to be elevated to that important station, during the period of the last six years—Is it reasonable? Is it just? Or does it comport that the old adopted maxim of ‘Rotation in Office’ to hold up for publishing patronage, an individual, who has already had his full share and enjoyed the emoluments? To your good sense—to your unprejudiced minds—to your own feelings, Fellow-citizens, this appeal is made—We repeat: Pause and Reflect! Consult the wishes of the people, and you will then find, that the friends of ‘Rotation in Office of profit’ are the majority, and will oppose a citizen, who has been favored with the ‘loaves and fishes’ for three long years before! Fellow-Citizens!

“Such are the pretensions, with which one of the Candidates on the Federal ticket settled at Mr. Bachman’s on the 19 inst., appears before you.

“Once already, as before stated, has he received the Benefits of the Office!—the other now in possession of an office, yielding a very comfortable subsistence, attended besides with very little labour, both of the settled Candidates it is acknowledged,

are gentlemen of respectability but neither of them have claims on the public equal to those of Messers Frederick Hambright and William B. Ross. Let us now, Neighbours and Friends, look for a moment on the pretensions of the two last named Candidates.

“Mr. W. B. Ross having on several former occasions, solicited your suffrages, has undergone the test of scrutiny, and is well known to you all as a man of unsullied probity, discharging with punctilious nicety and exactness, the various business entrusted to him in his several avocations—and the best encomium that can be paid to his merit, is seen in the respectable number of votes, which he uniformly obtained, when soliciting your approbation.

“Mr. Frederick Hambright, now for the first time appears before you in the character of a Candidate. But the time is yet fresh in your recollection, when he manifested the most strenuous and zealous devotion to his Country’s Cause at a time it was agitated with the most dreadful convulsions—the perturbed clouds of war obscured our political horizon, a furious foe lighted the flames of victory in the capitol of America—and flushed with recent success, was about to lay in ruins a neighboring city; prompted by as pure patriotism as ever animated a Spartan’s breast, he voluntarily renounced every social enjoyment, and sought distinction and glory in the turmoil of the camp. These are sacrifices, for whichever a youth, unencumbered with a family would have a claim on your attention; but when made by one, on whose fate hung the destiny of a

young and helpless family, the debt is doubly entranced, and should be requited by bestowing on him the need of valour. Such, fellow-citizens, are the characters of the two gentlemen, whom we have assembled to support.

"It now becomes necessary for us to adopt all honorable measures in our power to promote their election, and, we confidently trust, that your assistance, in favor of them, will be beneficial to the citizens generally.

"Signed by order of the Committee

"DANIEL HAHN,

"*Chairman.*"

"LANCASTER, PA., Oct. 18th, 1818.

"*Friend Marks Grove,*

"If my health would have permitted I should have accompanied my friend the Bearer Mr. Henry Carpenter, to your Neighborhood, as I was very anxious to see you before the Election, knowing that you are a particular friend of mine; I have therefore thought proper to address a few lines to you, to request you will do all in your power to support Frederick Hambright or myself as Candidates for the Sheriff's Office, as we have agreed to divide the profits of the office between us, should either of us succeed.—I have understood that there is some thought in your neighborhood to support Henry Smith and myself, but this would be doing me an injury in as much as that every *vote Smith* gets is taking one off Hambright and me jointly—Smith has no chance and his only intention is to

elect Mathiot who is married to his Wife's cousin, Sheriff—

“In haste your real friend

“W. B. Ross.”

So bitter was the feeling between the Federalists and their dissentors along in the beginning of the city as a municipality as to make one conclude that the “Hog” and “Bull” ringers of a third of a century ago were not half as bad as the newspapers had pictured them to be when compared with their compeers of earlier days.

Think of anyone with the courage to send broadcast a recipe for the making of a modern Federalist during any period of our country's history! And yet, Mr. Henry Demuth is in possession of a written letter penned by a once well-known citizen of “Old Lancaster.” In setting it forth it shows that human nature has not changed very materially; and that during each political campaign, down to the present day, men will resort to “ways that are dark and tricks that are vain,” to accomplish their ends and purposes. And here the recipe is for the making of a modern Federalist:

“Take the head of an old hypocrite, one pound of *Morse's Conspiracy*, one pound of a Lawyer's tongue, twenty-five drops of *Oliver Cromwell*; and fifteen drops of anti-christ. Put the compound into a motor of self-righteousness, and pound it with the pestile of malice, then sift it through the vessel of *Rebellion* for twenty four hours—then cork it with *Toryism*—let it settle until the next Assembly

meets, and it will be fit for use. Give the political patient five drops just before election. If your patient is a little squemish, sweeten the whole with a concoction of the *Stamp Act*, or the *Land Tax* with a little of the 'Washington Benevolent Society,' and repeat the dose often." As a warning, let it be said, that the recipe is not to be used by twentieth century office-seekers under penalty.

Following Mayor Passmore came Samuel Carpenter, serving two years, when in 1824, Nathaniel Lightner was elected mayor, holding the official position until 1830.

It was a few years previous that the city awoke from its full century of Rip Van Winkle sleep. Who conceived the idea of forming a company to be known as "The Conestoga Navigation Company" we do not know. What the minutes of councils have to disclose is that in the year 1830 councils had been persuaded to invest \$10,000 of the city's money in this enterprise. As the chairman of the Finance Committee announced, "It is to the interest of the city of Lancaster to foster this great public improvement, which will be a lasting benefit to every class of citizens, not only of this place, but of the adjoining country. By this liberal subscription, the public-spirited managers of that company will be able to overcome all difficulties. The works are now substantially and permanently finished and the navigation of the Conestoga in complete and successful operation." But how little imagined the mover of the resolution to invest ten thousand dollars of the city's money of what was to happen!

Here follows a short account of how the "Conestoga Navigation Company" was formed and the purpose it was to serve. It was about eighteen miles in length from Lancaster to Safe Harbor on the Susquehanna at the mouth of the Conestoga. By means of the tidewater canal to Port Deposit, a navigable communication was opened to Baltimore and through another canal to Philadelphia. Its cost was about \$4,000 per mile. Its directors and investors were Adam Reigart, John F. Steinman, Edward Coleman, George B. Porter, Jasper Slaymaker, George Lewis Mayer, Hugh Maxwell, John Lintner, and George Haverstick, all well-known, reputable citizens.

By the year 1833 business had increased, but not enough to relieve the embarrassed condition of the company. On March 3 of this year the mills and dams were offered for sale by the sheriff. The property was sold June first at the house of Rosina Hubley. By the year 1837 the second company went into liquidation, when William and Edward Coleman secured a new charter, the title being changed to the "Lancaster, Susquehanna and Slackwater Navigation Company."

To reach the great West and upper coal-fields on the opposite side of the river another canal was constructed extending to Wrightsville, signs of which are still visible northward even beyond the town of Columbia. What might have resulted to this project but for the incoming of the railroad a year or two following, can only be surmised.

Whether the city of Lancaster lost the whole of

the ten thousand it had invested in this alluring enterprise, or only a portion of it, may be gleaned from the following: "It was at a meeting of councils, February 23, 1832, that a letter came from the Conestoga Navigation Company to the presidents of both branches of Councils, requesting their presence at a meeting of stockholders of said Company at Parker's Hotel. It was therefore resolved 'that a committee of two members of each branch be appointed to attend the meeting to represent the interests of the city, and that they report what will be done.'" This resolution was non-concurred in by common councils. This ended all further litigation with the defunct Navigation Company.

This unfortunate venture was the first in which the city had become involved, and had the effect of withholding private capital from other enterprises for the benefit of the town's growth and development. Without going back to the thirties, numerous instances might be cited of how men with money to invest have since become scared of this or that industrial project, preferring, as many have, to invest their money in stocks, bonds and other securities which were felt to be safer in the drawing of dividends semi-annually. And yet, history goes to prove that a round million has gone into all kinds of "away-from-home" schemes from which not a dollar has been realized. Usually these projects are engineered by stranger promoters. It has too frequently been said that, if only half the money invested in gold mines, copper and rice, had been invested in helping along their own town, how much better and richer both the city and investor!

With the beginning of 1831 came John Mathiot, in many respects the greatest mayor Lancaster has ever had down to the present time. He held the office until 1842, the longest term of eleven years, and busy ones they were, as the councilmanic minutes will shortly disclose.

At the close of the year 1831, the Finance Committee rendered their report as to the city's status to Select Councils, and is copied to show just how the city stood financially.

Loans already contracted	\$ 5,750.00
Improvements	4,800.00
Loan for 200 shares Conestoga Navigation stock	8,405.00
Borrowed on credit of the city	1,595.00
Total city debt	<u>\$20,550.00</u>

Income from taxes during the year	\$ 5,000.00
Market rents, fines and forfeitures	200.00
Balance in treasury	2.69
Total revenue	<u>\$ 5,202.69</u>

AMOUNT APPROPRIATED

Interest on loans	\$ 1,000.00
Salaries	652.00
Watch and lamp expenses	600.00
Repair of streets	760.00
Contingencies	2,190.69
Total expenditures	<u>\$ 5,202.69</u>

It may readily be seen from receipts and expenditures that the year 1830 was not a very satisfactory one for councilmen to contemplate, with but a beggarly income of \$5,202.69 and a permanent debt of \$20,550. But as the minutes testify, this

debt did not seem to disturb the tax-payers so long as the assessed valuation of property was not disturbed, nor the rate increased.

At a public meeting the cry was, "Let future generations shoulder their portion." Never was a thought given what future generations might have to say in helping pay off old debts which they had no voice in creating, with possibly enough of their own to be provided for.

However, in the next succeeding chapter the reader shall learn that it was either necessary to go borrowing or to resort to the alternative of higher assessment of property or an increase in the rate. Both of these methods have been studiously avoided on down to the present day, perhaps for the reason that the issuing of bonds brought in revenue without incurring the expense of a tax-collector.

At the time along in the thirties, forties and fifties, as a rule, only property holders could be elected to either branch of councils. And even such were men of standing, business or literary attainment. Prior to each municipal election a few of the citizens would meet, frame a ticket, and it was not so much a question of party politics, as the thought uppermost to keep the assessment and tax rate to the minimum. The common people had a profound reverence for their superiors, as the rulers were designated back in the "good old days."

Along in the thirties councils must have been a very harmonious body of men as the following resignation will show:

“TO THE HONORABLE THE SELECT COUNCILS OF THE CITY OF LANCASTER—

“*Gentlemen:* Having accepted the office of Marshal of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, I cannot longer hold the position as a member of your Honorable body over which I have so long presided through your kindness, as president. I therefore tender you my resignation. It would be doing injustice to my feelings were I here to omit thanking you individually and collectively for the many flattering marks of your goodness and your uniformly correct deportment and support of the decisions which have been made since I have occupied the President’s Chair. Believe me, that it is with much regret I leave such a body of friends among whom so much unanimity and good feelings on all occasions have prevailed. With my most fervent wishes for the prosperity for this city and its inhabitants, and with a sincere prayer for your own happiness, permit me to assure you of my high regard and esteem, and to subscribe myself with great respect your friend and obedient servant GEORGE B. PORTER.”

To fill the vacancy, John R. Montgomery was unanimously elected. “Attest, Reah Frazer, Clerk of Select Councils.”

At the meeting following came a petition from sundry citizens, stating that a number of individuals were making a regular practice of coming into the city from the country, and retail fresh meat by the pound, and thus injure the business of the victualers in the city, and praying councils to remedy

the evil together with the following resolution, Resolved that a stop be put to the forestalling the market.

That nothing was said about the high price of potatoes and other farm trucks, was no doubt for the reason that these commodities had not become almost prohibitory like unto the present day. But is not it strange how history repeats itself, and after nearly a century?

Dating from the time the village became a borough in 1742, and for a good many years thereafter, apart from burgesses, mayor and councilmen, the three most important of the town's citizenship were the town clerk, the master of the markets, and last, though not least, the constable. Under burgess rule this poorly-paid official had all kinds of duties to perform. He was required to attend fairs, watch the public bread bakers to see that they were giving the proper weight according to act of Assembly. In addition, instead of being allowed to keep the Sabbath holy in attending service, he was compelled to visit all the public houses to find out if there was any drinking or "tippling" going on.

The tallest constable we ever knew as a boy was high constable Joe Brintenal, appointed as the head of the "squad," but whether on account of his height of over six feet six by the tailor's yardstick, none of the lads of the town could tell. However, it used to be said that Joseph Brintenal's tailor usually kept two yardsticks on hand, the longer one in buying suiting for Joseph, the shorter used in measuring him in height. How much material was

actually saved by this hocus-pocus scheme of legerdemain, the plyer of shears was never known to disclose.

With all due respect for our present-day police force, it would be a reflection on their dignity to designate them constables! They are known as policemen, dressed in police uniform, but whether furnished by the city or out of their own monthly pay, the chronicler has not been informed. During snow, rain or storm one of these conservators of the peace can be seen perched, if not on a pedestal, at least on his feet, sometimes on one, sometimes on the other and occasionally on both, according to weather conditions. How he manages to wear a smile when a frown would be more in place with the smell of gasoline and the sound of the auto-horn drumming in his ears is past finding out. Altogether, he is the most faithful and the poorest paid of all the city's employees! Centrally located on a "diamond" he is compelled to look in four directions at the same time; and what must be very confusing, he is expected to note down in memory the number of every automobile license-tag. Catching a chauffeur exceeding the speed of seven miles an hour, he is likewise required to stand face to face with the violator, who will swear himself black and blue in the face in order to get out of a very tight pinch.

It used to be in the days of the constables when a "bum" was caught with more of the elixir of life's charms than he could well carry perpendicularly, he was hustled off to the lockup on a wheelbarrow. Now he is carefully bundled upright^{er} and taken to

“bummers’ hall” in the patrol run by gasoline. Of course, the “Black Maria” is still in use during court trials. But it won’t be long until these violators of the common law will be taken in an auto fitted out with cushion seats and rubber tires to preserve their perfect equilibrium in going over the bumps in the roads. And why, it may be asked, should they not be treated with the same consideration as are the Street Commissioner, the Superintendent of the Water Works, not to overlook the Chief of the Fire Department, as he goes his way in an automobile?

Why, if a boy is caught running his bicycle on the pavements with the danger of striking a loose brick, into the street he goes. It was not so in the good old days when Jim Thackara delivered all the express goods on a wheelbarrow, and that too on the sidewalks.

In closing this chapter, may not the narrator ask what has become of Tommy Hannigan, peddler of matches? It has been said that the incoming of the electric light broke up his business. Then there is little Blind Tommy who leans against a telegraph pole in entertaining all the country people with his accordeon. The only one of the old-timers is Baker Young, dispenser of the same almanac that once upon a time predicted snow in July when it actually came. Nor can the chronicler forget Johnny Elliott, who carried a kettle of butter all the way to Baltimore on a hot August day. Since Abe Miller, the fiddler, is no more, visitors to Rocky Springs have to be satisfied with operatic music, with a deluge of the Tipperary kind. Oh, oh!

CHAPTER XI

THE INCOMING OF THE RAILROAD THROUGH LANCASTER

AFTER reading the following advertisement published in a city paper shortly after the railroad had been changed from what is known as the "cut-off" to its present location, if of a reminiscent turn, you, dear reader, will think yourself back in "Old Lancaster" of eighty years ago, ready to jump aboard a train on its way westward bound. The advertisement ran as follows:

"In large and splendid eight-wheel cars, travelers can now take passage via the Lancaster and Columbia railroad where, at said point, Columbia, passengers can take the packet which has been fitted up in a very superior manner, after the most approved models of boats used on the Erie canal, and not surpassed by those of any other line. For speed and comfort, this line is not excelled by any other in the United States. Passengers for Cincinnati, Louisville, Natchez, Nashville, St. Louis and other points will always be sure to be taken without delay, as this line connects with Pittsburgh, carrying the mail. Only two days are required to make the journey from Lancaster to Pittsburgh."

Mark the time required, "Only *two* days from Lancaster to Pittsburgh!" Of course, nothing was

said about Pullman palace cars. This is no fancy sketch, but an advertisement for the accommodation of travelers westward bound.

With this, the narrator shall enter upon a subject over which so much discussion has resulted during a year or two past, growing out of the contemplated removal of the P. R. R. passenger station to what is known as the "cut-off."

Whatever has hitherto been written pro or con by this or that writer shall have no weight with the chronicler; the minutes of Councils shall be faithfully adhered to from the beginning of the road leading through the city to its completion.

At a special meeting of councils, December 21, 1831, "It was resolved by the Select, concurred in by the Common, that a committee be appointed by both branches to draft a petition to the Legislature for and on behalf of the citizens of Lancaster, to alter the present route of the railroad so as to make the city of Lancaster a point according to the directions of the act of General Assembly, directing the construction of said road." The committee consisted of Mr. Logenecker on the part of Select, and Mr. Whiteside on the part of Common Councils.

At a meeting, January 3, 1832, the president of Select Councils presented a communication of the proceedings had at a general town meeting of citizens at the court house on the nineteenth of December, 1831, for the purpose of taking measures to have the present location of the railroad changed so as to bring the same within the city, with the following resolution:

“Resolved, That this meeting recommend to Select and Common Councils to make an appropriation to meet the expenses of the survey already made, and such other expenses as may be incurred to carry into effect the object of this meeting.

“Resolved, That the Mayor be and is hereby authorized to draw his warrant in favor of Mr. Joshua Scott for \$100 to be paid out of any unappropriated monies in the treasury—And also that the expenses of the committee at a late town meeting, for their trip to Harrisburg be paid in the same manner.” In this, Common Councils concurred, limiting the expense to \$100.

At a meeting, March 6, Mayor Mathiot presented the account of Moncure Robinson, engineer, “for services of making a survey and the estimate cost of locating the railroad through the city, amounting to \$284, which was ordered paid.”

A petition was read from sundry citizens, lot-holders on “Front” street, Bethelstown; another from those living along “Navigation”; and still another from those residing in “Adamstown.” At about this time there seemed to be towns within towns, not to overlook “Irishtown,” “Ross’s Corner,” “Stony Alley,” “Dinah’s Hill,” with other “hills” which, it seems, business shoppers have avoided ever since the town was laid out.

Mention of Adamstown, which has already been referred to—it was not originally a part of James Hamilton’s plot. It came into his possession later, and comprised, as has been said, a town within itself. This may account for the way Middle and Church streets were laid out.

And now, those more interested in streets than in the railroad can go their way in looking up "First" street, "Ross's Corner," not to forget that of "Navigation." Now to the railroad:

At the meeting, March 13, it was "Resolved, that a committee of five persons be appointed to consist of three from the citizens, and one from each of the Councils, who are to proceed to Harrisburg and immediately secure alteration of the route of the Philadelphia and Columbia railroad so that the same may pass through the business part of the city; and that the city of Lancaster will engage to have the work done, provided that sixty-thousand dollars are appropriated by the State for that purpose."

At another meeting, March 27, the committee presented to Councils a memorial addressed to the Senate and House of Representatives, which, being read in both branches, was approved. "It was further resolved by Select and concurred in by Common that a committee be appointed to ascertain as nearly as possible the damages that may be sustained to private property [city lots] in the location of the railroad, also to obtain such subscriptions as may be offered toward the promotion of the same."

At a meeting, April 14, a resolution was passed by both branches, "directing the Legislature to change the route of the railroad between the big and little Conestoga bridges, so as to cross North Queen street." In this report nothing was said about the "sixty-thousand dollars" to be appropriated by the State. The ordinance follows at the end of this sketch.

At the May meeting following, an "Ordinance, expressive of the consent of the city of Lancaster to the proposed alteration of the route was adopted by both branches of Councils. Then followed, "Resolved, that a committee of three from each council be appointed, whose special duty it shall be forthwith procure Joshua Scott to survey and locate the route for the proposed alteration as may be most beneficial to the city, stating the probable cost, so that the contract for making the contemplated changes in the route may as speedily as possible be made with the Canal Commissioners." Concurred in by Common Councils.

"A committee was named to proceed to Harrisburg with a copy of the ordinance, together with copies of papers relative to the proposed alteration of the route of the railroad."

On the committee's return a report was made to councils, May 8, "that they had presented said papers to his Excellency, Governor Wolf. He immediately, on examining them, approved of the said Ordinance of councils in obedience to the requisitions of said resolution." Joshua Scott, on being notified of his election of engineer, reported, "That I will perform said duties faithfully until the railroad is completed at the rate of \$1,000 per annum payable quarterly."

By action of councils, he was employed as engineer "to make the necessary maps of said route, and to do all other work to meet the approval of the Canal Commissioners."

A committee was named to ascertain the most

favorable terms on which a loan or loans of money can be had for the city for the purpose of altering the railroad route.

On June second a resolution was offered and concurred in that a petition be prepared and submitted to the Legislature, "praying that the grant of the \$60,000 already appropriated to the city of Lancaster be paid as the work on said alteration on the route progresses (the same as in the other parts of said railroad), thereby saving the city the trouble and expense of obtaining it by loan, inasmuch as it has already been appropriated; also to obtain their permission to raise and alter the Hardwick bridge to suit the purposes of the Engineer in affecting the contemplated alteration of the railroad between the Big and Little Conestogas."

After reporting that repeated changes had been made by Mr. Scott, the Railroad Committee, on October 3, 1833, made the following report to Councils: "The gross cost of the road up to this day is \$45,903.53. Of this sum the State has paid her pro rata of the cost of grading and forming the road, amounting to \$23,790.13. The probable amount of cost necessary to complete the road will, as near as can be ascertained, be as follows, viz:

Amount of work yet to be done on the 13,	
Section.....	\$ 7,000.00
Damages and fences yet unpaid.....	2,500.00
Bridges.....	4,500.00
Contingencies.....	500.00
Total.....	<hr/> \$14,500.00
To which add the amount already paid.....	45,903.53
Total.....	<hr/> \$60,403.53

The report continues, "This calculation does not include the bridge at Hensel's alley (if there is to be one) nor the laying the additional length of rails, nor the damages to the old road, which will amount to at least \$15,000 more."

A week later, October 9, "The Railroad Committee have felt it to be their duty to convene Councils on some matters deeply affecting the interests of the city. It is with much regret your committee are still obliged to complain of the slowness of the work on Section 13. If this part of the work had been prosecuted with proper energy, it might easily have been completed six months ago, and the city relieved of the burden of the largest portion of the cost.

"The contractors appeared before your committee and announced their inability to go on with the work unless the full measure of rock-excavation was allowed; as this was a matter altogether with the State Engineer, the committee could not alter it without abrogating the contract by the city with these contractors, and at the same time making the city liable of excess of measure, above the regular estimates; and it is very doubtful whether the work would have been any further on even had such allowance been made.

"The time fixed by the city to complete the work is narrowed down to the first of November, 1833, a period of not more than twenty days, and upwards of \$7,000 worth of work to be done, a task rendered almost impossible by its magnitude, and yet, upon its execution, materially depends the

most vital interests of the city. The Engineer informed your committee that after the first day of November, the Commonwealth would take the work in their own hands and complete it themselves. Such an event is greatly to be deplored, as by that time the city will have expended upwards of \$25,000 on the road, and her claim on the Legislature for relief in a great measure cut off by the unnecessary delay in completing the work, with the odium that must attach to the city for the breach of her contract, made with the Commonwealth to complete the road.

“Mr. Scott, our Engineer, so far back as the twenty-fourth of July last, declared the contract of Messrs. Hambright and Overholtzer be abandoned on account of the delay of the work; a copy of that declaration accompanies this report.

“It is to be regretted that this abandonment was not acted upon at the time it was made by the Engineers; the road might now be finished. The committee delayed acting upon it, in consequence of the contractors repeatedly promising to prosecute the work with greater energy. An important crisis in the affairs of the city has arrived, that will require all the wisdom and energy of the councils to decide upon. As there is safety in the multiplicity of counsellors, it has been thought most advisable to lay this matter before Councils for them to consider, and decide upon the best course to be pursued in this state of the business.”

This lengthy report resulted in another meeting on the evening following, at which the engineer and contractors appeared before councils with a full

statement in writing of the present state of the road upon the thirteenth Section.

On February 11, 1834, Councils sent a memorial to the Legislature, "praying that the city be relieved of the cost of laying the rails on the increased length of the road occasioned by the change of location." This confession was the cause of great regret and anxiety on the part of Councils.

On March 4, the following claim was presented to Councils by Hambright and Oberholtzer: "We claim a reasonable compensation for extra work in changing the line of road and embankment." Following is a long defence by the city, but too lengthy to be copied.

At a meeting of April 10, 1834, the Railroad Committee made their additional report: "With the current year closes the principal part of the expenses occurred in constructing that part of the Philadelphia and Columbia railroad between the bridges of the Big and Little Conestoga, as changed by the Corporation of Lancaster in pursuance of a resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania of the 24 of April, 1832, the grading and bed formation of which have been completed, all necessary bridges built and single track of rails laid from one end of the road to the other. In conducting this great and important public work expenses have been incurred, particularly in the damage to private property beyond our expectation. By the resolution of the Legislature, the city of Lancaster is required to complete with rails the increased length

of the road, occasioned by such change in its location. The city, to save herself from ruin, was compelled to accept this unreasonable condition which your committee feel confident was never intended to be exacted, and from the expense of which they feel equally confident that at the next meeting of the Legislature they will relieve the city of Lancaster from the payment of the \$60,000 granted by the Legislature to the city to complete this work.

“\$28,127.36, including \$2,144 allowed the city to defray the expenses of building the stone culbert over the run at Hardwick, has been received. The balance that remains due and coming to the city, it is expected the Canal Commissioners will pay as soon as the State shall have received funds, first deducting therefrom the cost of completing with rails the additional length of the road occasioned by the change in the location. This balance when received ought to be immediately applied to the payment of such damages occasioned by the road made by the city to carry on the work, and thus lessen as soon as possible the unnecessary payment of interest.

“Your committee find the city debt to be \$47,750, the greater part of which has been created by change in the road.” Following the committee’s report came a lengthy eulogy of the action of Councils with a “fling” at certain of those higher in authority: “It cannot but be the subject of amazement to see the most costly and valuable public road ever made in the United States, located within

one mile of the largest and most *important* inland city in the Union, containing a population of upwards *eight thousand* inhabitants, when the practicability of bringing it through was fully ascertained, without scarcely an apology for this flagrant violation of the public interests. The object contemplated by the Legislature, in the construction of her public improvements, was to open communication between the seaboard and the lakes; affording her citizens generally the opportunity of conveying to market the immense riches with which the western part of the state abounds; that but for these improvements would forever have remained where Nature had placed them, valueless to the owners and useless to the community. The distinguished gentlemen composing the board of Canal Commissioners, have studiously endeavored to make every town of any consequence along the line a point of public improvement. This truly wise and commendable policy was frustrated with regard to *our* city. Major Wilson, in the employ of the State, who located the road, seemed determined to avoid Lancaster, and actually reduced the grade twelve feet in a mile, when he took the level of his survey through the city. This remarkable fact was discovered by Mr. Scott who took the level of the same course. Mr. Wilson's determination to take the road around the city, instead of through it, in opposition to the earnest solicitation of councils and the anxious desires of its citizens. This gentleman has since paid the debt of nature; the committee therefore forebare any further remarks on his con-

duct, leaving the evil he intended us, to repose with him, and the good he may have done, live after him."

The foregoing somewhat caustic reflection on the character and standing of Mr. Wilson may have resulted from a misunderstanding between the city railroad committee and himself, rather than from any desire to discriminate against Lancaster.

It would seem that the city committee's troubles were never to end. On May 27, 1834, the following was submitted to Councils: "It was yesterday announced that the State, having selected a piece of ground in Mr. Duchman's field, entirely beyond the business part of the city for the purpose of building thereon a weight-house, your committee was no less surprised than mortified at this unexpected intelligence. Mr. Gay was called upon to learn the truth, which he confirmed by stating that he had just returned from laying out the plan for the foundation of the building; that Mr. Duchman had given the ground to the State at such a price as it might think right and proper to give. Your committee informed Mr. Gay that it had always been contemplated to offer the lots owned by the Corporation to the State for establishing such buildings as the Commonwealth might require. It has always been an important dissideratim to bring as much business into the city as possible; the objects contemplated by changing the railroad will be entirely defeated if the business produced is to be done without the limits of the city; therefore, so important a depot as the weighhouse ought not to

be suffered to be built *out* of the business parts of the city, if it were in the power of Councils to prevent it, which it certainly is by offering the State such lots owned by the Corporation lying between Prince and Water." As the result of this compromise, certain lots were sold by the city to the State on which stood at one time the Goodell coal yard.

Mention of "going outside of the city" goes far to show that the committee were not looking toward the town's extension. It is difficult to understand what "open fields" meant. However, at last, when settlement day came, it is surprising how many property-holders who had been benefited by the change stood ready to present bills for damages. In round number there were just one hundred running into thousands. But the arbitrators cut out the great majority, holding that the advantages were greater than the amount claimed. Only in one instance were claims allowed as presented. One whose claim was \$2,300, got but fifty, and so, the larger the claim, the less the reward. Over fifty per cent. of the claims were offset by advantages.

At the time of the location of the railroad the passenger station did not stand where it is at present. By taking a bird's eye view of the wood-cut, it will be seen that close by where the small locomotive stands was the "Pioneer Hotel," and directly south where the drug store looms up, once the Museum, was the car office. Directly on the corner where the Brunswick stands, was the North American hotel. In this was the ticket office, and where the passenger station now is, was Owen Hoppel's hotel.



NORTH QUEEN STREET AFTER COMPLETION OF RAILROAD

The chronicler is now to relate what occurred at a meeting of Councils in 1858, entitled "an ordinance relative to the granting of certain property of the city of Lancaster to the Pennsylvania R. R. Company in two parts."

"Section 1, Grant in fee simple the piece of ground at the angle of North Queen and Chestnut streets whenever by resolution of the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company that they will locate and erect a passenger depot on adjoining ground, shall be presented to the Mayor, with a clause that the grant shall be void if such depot shall not be erected within one year after the passage of this ordinance.

"Section 2, Grants the Company for the use of their buildings the privilege to build over the public alley between North Queen and Duke streets at a height of twelve feet or more and across said alley, with such additional track or tracks between it and Prince Street, and at such points, deviation and grades as the Company may desire, so as not to prevent the ordinary travel along said street and alleys." The ordinance was offered by Mayor Burrowes and passed by both Select and Common Councils on December 7, 1858. That the passenger station was started and completed possibly a year or two later, its location testifies.

The narrator has failed to find in the ordinance any provision that the said passenger depot was never to be removed.

Turning again to the minutes of Select Council of July 22, 1834, it occurred to the committee that

they had overlooked one very important matter—"turn outs" to connect with a lateral rail or rails for the accommodation of those running cars along certain streets. It may be surprising to many to learn that rails were laid along Chestnut from Duke to Water. And it was even proposed by one Councilman to run the tracks down North Queen as far as the court house. If this suggestion did not meet the approval of Councils, it is not so many years ago when rails were laid on Water street clear to the Conestoga.

But at last came the day of jollification. At a meeting, October 3, 1834, "It was resolved by both Councils that a committee be appointed to wait on the Governor at Columbia, and invite him to the hospitalities of the city." And wait upon him they did, bringing him with them to Lancaster with his retinue. From here they all went their way aboard a car drawn by the "John Bull," the "Enterprise" or "Bald Eagle," to the great big city of "Philadelphia."

Here follows the ordinance on file in the Recorder's Office.

"AN ORDINANCE.

"Expressive of the consent of the City of Lancaster to the proposed alteration of the rout of the Philadelphia and Columbia railroad: Whereas by a resolution of the senate and house of Representatives of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania duly approved by his excellency, the governor on the twenty-sixth day of April last the Canal commissioners are

authorised and required to allow the corporation of the [City] of Lancaster to change the location of the Philadelphia and Columbia railroad, between the little and big Conestoga bridges, so that the same shall pass through the City of Lancaster, at or near the intersection of North Queen and Chestnut Streets, and to grade and form the same for a double track of railway, for the performance of which work the said commissioners shall pay to the said Corporation a sum not exceeding \$60,000 and whereas the said resolution is not to take effect, or be in force unless at public meetings in their respective wards the consent in writing of at least two thirds of the taxable inhabitants of the city be obtained and the consent of the corporation itself be expressed by an ordinance and whereas two thirds of the taxable inhabitants of the city have in writing in pursuance of the provision of the said resolution expressed their consent thereto, therefore be it ordained and enacted by the Citizens of Lancaster in Select and Common Councils assembled that the mayor, alderman and citizens of the said city consent to the contemplated change in the location of the Philadelphia and Columbia railroad and hereby obligate themselves to pay all damages that may arise as well by the change of the location of said road as those caused by the original location, which damages shall be appraised and assessed in the same manner as upon other sections of said road, and also all sums over the said \$60,000 necessary to effect said change and complete as aforesaid that part of the road between the said Bridges and

also that they would finish and complete with rails in like manner at their own expense the additional length occasioned by said change and that the said road shall be graded and formed for a double track of railway on or before the first day of April One Thousand Eighteen Hundred and thirty-three, provided that the canal commissioners enter into a contract with the said Mayor, Alderman and Citizens to pay them the sum of \$60,000 for making the said change and doing the said work agreeable to the terms and provisions of the said resolution.

“Sec. 2nd. and it be further ordained by the authority aforesaid that the mayor of the city be and he is hereby requested forthwith to transmit to the Governor of the Commonwealth a copy of this Ordinance together with copies of the papers signed by the taxable inhabitants of the city, signifying their consent to the proposed alteration of the route of the railroad ordained and enacted into a law at the City of Lancaster this first of May A. D. 1832.

“GEORGE H. BOMBERGER

President of the Common Council.

“E. SCHAEFFER, *President of the Select Council*

ATTEST: JACOB SHINDEL, *Clerk*

C. C. REAH FRAZER, *Clerk S. C.*

“CITY OF LANCASTER.

“Personally appeared before the subscriber, recorder of said City, Reah Frazer, Clerk of the Select Council of said city who being duly sworn according to law doth depose and say that the

within and foregoing ordinance entitled an ordinance expressive of the consent of the City of Lancaster to the proposed alteration of the route of the Philadelphia and Columbia railroad was duly published in the Lancaster Intelligencer on the 8th day of May A. D. 1832 a weekly newspaper published in said City by Thomas Feran.

“REAH FRAZER.

“Sworn & Subscribed this 9th
day of May A. D. 1832.

Coram: Patton Ross. Recorder.

“I, Patton Ross, Recorder of the City of Lancaster do certify that the within and foregoing ordinance entitled an ordinance expressive of the consent of the City of Lancaster to the proposed alteration of the route of the Philadelphia and Columbia railroad was duly enacted by the select and common councils of said City on the first day of May A. D. 1832.

“In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my name and affixed the seal of said City this 9th day of May, Anno Domini 1832.

“PATTON ROSS,
“Recorder.

“Corporation
Seal

“Recorded May 9th 1832.

“per JACOB PEELOR
“Recorder.”

CHAPTER XII

OUR VENERATED GRANDMOTHERS AND GRANDDAUGHTERS

ONLY occasionally during the seventy-six years of burgess-rule had mention been made of our "venerated grandmothers," as the chronicler delights to designate the wives and daughters, who, in their respective spheres, did their part in building up the townstead down to the time it became a city in 1818.

While the women took little or no part in their husbands' affairs in the running of the town, it need not be assumed that all they had to do was to sit themselves down in the ease of contentment. From all that history furnishes, they were usually blessed with large families, and could always find something to do in the bringing them up in the way they should go. Of course, there were not any suffragettes nor temperance lecturers among the married or the single. But if not before, at least during the Revolution and after peace was declared, the borough had its "Revolutionary Daughters." And they managed to keep their names on the map. They had their sociables, quiltings, knittings, and the making of homespun, at times for the wounded soldiers, on other occasions for the poor and needy. Enough has already been shown that the town has ever had its deserving poor, possibly

more in ye olden times than at the present day, owing largely to changed conditions.

From little scraps gathered from history's pages the women of "Old Lancaster," if they worried at all, did not do so over twentieth-century gossip, card parties and picture shows. In promenading the business streets on a Saturday evening to see the sights, they were not hustled from side to side, nor in crossing a thoroughfare were their nerves shattered by the sound of the infernal automobile horn!

Entering one of the shops to buy material for either summer or winter use, they did not go homeward worrying, like their present-day sisters, over the cost when made known to their husbands. Coming down within the memory of the few yet living, the town had its "Old Woman's Brigade," and it was not chartered either. This self-constituted body of good Samaritans had its mission. In case of a lost boy or girl, away they would go with horn or dinner-bell, stirring up the whole community with their ding-dongings. And when a fire broke out during night or day, all classes—men, women, and even boys and girls—turned out to instruct the firemen how to extinguish the flames.

Everybody during the chronicler's boyhood seemed to take things in an easy-going way, nor were the sleepers greatly disturbed by the night-watchman's rap at the front door, as he called out, "P-a-s-t two o'clock un' a snowy mornin'." A queer custom, was it not, with their small watch-boxes located here and there, wherein they would roast themselves

during the time between calls. Then, on Hallow-een, what fun for the boys to see one of these boxes carried a half mile with the watchman securely encased inside, swearing in "Dutch" how he would have the Hallow-eeners locked up in the station house to be fed for a week on bread and water.

This was not anything unusual in the "Good Old Days," when all classes really enjoyed life in quite a different way from what they do today. Imagine, if you can, my busy merchant, a half-dozen business men sitting on a slab-bench in front of one of their stores on a summer afternoon swapping yarns! And oh, glory, such yarns, always and forever talking about the good times their grandfathers had when living within, for and by themselves back in the good old days!

Have you ever thought, dear reader, that each generation has had its good old days to recall? Oh, it is a funny world, is it not? No, the world is all right, it is the many funny people living in it that makes it seem funny, each wanting the best part of it for himself when he should know that in the end a very small plot will be sufficient to contain all that is mortal. It was while passing the old Moravian graveyard that the thought occurred, how little a few of the burgesses knew what was to follow after a century or more of their earthly pilgrimage?

Referring again to the women of "Old Lancaster," it was in the year 1818, the year the borough became a city, that the "Administration" building, so soon to be dismantled for governmental purposes, was erected, largely through the persevering efforts of

women! And now let the few old grandmothers yet living in the halo of a ripe old age imagine themselves back ninety-one years ago. And as they stand on the vacant space on the Prince Street side in an open lot, they will see General Lafayette dismount from his carriage on the twenty-fifth of July, 1825, to be received by a cordon of women, who, before the free school system had become a possibility, had been instrumental in having this building erected, not so much for their own children, as for the poor of the town who could not afford to send their own to any one of the paid schools so numerous among the well-to-do.

In associating the names of the women of "Old Lancaster" of a century ago with that of the invincible patriot, General Lafayette, is so entirely appropriate at the present time, and for the reason that throughout the forty-eight states of the Union the women are untiring in their efforts in upholding the great cause of human liberty, not only in this land of the free, but over on certain parts of the continent of Europe, where that "one touch of nature" permeates all hearts with the instinct of civil and religious liberty for down-trodden humanity.

And here, in these days of war, let the chronicler reproduce the scene, as the women conducted General Lafayette into the Administration building where the children of both sexes to the number of three hundred and thirty had assembled to pay their last tribute to the great soldier and patriot.

During the darkest hours of the Revolution he came as the friend of liberty to join the American

forces. And now, a half century later, he had landed in "Old Lancaster" to help reap the fruits for which he had fought so gallantly as the devoted friend of Washington, "first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

On the occasion referred to, the boys were arrayed in blue sashes, each with a bunch of laurel; the girls in their white, pink gowns, each with a bunch of wild flowers fresh from the hills of the Conestoga. And as the General entered the school room, on banners were the revered names, Washington, Penn, Franklin and other statesmen of Pennsylvania. On an upper tier of side seats, sat one hundred and thirty ladies, who had devoted their best years in making the school a success. In full view were three neatly decorated transparencies—The Genius of Liberty, standing on America, supported by Washington, Lafayette and the great Franklin who had visited "Old Lancaster" in helping dedicate Franklin college so many years before.

On reaching the inner door of the Administration building, young and old rose from their seats, and with one acclaim, greeted Lafayette by joining in the chorus:

"Hero, hail! all hail to thee,
Champion of our Liberty."

And now, what is to follow Lafayette's visit in 1825? No more befitting time than the present could be had in recalling his own home country, France, now struggling to perpetuate the freedom for which he gave his best years and money to the cause of our own independence.



GENERAL LAFAYETTE

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But the end is not yet. It was on the 24th of June, 1834, that the clerk of Common Councils presented to the Select branch the following resolution for concurrence:

“Resolved, that this community has received with deep solemn regret the intelligence that Lafayette is no more! Resolved, that we sympathise with our fellow citizens throughout the Union for the loss of Him we loved; whose life has been a continuous scene of philanthropic exertion; and whose efforts and sacrifices in the establishing of our Independence has endeared him to every heart that loves its country.

“The splendor of his Star shone bright and undimmed during the darkest hour that lowered over his native land, and the confidence of his countrymen, and the world in his patriotism remained firm and undiminished to the last.

“Resolved, that as a last tribute of respect to the memory of the departed Lafayette, these Halls be hung with black crepe for the space of six months; that the members of councils wear crepe upon their left arm for thirty days, and that it be recommended that our citizens do likewise. That the Bell of the city court house on tomorrow be muffled and tolled all day and that in the meantime a minute-gun be fired.

“Resolved, that a committee be appointed to wait upon our fellow citizen, George W. Barton, Esquire, and request him to pronounce an Eulogium at such time as may suit his convenience.

“Resolved, that a certified copy of these pro-

ceedings, with a letter of condolence, he sent by the Mayor of the city to the relatives of the deceased Lafayette, and that Mr. Fortney be appointed a committee on the part of Common Councils, and Messrs. Hall and Freeman, on the part of Select to carry the resolutions into effect."

At a meeting, July first, "It was resolved to invite Captain Worrall and the corps under his command (the Washington Rifles of Philadelphia) to hear the eulogism by Mr. Barton on the illustrious Lafayette in the Lutheran church at the time named."

In reading the tribute passed by Councils of nearly a century ago, one cannot help but think that history is repeating itself in this twentieth century, with the spirit of "seventy-six" still dominant among the people of "New Lancaster."

At the time of Lafayette's visit in 1825, he was in his declining years and in his seventieth when he died in his own country, France.

If, then, more space is given to the patriotic Lafayette and to the women of "Old Lancaster" than would seem necessary, it is because both were deserving. Coming down to more recent times, most of the philanthropic work done for the elevation of the deserving has been the result of women either in their individual or corporate capacity. Mention need be made of only a few notable examples of women active in all church work from the time of the burgesses to the present day. We verily believe, if it were not for women, half the churches in the city of Lancaster would be vacant. Let them re-

main at home during one single Sabbath, and the chances are the pastors would be preaching to empty benches. Again, nine men out of ten, if they attend at all, do so to please their wives, or may be, their sweethearts. With mothers and daughters it is a religious duty; with men, most of us at least, a habit not innate, acquired from our mothers, perhaps.

A half century ago, few there were who could fail to recall the Bowman home in charge of the sainted Mary, sister of the Rev. Samuel Bowman. Nor can elderly people forget the "Home of the Friendless" started by Mrs. Kramph. Later on came the Y. W. C. A., the Catholic Society, The Long Home, The Iris Club, The Patriotic Daughters of the Revolution, all under the supervision of women. What the narrator does not know is how many in years gone by have imitated Mrs. Ann Henry in the raising of thirteen children. The only spheres to which women have not been admitted are the councils and school board, made up largely of bachelors and widowers without any children of their own to rear and educate. However, since one lone woman has at last been elected to Congress, there is still hope for the women of "New Lancaster."

Diverting the non-churchgoer's attention momentarily from the minutes we find "That in accordance with the wishes of the people of Lancaster, expressed at a general town meeting, the Legislature are hereby cordially invited to make the city of Lancaster the seat of Government; and that they are respectfully assured that suitable and commodious buildings will be prepared for their accommodation."

This was followed by—"Whereas, it is the intention to remove the Capitol from Harrisburg, resolved that a committee be appointed to visit said city." But as shall be seen, they did not bring the capitol with them. The cause is to be found in the fact that the committees' expenses being limited to fare, and only enough for a night's lodging at one of the cheap taverns—this alone should have taught councilmen that the members of the Legislature were not to be won over by any fine display of rhetoric, feelingly delivered. There may have been one other reason for not winning over this august body of legislators, a slip of the tongue by one of the visiting committee in making mention of the "ten-plate wood stove"!

However, during the year 1836, a determined effort on the part of Councils was made to purchase land in various parts of the city on which to erect another market house. The first was to buy the property extending from the corner of Orange and Prince to the alley to the south. Also the lot at the corner of East King and Duke streets. Then came Mr. Hopkins', along Duke to Orange, followed by Mr. Humes' corner back of Mr. Hopkins'. The most favorable site seemed to be Mr. Reidenbach's lot and building adjoining the market house on West King. But after many months of discussion, all the mentioned locations with others were abandoned owing to the condition of the treasury.

In closing this chapter, we can well recall when, in 1846, the first telegraph office was established in the North American Hotel, where the Brunswick

now stands. At the time we boys heartily enjoyed a story of a shoemaker living along the line on East Chestnut Street. Having made a pair of boots for a customer, and not knowing the best or the quickest way of delivering them, he concluded to send them over the wire. So, mounting the pole, over the cable he hung them. During the night, came an Irish laddy, who, seeing the boots by the light of the moon, took off his own, making the exchange. Bright and early the morning following, the shoemaker, in glancing up, saw what his heart could most desire. Calling his Betsy, he exclaimed, "My customer has received the new boots, sending the old to the shoemaker to be mended."

And now, to close this somewhat rambling chapter finally:

STORY OF A BRUSSELS CARPET

People who knew the subject of our sketch best, declared that he had been born with a "veil" over his face; could see spirits prowling round in anyone or all of the old graveyards he was in the habit of visiting when the spell was on, usually at the time of the full of the moon. Be this as it may, he was an eccentric character, belonging to one of the first families, and in many ways respected, not to overlook his whims and caprices.

For years he had lived a bachelor, for the reason, no doubt, that few of the town girls were willing to marry a spiritualist. At last, however, he was unfortunate enough to marry a lady of his own age, self minded in conducting household affairs. It was

shortly after the marriage knot had been tied that their troubles began in the selecting of a parlor carpet. From store to store they went their way, looking over the various patterns and designs, with the husband selecting one, the wife another. But, as the head of the family had to do the paying, his opinion prevailed, and within a few days his own selection was spread out on the parlor floor. With this, all might have gone well but for a way he had of taking his wife three times daily, in his endeavor to convince her into acknowledging that his own selection was not to be questioned.

Being a lady of fine sensibilities, easily aroused, every time she took in its shades and designs, it brought on a nervous spell, finally resulting in her remains being laid to rest in one of the cemeteries. With the burial ceremonies over, two things happened during the same evening. The first, a bunch of medical students had gone in search of a "stiff" that had been "planted" the same day in the same graveyard, but, as the sequel will show, owing to a misunderstanding on the part of the colored gentleman who had been engaged to disinter the remains, something happened.

Feeling the need of a prescription, the same evening the widower had occasion to enter a doctor's office. For a time he sat alone, awaiting the physician's arrival. Becoming impatient, he turned up the jet, when, glancing at the floor, his eyes instinctively took in the identical carpet over which all the trouble had occurred in his own home. The longer he glanced it over the more convinced he became

that if it was not the same it was one off the same sample.

At last, disturbed in mind, soul and body, he reached over and picked up a medical journal. Opening its pages, the first to attract his attention was a large size engraving, around which stood a half dozen students, witnessing an operation for some internal complaint.

At last, the door to the dissecting room opened, with the head of old Mose, the doctor's trusty, peering through the crevice. "Boss," said he, "jis' hab a leetle patience, de docto' am jis gone out fur de sexton ub de graveyard, seein' de students be misleadin' des chile in gittin' de wrong stiff." With this, the door closed, leaving the patient in a more perplexed state of mind than ever.

Instead of passing out for a breath of fresh air to restore his perfect equilibrium, he strolled round the room, inspecting the numerous bottles filled with this, that and the other, any one of whose contents might have acted as a sedative in relieving his nervousness. At last, his hand coming in contact with the knob of the door leading to the dissecting room, the door flew wide open, but there was not any Mose in evidence. Instead, to his horror, under a white spread on a table rested, as he could only think, the body of his departed wife and helpmate. Tiptoeing his way forward, he quietly raised the sheet when, to his everlasting surprise, there was the face of her whom he had tormented while in the flesh. Recovering all that was mortal of himself, backward he moved, closing

the door after him. With the veil over his face, oblivious to even his own existence, he fell back into a chair in the farthest corner of the doctor's office, lost to the world, its sights and sounds.

It was while in this hypnotic condition of mental disturbance that the door leading to the street opened, admitting the physician with the sexton by his side, and too much excited to notice the forlorn spiritualist, too much under the influence of what had occurred to utter a word.

Rushing to the dissecting room door, he called: "Mose, Mose, you infernal villain, anyone called during the doctor's absence?"

"Only one gemem, boss; an' him I tell dat ye hed jis gone after der sexton to be remobin' de body frum de dissectin' table."

"You told him what you tell me? Well, as back to the graveyard must go the body, swing it over your shoulder, and take it out the alleyway and dump it into the cart waiting. And Mose, if you expect to live a happy life in this world and be forgiven in the next, keep your tongue from wobbling; for, if the widower spiritualist discovers the mistake we'll both land in jail sooner or later. Now do as you're told." And out the alleyway went the body, covered with the white spread.

And now, as to what followed after the physician had time to pull himself together.

Dropping into a chair after turning the gas lower, he began to soliloquize, "Hope old Mose and the sexton get the spiritualist's wife's body replaced before the morrow when the chances are he'll be

there in the graveyard holding communion with her spirit over the misunderstanding in the purchase of the parlor carpet. Then, the rascally Mose! which of my patients could it have been that he no doubt frightened away by telling him what may yet be causing all kind of trouble, with the loss of my profession!"

With this, in stepped one of his students, who, dropping into a chair by his side, exclaimed, "Why so pensive? Don't worry, I've just returned from the graveyard, and all is now in apple-pie order, with the sexton sworn to secrecy. And so, before making a hurried visit to the plot I made it my business to call on the widower to prevent him from dropping in on you at this most inopportune evening, understanding that he needed something to stiffen up his nerves after the ordeal through which he has just passed."

"In the name of high heaven, man,"—jumping to his feet like a rocket,—"I've just been thinking that in all probability the person who called during my temporary absence might, after all, have been the widower! And to think that my thickheaded Mose got to telling him of the mistake in getting the wrong 'stiff,' as he called it! Confound him, I'll have him arrested as a 'body snatcher'!"

"Doctor, listen to reason. Do not make a dunce of yourself. Lock him up in the dissecting room for a week, until the storm blows over. And so, to make sure that the widower doesn't learn what's been going on, I'll take him on a visit for a week or two to the Seashore, where he can be looking up

another wife! How does this strike your crazy bone?" And with this morsel of comfort, the student went his way to meet a party of others of the profession, to indulge themselves over a bottle of Mum in the lucky escape they had made.

Sitting alone, as the physician thought himself, in the quiet of the solitude, all at once came the sound of deep breathing, which, falling on the doctor's ears, caused him to glance in the direction from which the sound came. Recovering himself almost instantly, he saw that there, leaning back in a corner chair, sat his widower friend, in a semi-conscious condition.

"In the name of the immortal George Washington, man, how came you here!" Placing his index finger upon his pulse and his ear to his heart, he tried, by a subterfuge, to ward off what he had reason to feel was but to part with the secret that had thus far been held *sub rosa*.

Running his hand first down the right side, then to the left, he exclaimed, "When did the attack first come on? Why, my dear widower, you've an aggravated attack of bowel trouble, and the sooner you have your insides examined, the sooner you'll be relieved from following your departed over to the graveyard. Do you understand? And so, go with me to the dissecting room."

Rising slowly from his chair, he gradually recovered from his bewilderment and asked, "And who, doctor, is the corpse you have lying over on the dissecting table, covered with a white spread? It's my own wife's remains; I saw her with my own

eyes lying on the table! Oh! oh! oh! I can see her face at this very moment and as plainly as I see the Brussels of the same pattern as my own spread out on your office-floor!”

“You’re under a delusion, and if you want to be convinced that you’re only resting under one of your former spiritualistic spells, come with me!” And together they went their way to the dissecting room to find the table empty.

On their return, it began to dawn upon the physician’s mind that his widower friend had actually seen with his own eyes what has been described.

After a reconciliation had been effected, with the promise that nothing be said, the widower turned and asked, “How came you by the same brand of carpet, the cause of all your friends’ tribulations?”

“Ha! ha! that is easily answered. Calling on the merchant the same day you had purchased your own, I concluded to buy the remaining remnant, as it fitted this, my front office, as you see.”

And this ends the story of the Brussels carpet.

CHAPTER XIII

FORCING THE WATER FROM THE OLD CITY MILL INTO THE CITY

IT was on Washington's Birthday, February twenty-second, 1837, that the joyful news swept like a tornado among the people of "Old Lancaster" that, on the opening of the plugs, came plunging water from the Conestoga River!

For just one hundred and seven years, dating from 1730 down to 1837, the inhabitants of Lancaster were compelled to rely on pumps, wells and springs for their water supply for domestic and other purposes. With the town surrounded, as may be said, with an over abundance, it had been allowed to go its way to the Susquehanna, sometimes at flood tide, at others peacefully in its circuitous path, to be utilized here and there in driving the wheels of a grist mill.

The canal for a time had served a certain purpose. This, with the incoming of the railroad, gave encouragement to business men in the hope of making Lancaster commercially and industrially a greater center of trade and commerce. But what inducement had the city to offer the promoters of industries in the greatest of all commodities, a plentiful supply of water?

As far back as 1789 Burgess Hand, in his admir-

able address to senators and representatives of the United States, had made mention of the Conestoga's millions of gallons going to waste yearly. To the average mind at the time the raising of the water into the town was considered an impossibility. Nor was General Hand to live to see his favorite project put into successful operation.

At last, in 1825, a few of the town's citizens began to agitate the question, but with the unfortunate experience of the tidewater canal, and later the railroad project, another delay of a half score years followed. If the Conestoga had been higher than "College Hill," the problem might have been solved with little difficulty. And yet, in case of an extended downpour, the dwellers in the lower parts had good cause to be thankful that the whole of the city rested on higher ground than the winding Conestoga.

Nothing occurred until January 4, 1831, when the clerk of Common Councils presented a petition to the Select branch, signed by a number of the leading citizens. The resolution accompanying the petition ran: "And whereas, the only practical mode of accomplishing this important object would be to procure an act of the Legislature authorizing the issue of stock, with the proviso that the city of Lancaster shall have the privilege at any time within a given number of years of redeeming the said stock. It is believed that it would become valuable, and that capitalists would invest their money in it. But as it is not in the power of the city at present to raise the necessary funds, and as it would be

unwise to put it out of the power to possess themselves of the stock when they could raise the means, the mode now suggested would secure the certain means of accomplishing this valuable public improvement, with necessary security of making it a *city stock* in course of time—

“Wherefore, Resolved, that a committee, to consist of two members from each branch, be appointed to prepare a paper to the Legislature, asking the incorporation of a ‘stock’ company for the purpose of introducing running water into the city of Lancaster.

“Resolved, That it be recommended to the Mayor to call a town meeting some evening next week, that the citizens may take such measures as they may deem necessary.”

The town meeting was held authorizing Councils to employ a competent engineer. But again the matter was postponed on account of the cost of the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad.

However, with the coming of the year 1836, a resolution was offered in both branches of Councils, “That a committee be appointed to ascertain the most practical place and the probable cost, with power to employ an engineer if they deem it necessary, and report at the next meeting.” On the assembling of Councils, great satisfaction was manifested as the result of another public meeting by the citizens held on the Friday evening previous.

Among the leading advocates were George W. Barton, J. R. Montgomery, John F. Steinman, William Coleman, Jacob Rathfon, Amos Ellmaker

and Reah Frazer, imbued with the spirit of advancement. They constituted the committee.

It was forthwith resolved by both Councils, "That it shall be the committees' duty when they shall have completed this task to call a meeting of citizens and submit a written report."

At a meeting February 18, 1836, the committee's report was read in Councils as follows: "The undersigned committee of Councils and citizens respectfully report that the accompanying communication from General Mitchell contains all the information they have been able to obtain in relation to the subject with which they were charged."

Here follows the engineer's report:

"Gentlemen:

"Having been employed by your committee to make the necessary examination, I immediately proceeded to the execution of that duty. The surveys have been confined exclusively to the waters of the Conestoga River, and the result enables me to say that an abundant supply of good water may be obtained from that source at a comparatively small expense; the only difficulty which presents itself is the price which may be demanded for water power. Five points have been examined, from all of which an abundant supply may be obtained by the agency of water power to be derived from the Conestoga. If, however, the Corporate Authorities of the city of Lancaster should not be able to make an equitable arrangement for any one of those water powers, recourse is still left, and that is to erect a stationary steam engine on the

'Poor House' farm, which would not interfere with the Mill powers on the river except so far as the quantity of water subtracted from the stream might affect the interests of individuals immediately below the place from whence it would be taken out.

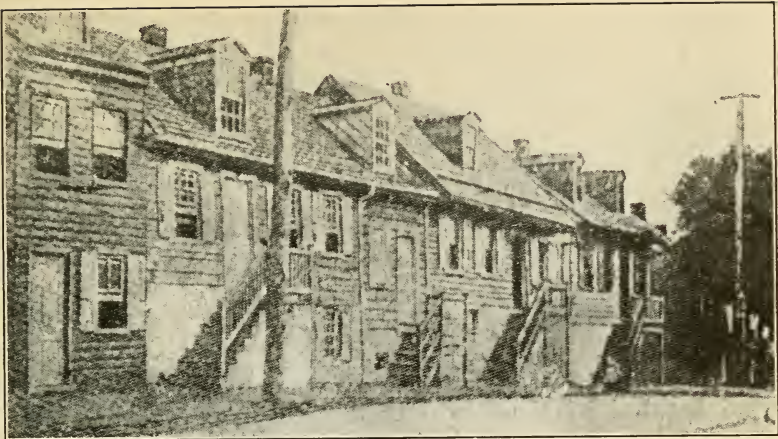
"It has been found that the high ground on the eastern part of the city near Ross's corner is sufficiently elevated as to supply the whole city by constructing a reservoir at that place; and from that point all the surveys diverged. As this report is only to communicate facts and not opinions, it is only necessary to furnish the committee with a brief review of those surveys.

"First: From Swartz's mill, the difference of levels between the reservoir and surface of the dam is 161-8 feet and 265 chains; of this distance 74 chains might be made an open race at a cost of \$1,900. The elevation of the hill is 99-2 feet in a distance of 660 feet, being 62-6 feet below the reservoir; and the whole length of pipe would be 13,266 feet, which at 1.87 per foot would amount, including the race, to \$26,773.75.

"Second: From Demuth's mill—Difference between the level of reservoir and surface of dam 170-3 feet, and length of pipe, 6,000 feet, at 1.87 per foot, would amount to \$11,261.25.

"Third: From Swarr's mill—Difference of levels between reservoir and surface of dam, 1.75-2 feet, and length of pipe required, 5,444 feet, at same per foot would cost \$10,395.00.

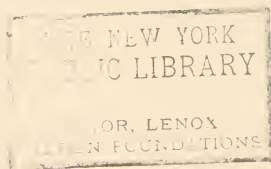
"Fourth: From Rock below Humes' factory—Difference of level, 182-2; length of pipe required,



OLD BUILDINGS IN LANCASTER CITY



OLD WATER WORKS, BUILT 1836-7



at same cost \$13,612.50. This 'Rock' is elevated above the pool of the dam, 153.8 feet, or 28 feet below the reservoir.

"Fifth: From Coleman's saw mill—Difference of levels between reservoir and surface of dam, 188-2 feet; and length of pipe required, 11,814 feet, at same price would be, \$22,151.25. As the different modes which may be employed will vary the cost considerably, no calculation has been made of the mere cost of laying pipe—from which the committee will be enabled to make a relative estimate of the most economical point, after which a more careful examination should be made. No doubt exists, however, of the entire practicability of introducing an abundant supply of water from any one of the points herein described:

"Respectfully Submitted:

"W. B. MITCHELL."

The query for the interested to determine is, Where stood Swartz's, Demuth's and Swarr's mills, Humes' factory, Coleman's saw mill and Ross's corner? All has changed so completely on both sides of the Conestoga since the year 1836, as to make it almost impossible for the descendants of the then owners to locate these industries.

As we glance back to the year 1825 when this project was being discussed in councils, it can scarcely be imagined that a dozen years were to elapse before the dwellers were to see the water flowing through the pipes and out of the plugs in the city. But when, on the 22d of February, Washington's birthday, 1837, the open plugs began

to pour out either clear or muddy water, praise took the place of censure which from time to time had been heaped upon the heads of the committee. Nor was the ever faithful mayor, John Mathiot, to escape until the time came, rendering the project a success.

As to the first cost of this enterprise, the amount varies, running as high as \$106,000. Again it would be an endless task to determine how much more it has since taken for change and repairs down to the present day. But with all the outlay who would think of parting with this legacy handed down by the wise men of nearly a century ago? If the first cost was over one hundred thousand when the city's population was not over six thousand, surely the people of "New Lancaster," have not cause to complain of a few additional hundred thousands provided there be no more bursted reservoirs. Of one thing, we have clear drinking water, which in itself is a godsend to young and old, rich and poor. And so say we all.

One matter should not be overlooked, although it may have been by the engineer, namely, that the town had not covered the highest points. But with him and Councils, "sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof."

It will be recalled that in 1836 it was a question whether the city undertake the work or through a company. Acting as these wise men did, it was no doubt their opinion that water should not be subject to controversy as between a corporation and consumers. Only once since, and that about a

quarter of a century ago, was the Water Committee met with a proposition to purchase the water works. But the promoter of the private company was soon to learn through the press that, under no circumstances, would the "plant" be allowed to pass from the city's control.

But how with the gas company, which came a few years later? With this people had their alternative, either to use it or continue the use of candles. What they could not manufacture they could buy in the shape of oil. Even the city could continue to light the streets without the use of gas, if an extortion should follow.

It is well then for the citizens of Lancaster to be occasionally reminded of the many blessings they possess, and that they came only by degrees, and at a time when the town was not supplied with large industrial plants able to manufacture their own pumping machinery. Again, before the National Government began to pour out its greenbacks, with state bank currency there was much uncertainty as to which notes were genuine, which either counterfeited or at a discount. Again, along in the middle thirties, hard times had struck the country, owing to what had led to the panic of 1837.

If, then, the contents of this chapter will start people to thinking "straight," the time consumed in setting it forth from musty records is not by any means time wasted by the chronicler.

CHAPTER XIV

THE AMBITION OF LANCASTER TO BECOME THE CAPITAL OF THE STATE

It is worthy of mention that all cities, and wherever located, have striven to become the center of trade and commerce; some succeeding, owing to their having greater natural advantages than others. Nature's products have gone further in the building up of a city than man's efforts. In many instances, what lies beneath the soil has been more conducive to the influx of population than the products raised from the upper soil. The discovery of coal, oil and gas in its natural state, have gone further in the erection of a city than all of mankind's efforts combined. Without that which for centuries had been hidden concealed, the ground upon which the city stands might have remained a desert to all intent and purposes.

Our town, as far back as 1787, actually aspired to become the home of the national government. The goodly burgesses never for a moment considered that their inland town was lacking in water-communication in connecting it with such other cities as have since sprung into existence. However, during the Revolution the borough of Lancaster had the distinguished honor of housing the Congress of the United States in its precipitate flight from

Philadelphia. But it was only for one short day when, with bag and baggage, the senators and representatives hurried themselves off to the town of York, after settling up their bills with the tavern-keepers, who no doubt were greatly grieved over their sudden departure.

As has already been stated, from 1799 to 1812, Lancaster prided itself on being the capital of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. How it came to be outvoted by senators and representatives for the city of Harrisburg, the minutes of the burgesses fail to state. What history makes perfectly clear is that, along in the fifties of the past century, councils did make a determined effort to win back the coveted prize. And all in the face of the fact that at the close of 1812, the legislature stole itself away without first having paid the burgesses the five pounds for the use of a ten-plate stove. By whom or where it was manufactured, no mention is made on the "Corporation Book." The chances are it was cast by Baron Stiegel before he went into hopeless bankruptcy. But more of the stove later.

Ever since the borough was founded by James Hamilton, down even to the present day, good local government has been the ambition of all progressive citizens. Legislatures have overthrown one charter after another, with the same discouraging results. This failure is country-wide, not to overlook the fact that the people rule or at least are supposed to in their individual or corporate capacity. How many charters Lancaster has labored under since 1742, only to pray to be relieved for that of another, the Legislative Digest is supposed to show.

The present charter under which Lancaster of today is working must surely be a model of perfection, otherwise our city would not be singled out as among the very few that have not become third class cities! But to refer once more to the starting of the townstead. We are not so sure that all might not have turned out better if James Hamilton, in handing over his plot of two miles square to the burgesses in 1742, had settled himself down as one of the leading citizens, instead of entrusting its future to paid agents in selling out town lots on the ground-rent plan. As for the poor burgesses, they did not have the money; this was forwarded to founder Hamilton at his home in Philadelphia. And so like "Topsy," the town grew largely of its own momentum, and so it has been growing ever since! But at the time the village was converted into a borough, James Hamilton did what he thought best for his own interests. And for this gratuity the burgesses were gratefully thankful, as their acceptance of the charter shows.

Of course, at the time the twenty-five hundred acres were not an "Eden" flowing with milk and honey, such as it has since become in this twentieth century, affording its fifty thousand dwellers all the comforts of home life. The greater portion was still covered with virgin forest. Nor can it be said at the time the town was laid out that it was an ideal spot on which to build a city. Could its former status be contrasted with what it is today, how entirely different would it seem!

The chronicler can only regret there is not any

picture to be thrown out on the moving-picture screen, conveying to the sightseer an adequate conception of how the village looked at the time the first court house stood in Center Square. The only etching by a local artist was made years before the camera came to do what the delineator could not do with pencil or quill.

However, in nearly every other line of trade, with the exception of the building up of a city, men of experience in their own particular line, with a thorough knowledge of what business requires, are employed. If, at the close of the year there is a loss instead of a profit, the cause is determined and the remedy applied. But how altogether different with the management of a city? Were there danger of this or that town going into bankruptcy, things might be different. But in few instances the country over has this been the case, and for the reason that the taxpayer is always to be counted on to foot the bills. But where under our system of local government is the remedy to be found? Only in the voters themselves! However, it is the old, old story—what is everybody's business is nobody's, except those who make the running of a city a business. And yet, up to the present time, no better system of local government has been devised than that "of the people, by the people and for the people."

Has it ever occurred to you to consider how many hundreds of untrained local legislators have taken a hand in the building up of our city since 1742? Merchants, ministers, doctors, tradesmen, editors,

teachers, some with means, others without, all, however, ready to serve their constituents as "town-builders" in their humble capacity! Every young man with political ambition or "pull" to be gratified, thinks himself capable of becoming a councilman, no doubt with the prospect of earning a salaried position by faithful service at times as a ward worker. We have known men who have never read the town's "Digest" to feel themselves amply qualified to help govern a city of fifty thousand. The chronicler knows all about it, having served as one of the "city fathers"—at times considering himself the whole "push." What every city needs is a school in which local city government is taught as a science. And as attendants, it might be well for some of the younger members of the Chamber of Commerce to become students. But why enlarge on what everybody knows? What is common to one city has its counterpart in others, each trying to work out its destiny according to certain established rules, customs and regulations.

It would be folly to say that all self government has been a failure, and that all councilmen and chief magistrates were unfitted for the office. There was one mayor deserving of special mention. During the darkest days of the city's financial distress, Mayor Mathiot never wavered in well-doing, extending all through the eleven years of his incumbency in office. Elected in 1831, he was chosen annually until 1842, the longest of any of the twenty-five mayors down to the present day.

To show the love and respect Councils had for this

plain, unobtrusive defender of the city's rights, it was at a meeting, January 23, 1843, that the following resolution of respect was unanimously passed by both the Select and Common branches:

"Whereby, By the death of John Mathiot, Esquire, which melancholy event took place last evening, it becomes the mournful duty to take such action as the circumstance may require in order to evidence their desires to give expression to this interposition of Divine Providence,

"Therefore, be it resolved that, in the decease of John Mathiot, late Mayor, we lament the loss of one, whether a public-spirited citizen, or a faithful, indefatigable officer, or an upright man who will long be remembered by his fellow citizens—

"Resolved, that each member wear a crepe on his left arm for thirty days as a testimonial of our sincere regret at the loss of an honest public officer, a valuable citizen, a good man!"

Referring to the minutes of the School Board, of which he was president, similar resolutions were passed in his honor.

And why, it may be asked, was Mayor Mathiot held in such high esteem? Because for the trying times through which he had passed during the eleven years of his administration. For, at no time before or since, were difficulties of greater moment to be encountered. The city at the time was struggling to become something more than an inland town known as the largest in the United States.

The Conestoga navigation project had started under the brightest prospects to prove only a

financial loss both to the city and private investors from start to its final wind-up. After this came the railroad with its multiplicity of worries, running through five long years with debt piling up with no means of providing for its liquidation. Following came the water works, with its endless disappointments and sleepless nights for Mayor Mathiot and councilmen, coworkers. But during all these trying times, as the minutes have shown, these faithful city officials never dropped by the wayside discouraged.

While the chronicler at times may have given expression to what might seem like fault-finding, it has not been so much against the individual as against a system common to all cities where the people rule. They may go wrong at times, but usually they get what is coming to them, according to their deserts.

Many things occurred between the thirties and forties which thus far have been passed over for matters of greater importance. As pages of the records are reviewed, it is amusing to note how frequently the humorous will find expression by some member who has a personal grievance. Here follows a few; the first, a resolution placing a tax of twenty dollars on the venders of lottery tickets, the proceeds of which, as explained by the author of the resolution, was to go for a councilmanic "spread." Except then for the humor displayed, it might have become a law. Another to meet with defeat was a tax on tollgates within the city. This measure also went down to defeat, owing to

the fact that certain pike stock was owned by councilmen. But of all the many vexatious questions sure to crop out at times was an ordinance prohibiting the running of cows, goats, geese, ducks, and, last though not least, dogs on the public streets. However, as many of the canines were owned by this or that member, self preservation came in for first consideration. Of how many escaped being consigned to the dog-pound, no record was kept. It is really surprising how readily a fight will occur over a dog! One might kick the owner, but never his dog! And as it not infrequently happened, the poorer a family, the greater the number of dogs. Nor have conditions greatly changed!

It used to be a common saying among the superstitious that the whining of a dog along in the midnight was a sure sign that something was to happen, and happen something did; for, on reading the paper the next morning, the reader's eyes fell upon an item that a certain man had actually died somewhere in the city!

Cats, as many can yet recall, of all colors, shapes and sizes, were held sacred on account of their tones so closely resembling those of the human. At the present day their musical midnight refrains are highly appreciated, on account of their resemblance to the tingle and jingle of the phonograph. No doubt it is for this reason that all well-to-do families have either a phonograph or a victrola. In our boyhood girls were content to own an accordeon; the boys, a jewsharp or a fiddle; this is why the chronicler at quite an early age became a fiddler, if you must know!

As for bats, swallows and owls making church steeples their daily haunts, at times it was a question among boys whether steeples were made for these nightly tormentors, or owls, bats and swallows for the steeples! We remember how, before the stone church of the "First Reformed" was dismantled in 1851, millions of these pestiferous bats would go their way in paying their respects to certain of the town families. And, as it happened, with what delight they were received by some of the gentler sex! But as people want to be entertained, why deny them the pleasure?

In drawing comparison between conditions of past times and the present, the chronicler, it is to be hoped, will not be considered a plagiarist by quoting from the author of "The Good Old Days" a few of his conclusions:

"There was a time when farmers' wants were few and simple. Now he gets up with the lark, works fourteen hours a day to support an extravagant family in sending them to the cities to be making out of them gentlemen of leisure. As for the city official, he reaches his office at ten in the morning, takes two hours for luncheon, closes his day's work at three-thirty, takes advantage of all holidays by going a-fishing; jumps into his 'daddy's' automobile once a week to overlook the 'old man's' farm. Their usual place of meeting during the winter is at the 'club,' where they talk over how many acres should be planted in this, that or the other. If the season prove favorable the credit is claimed for themselves. If, however, a long con-

tinuous draught occur, the blame is laid on the tenant-farmers.

"Back in my boyhood," continues the author, "a man had to be pretty sick to remain away from church. Now, a headache is sufficient of an excuse to satisfy his conscience, while nothing short of a well-developed case of appendicitis, or tubercular meningitis will deter him from attending a game of golf on the 'Country Club' grounds during each Sabbath afternoon. He will take his children to the Sunday-school door, and then go his way to sit for hours in the boiling sun viewing a ball game, without the slightest fatigue. When a person got sick in the olden days, he did not have to be carried to a hospital; now, a fellow with an aching tooth will spend a month there to be entertained by the single nurses. If a confirmed bachelor-invalid, he usually comes out a new-made man.

"However, if the 'old man' happened to die in his own home, his wife did not 'go broke' in ordering a hot-house of flowers, a long string of carriages and a hundred honorary pall-bearers to give dignity to the occasion. He was lowered into the tomb by loving, tender hands, and not by paid policemen. And his friends did not hurry away, leaving the sexton do the planting."

The foregoing somewhat personal "flings" recalls to the chronicler a familiar saying of the once-upon-a-time Harry Stiff, who never buried people, always planted them, and so deep down as to prevent their being exhumed. He was given to saying that

more marriages were made among widowers and widows in a graveyard than in the parlors of the best-regulated families.

One story that comes vividly to mind was told by "Harry." "For a month after his wife's demise, regularly twice a day, morning and evening, the half-broken-hearted widower could be seen leaning over his departed's mound, weeping bitter tears, as he placed a bouquet of geraniums thereon. As it so happened, along about the same time would come a lone widow, equally bent on the same mission, in paying tribute to her once loving partner in deep, earnest affection.

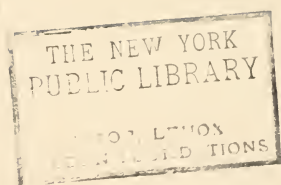
"As both plots lay close, one beside the other, and as both mourners met at times on their errand of mercy, it was only natural that they should come within speaking distance; and come together they did with the following result:

"Looking up, the widower exclaimed, wiping away a tear, 'It's a sad misfortune for a man in the blossom of his youth to be left alone in the world with a family of children to be cared for.' To this, came the widow's lament, 'It truly is, for likewise, it's my misfortune to be left also alone with a family.' Then drawing nearer, the widower, placing his hand on her shoulder, gives way to another spasm of grief." The result—as the grave-digger ended his story—"both went away, arm in arm, and nevermore were they seen bending over the tombs of their loved ones."

But to refer once more to the writer of the "Good Old Days": "Let us visit some old churchyard, where loved ones of early days are sleeping their



WATER COMMITTEE WHICH BUILT THE PRESENT WATER WORKS IN 1888



last dreamless sleep, each in his windowless place of rest. Tired of the day's wanderings, you sit yourself down on the green grass on the family plot. The last rays of the setting sun are tinging the hill-tops with their mellow light and bathing the landscape in a flood of golden glory. Perhaps for the first time in years you permit memory to have its full sway. Beautiful 'Isle of Memory,' lighted by the morning-star of life, studded with jewels of hope, warmed with motherly and fatherly affection, and watered from perennial springs of joy; wreathed in garlands of everblooming flowers and beset with diamonds of peace, contentment, love! Oh, beautiful 'Isle of Memory,' where roses bloom by the door, where robins sing among the apple blossoms and where bright waters ripple into eternal melodies!"

And now, dear reader, while the above sentiments so beautifully expressed are not of the chronicler's conception, they illustrate what he has many a time witnessed in this or that cemetery, with loved ones bending over a mound in placing a few flowers thereon—then silently go their way.

Oldtime stories may be occasionally indulged in by the thoughtless, and yet there is a certain something about a graveyard that admits of no levity on the part of the humorously disposed. It is the most sacred, the most beloved spot on God's broad domain; no place for idle thoughts; no place to indulge in frivolity.

And as the chapter closes, it is with the thought of one who has just been laid to rest. We knew H. S. Williamson intimately as a devoted husband, a loving

father, a generous giver, beloved by the boys and girls for his many little acts of charity. His last act was to present four little tots each a rag doll. And the day before his demise, as he related the story of the happiness given them, he exclaimed, "It is the little things one does that give the greater pleasure." But as Harry is no more, may his memory ever remain fresh and green in the hearts of his hosts of friends as one of God's benefactors.

All at once we are reminded that this is "Decoration" day with the old and young veterans going their way from cemetery to cemetery, there to lay a few flowers on the mounds of the departed! It is a beautiful custom perpetuated as the outgrowth of the war of the sixties, and later that of the Spanish American, even to this, the present great European conflict. May the day never come when it will be necessary for the "Grand Army" to lay garlands of roses on this or that patriotic boy's tomb! To close this chapter, may the clouds which hang heavy over the nations engaged in cruel war, soon be dispelled by the sunshine of hope for a greater and brighter future!

CHAPTER XV

MOVE FOR A COURT OF APPEAL. THE TAXPAYERS' REDRESS

WE are still turning over the pages of the councilmanic records of the thirties. An important epoch, this decade, with the city trying to move forward against obstacles almost insurmountable! The town at the time was full of "pullbacks," and the cry went forth, "As it was good enough for our ancestors, it ought to be good enough for our descendants." The moneyed men of the city seemed to be almost a unit against what they called extravagance on the part of councils in their appropriations. Salaries were cut to the minimum. And as for street laborers, few except those engaged at the water plant could find employment. Well had the under employees cause to grumble; but what signified grumbling. The time for trades unions had not as yet arrived. No walking delegate was to be seen going through work-shops as agitator, in banding men together for their own self preservation. In fact, such a move as a walk-out was almost unheard of during the thirties and forties of the past century.

Prior to the action of councils April 7, 1835, there was no redress for the tax-payer except to step into the treasurer's office and pay such taxes as the duplicate contained. As all good things come to

those who have the patience to await the hour of their coming, so was passed the ordinance creating a "Court of Appeal."

While this "court" was intended to equalize and readjust property valuation, for a time it had quite the opposite effect, giving those with a "political pull" with the men constituting the court the power of lowering the assessment of their favorites, and putting up that of their political enemies to the top notch.

To bear out this statement, think of taxes from real estate within the town of two miles square, producing but six thousand dollars at the close of the year 1835. Evidently the assessor was abroad in "Old Lancaster," and abroad he has been ever since as one of the city's necessary evils.

We are now to reach conditions leading to the panic of 1837, when specie payment, discontinued by the banks, compelled councils to issue what to-day might be called "shinplasters." At a meeting of councils, June 8, 1838, the committee appointed to confer with the different banks of the city relating to the redemption of the city's loan, in bills of one dollar or less, reported "that the matter be submitted to the respective boards of bank directors for their decision." Here follows their reply:

"However anxious your committee are to aid in the circulation of metallic immediately, recent indications of a general resumption of the small bills induce the banks to withhold a recommendation under the impression that when the banks fully resume, the small bills may be withdrawn from

circulation with less inconvenience to the community."

The following proposition came from the Lancaster Bank to councils: "Resolved that this bank will redeem \$5,000 in small notes issued by the city of Lancaster under the denomination of one dollar in specie, provided that funds be furnished in current bank notes by the city to that amount, and provided that the city will make provision for the further amount of \$10,000 of the same issue in like manner. This offer was made by order of the board, Christian Bachman, Cashier."

These notes, of denominations of ten, twelve and a one half, twenty-five and fifty cent scrip were handsomely engraved, one bearing on its face the image of the first locomotive; another, three blacksmiths standing facing an anvil. They bore the name "Lancaster City Loan," commonly called "Lancaster City Fractional currency." While their execution was passable, they were far below the kinds of scrip issued by the United States during the conflict between the States. The fault lay not so much with the engraver as with the inferior kind of paper in use for the purpose.

Reference to bank-note currency has been made to show the stringency of the times during the later thirties, not only in Lancaster but in all cities of the country.

These "hard times" had reached floodtide with the close of Andrew Jackson's eight years of administration. But comes the query, What occasion had the people of Lancaster to complain, with so

many improvements going on during the thirties? Work there had been on the canal, railroad and water works, but it was not by the manor-born. The contractors had brought with them their own laborers, at least in the construction of the canal and railroad.

We have scanned the pages of councils for the per diem wage paid city employees, both for clerical and outside labor. Think of Mayor Mathiot receiving \$200 per annum, or a total of \$2,200 during the eleven years of his incumbency in office. As for employees for street work, fifty, sixty and seventy cents constituted pay for twelve hours' work. And as for trained mechanics, a dollar a day was the rule, and a pretty long day it was!

At the close of the year 1839, two years after the water works had been completed, came the following report: "The whole cost of the water works up to this time amounts to \$127,086.53," and the amount of revenue received from water for the year previous:

32 dwellings at \$7 per annum.....	\$224
79 dwellings at \$6 per annum.....	474
45 dwellings at \$5 per annum.....	225
50 pave washes.....	50
1 Tavern stabling.....	28
1 Tavern stabling.....	22
1 Tavern stabling.....	18
1 Tavern.....	28
2 Taverns.....	96
8 Taverns at \$12.....	96
5 Taverns at \$10.....	50
4 Taverns at \$9.....	36
2 factories at \$30.....	60
Jail and courthouse.....	30
The Slaymaker House.....	30

Stable and horse.....	8
Brewery.....	25
Brewery.....	20
Currier shop.....	20
Currier shop.....	5
1 Bath house, public.....	50
9 private baths at \$3.....	27
3 distilleries.....	40
1 distillery.....	43
1 distillery.....	60
2 Barber shops.....	10
2 Hatters at \$8.....	16
<hr/>	
Total revenue, one year.....	\$1,791

Think of only nine private bath tubs in the city using Conestoga water and but one public bath house! It is only reasonable to infer that the owner of this "public" bath house must have done a thriving business, during the summer at least, in order to pay his fifty-dollar water tax per annum.

Whether this public bath was used by both sexes the minutes fail to make entirely clear. The most reasonable conclusion reached by the chronicler, who, as a boy, never lived in a house with a bathtub, is that most boys, as well as men, bathed in the Conestoga near the "Big Stump." But this was years before all bathers were denied this health-giving privilege, with the danger of imbibing all kinds of disease germs.

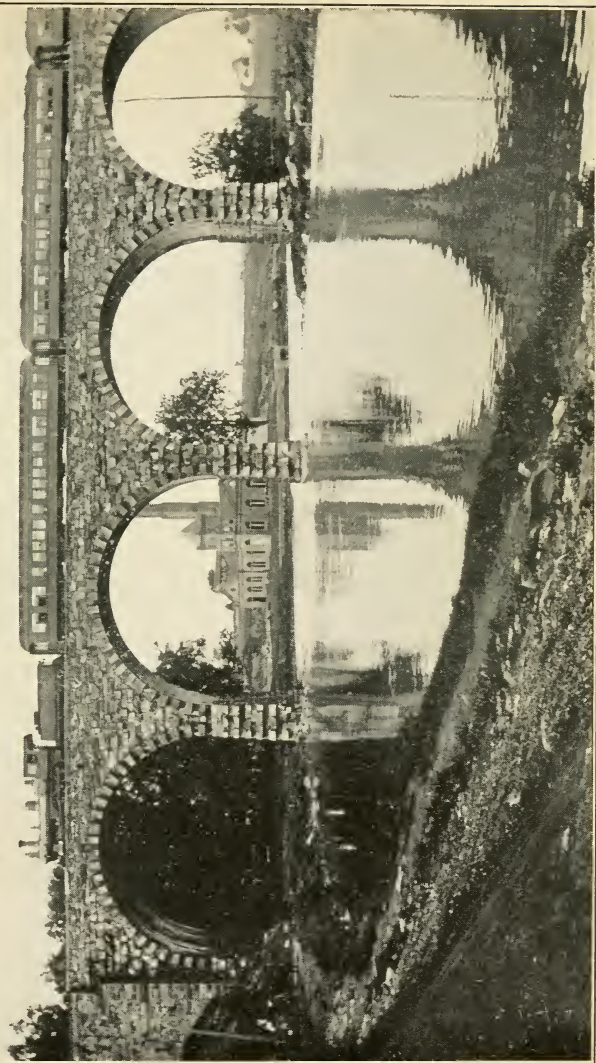
But even with bathtubs for the women, how did they manage to get the Conestoga water to a proper temperature during winter for bathing purposes without a gas range? We used to know a dweller who had a tank on the top of his roof to catch the rain water. This he would let down through a

pipe into an improvised bathtub, and all by the pulling of a cord. As the story has been told the narrator, on one occasion, during the month of August, he invited a friend to enjoy a bath, the first he had taken since quite a young man. Being assured that the temperature was normal, the invitation was accepted with thanks. The day previous, the tank was filled with ice from a nearby ice house, bringing the temperature to near the freezing point. Entering the tub, the bather was told to stand upright, with the assurance that there was no danger of his getting a sun-stroke from the effect of the sun's rays on the tank above.

Not to be left entirely alone, one of the leading physicians kept within easy distance to witness the effect. Within the twinkling of an eye, down came the icy cold water like an avalanche. Frozen! It took a half-pint of brandy to thaw the invalid into consciousness, and another half-pint to restore him to his perfect equilibrium!

It used to be said that a good story was like old wine, the older the more delicious its flavor. However, some people prefer the wine to the story, and so the reader can take his choice.

Back in the narrator's boyhood the people used to brag of their inland town being the largest in the United States! But, by gradual degrees, it became a back number, at least as to population! But what other cities could not take from "Old Lancaster" were its religious, social and home life. All depends, then, on what advancement means. If it means the center of the state's largest in-



LANCASTER WATER WORKS AS IT APPEARED ABOUT 1900

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dustries, oftentimes over-capitalized, with strikes following one another at stated intervals, then Lancaster has failed to measure up to its sister cities. No city can excel in everything. Smoke flowing from the tops of furnace-stacks is not at all times an indication that the dwellers are getting the most out of life's comforts. But if they do not, it is largely their own fault in not learning the secret of how to economize. As a rule, however, the great majority of the citizens of Lancaster, while liberal in their expenditures, yet manage to lay something aside for a rainy day. And it is to the middle classes, those who depend upon their daily earnings, that the prosperity of our city depends.

If, then, large industries have been few and far between, our smaller ones furnish employment for hundreds of young men and girls. By some our city has been called a "child-labor" town. Well, as it is no disgrace for young people to work with their hands as well as their brains, no longer exists the line of demarcation separating our citizenship into classes with the rich and well-to-do as in yester olden time, when wealth and social standing was the rule rather than the exception. Our constituency has become one harmonious whole where honest labor receives its just rewards. The wheel of fortune has taken many a turn and twist during the past half century. Today a man may have reached the topmost rung of the financial ladder; tomorrow, seeking alms from those whom he despised but a short time before.

Our people possess one advantage that neither

fortune nor misfortune can altogether eliminate. We have our rich agricultural county, which is a mint in itself, excelled by none in the union of states. Of course, our farmers have learned, through the telephone, newspapers and other avenues, how to feather their own nests. And nothing has contributed more to high prices than our numerous market houses, conveniences to the buyers though they be. One sometimes wonders how prices are so uniformly fixed! It is easily explained. All that is necessary is to keep an eye on the "price fixer," who quietly moves among those with farm products to dispose of. A word, a look, or even the point of the finger, means to add another cent or two to this or that commodity. This may be true to a limited extent.

From whom the farmers learned the art the chronicler cannot say, except that they might have learned it from the city-merchant. Be this as it may, the era of high prices has arrived, nor is it peculiar to Lancaster alone. Of all things, think of matches going up a cent a box with the country full of pine wood! Why, the chronicler's nearby neighbor nearly went into hysteria when she came to look over her grocery-bill to find that matches had taken an upward turn! A dollar or two added to the price of a new spring hat might have been borne with instant and becoming resignation, but a raise in the price of matches, never! And so, why in the world does not the Chamber of Commerce get busy in a busy way? We know that this body of workers are trying to keep the town's name on the map.

We verily believe this body can get almost anything their hearts may desire if they only go about in the right way. Let their slogan be, "Pull together, work together, and stand together" in harmony with all other of the city's other organizations, not to overlook by any means our city fathers, duly representative of the interests of their constituents, that usually pull apart instead of together on most problems that should demand the highest order of statesmanship.

But what is this the minutes of councils of the year 1843 have to show? The announcement by the chairman of the Finance Committee that the census had fixed the town's population at 7,999 came with a shock, with only a slight increase over that of the decade previous. It was only natural for this or that councilman to wonder why the census-enumerator had not made it the even eight thousand!

But when the news reached a coterie of merchants sitting on a slab bench in front of the place of business of one of their number, they had other matters to talk over than the town's growth, whether in extension or population. What they knew, was that they still had the trade of the county as an asset. If a few of the old-time shopkeepers were here in the flesh to testify, their verdict would be that they did not want an influx of strangers to be setting up shops as competitors.

Again, few of the old-time business men could ever have been made to believe that the time was ever to come when business was to be conducted on a "thirty-day" cash basis. With country as well as

with some city people it had been a custom of long standing to settle accounts on the first of every April. And then, after settling up, open another account to be settled a year hence. This was called "financial settlement" day. It took years for the town merchants to break away from former customs. And a blessed thing it is for everybody to pay as he goes!

However, the foregoing are but glimpses of old-time conditions, which for years were stored away in memory's cells, always ready and pleading to find expression. To close this chapter, if you want to be happy, my boys, in your old days, fill your storehouse of memory with plenty of boyhood reminiscences. Crowd out all the evils, with only the pleasing reminders to be making merry over. Of course, this is not meant that either boys or girls in after years should forget their courting days. And last, let a mother's devotional ways remain green and fresh in memory's cells. And, as a parting word, do not forget to place a rose on her grave on "Mother's Day." This may be called sentiment, but without sentiment how cold and dreary would the world be! Think it over, my boys. You will only realize it when you become an octogenarian.

Why, the whole country is being crystallized in one overwhelming sentiment in upholding its rights on land and sea against the encroachment of a dominant oligarchy, and which if allowed to have its sway would domineer the world. Slow to wrath, who knows what may happen before this volume reaches the public eye?

CHAPTER XVI

SOCIETY OF MASTER MECHANICS FOR THE POOR BOYS OF LANCASTER

SELDOM if ever do we hear mention made of the "poor boys of Lancaster." This may be for the reason that there are comparatively few poor boys in this city at the present time compared with the number in years gone by.

Today, nine boys out of ten, if at all so disposed can find something to do. Every now and then one can see in a window, "A boy wanted to run errands." And the supply is seldom equal to the demand, and this, notwithstanding the fact that the telephone has largely taken the place of boys as message bearers.

Along in the middle forties and fifties what were called poor boys were allowed to run the streets, many attending the lower grades of schools until they were well up in their teens unless fortunate enough to be apprenticed to a trade to be known as bound boys.

It is from the minutes of councils of January 18, 1843, we note the following: "Whereas, The Mechanic's Society of City and County have, with most praiseworthy efforts, aided by the contribution of its members and others, erected a spacious Hall for the dissemination of knowledge by public lectures

and otherwise, therefore, be it resolved that the same be exempt from payment of taxes for city purposes."

Merely relieving the society from payment of taxes by councils was not anything unusual. The important question is how came the Society of Master Mechanics to be established? It was written by the biographer of the Rev. Augustus Muhlenberg that, in the spring following his advent into the city, he was instrumental in calling a meeting of citizens interested in the formation of a public library. And that out of this assemblage grew the "Society of Master Mechanics" for the benefit of the town's deserving poor.

This "hall" was as famous in its day, and as well known as is the Y. M. C. A. of the present time, but differed in the class of boys admitted to its rooms for instruction, usually the sons of mechanics serving as apprentices. At the time mentioned, when a boy entered, he was expected to serve his time. If he happened to run away, escape was not so easy. He was as a rule captured. If he entered any one of the trades, where machinery was the exception rather than the rule, he began at the bottom and gradually worked himself into a first-class journeyman and taken in the union of Master Mechanics.

In this later twentieth century, a boy of any get-up soon catches on to one particular line of work, especially in that of the electric. And it is astonishing how readily he finds employment, and at a weekly wage greater than a trained mechanic received back in the days before schools and colleges were as numerous as at the present day.

As for girls, their chances of earning a living have been enhanced a hundred fold. Scores of the gentler sex, instead of wedding, have become wedded to the typewriter. Enter any business office, and the jingling of the keys goes merrily on with nimble fingers. Having at last come by their own in the world of competition, they have made their boy friends stand up and take notice, that while they are still in the matrimonial market, they are not sitting down awaiting a proposal, maybe, later on, to make a living for both!

Again, there never was a time in the history of Lancaster or any other city when there was so much employment at the disposal of young women. It is not so many years ago when domestics could be had without even an advertisement in any of the daily newspapers. Now they fix their own wages per week; and, what is more, they are always in demand, wages being a minor consideration. The girl problem has given mothers more concern than have the selecting of a summer's wardrobe. But how to overcome the trouble is yet an unexplained question of domestic housekeeping. The needy meet on the street, in the churches, at their socials, and the first question is, "Can't you tell me of a good girl?" Some sell out, move into an apartment house, and, after a six-months, wish themselves back again in their former homes, even if they have to do their own cooking, house-cleaning and other chores! But what's the remedy? There is none but to grin and bear it. Women have their alternative of remaining in single blessedness, or of marrying men

who can be made to do the cooking themselves. It is a sad condition, and one the narrator almost wishes he had not entered upon, compelled as he is to bear up under the same kind of household worries. However, with the minutes of councils as a diversion, the octogenarian can thrust all minor troubles aside. Again resorting to the records of January, 1847, we find "Be it ordered that the Committee on Finance take up and destroy certificates of loan of all denomination under five dollars, issued by the city of Lancaster, amounting to \$45,376.19."

From the foregoing it would seem that the city had outstanding in small currency a pretty large amount during times of stringency of the money market. But in due time specie payment was resumed down until the breaking out of the war between the North and the South, when gold and silver for the second time found a resting place in the vaults of the banks. And who among the wisest of the wise men of the nation knows how soon fractional currency may again come in these times of war and rumors of war?

Previous to the year 1840 all money from any and every source went into a common fund, making it impossible for the public to know how much came from water rent or how much from property tax. From that time on water tax has been kept separate and apart from monies derived from other sources. For keeping all funds as a whole, there may have been a cause in not allowing it to become known in how far water receipts had fallen below expenditures for this staple alone. Bookkeeping at the time had

not become a science like today, nor the expense as great, needing a treasurer, controller, and a half dozen clerks, such as are to be found in all city departments at the present time. But as good book-keeping is as necessary as good housekeeping, why even intimate that these overworked officials are not earning their salaries?

During these years of slow industrial development, it is well to note how many men of means were holders of certificates of city loan. Of a list of sixty subscribers the Finance Committee's report shows, during the forties, \$175,007.62, passing into the hands of the well-to-do, drawing six per cent. interest. One subscriber alone held \$50,000. If doubters there were as to the city's ability to redeem these loans, this investor was not one of the pessimists, ever and at all times ready to foresee some dire calamity looming in the financial horizon. With nearly all monied men, a six per cent. city bond was more enticing than a certificate bearing double the rate in a manufacturing industry. Another reason for the city's slow development!

As there never has been a time when the councils of Lancaster have not been ready to pay homage to this or that great man, on October 30, 1841, both bodies were hurriedly summoned to act upon the following resolution: "Whereas, Councils have heard with great pleasure that His Excellency, David Porter, Governor of Pennsylvania, will visit the city to-day, Resolved, that we have an undiminished confidence in the administration of Governor Porter, and rejoice that the popular voice has again declared

that he shall be our Chief Magistrate for another three years.

“Resolved, that we together, with the Mayor and Aldermen, wait upon his Excellency on the arrival of the cars, to tender him the hospitalities of the city. Resolved, further, that Messrs. Champneys and Buchanan join in the ceremonies.” This resolution emphasizes the fact that the people of “Old Lancaster” were always and ever ready through their councils to welcome all distinguished citizens, come from whence they might.

Another outburst on the part of councils occurred the same year in making preparations for the parade in honor of William Henry Harrison, “the hero of Tippecanoe,” and popularly known as “the log-cabin” candidate. What rendered the parade so conspicuous was a log cabin on wheels with a live coon fastened on the roof, and a barrel of hard cider standing by the cabin’s open door. Everywhere along the line of parade was sung the song of “Tippecanoe and Tyler Too.” It was a most momentous occasion for the Whigs, their first victory for forty years. And who could have had the audacity to say that the name, “Lancaster” was not then on the map?

Politically, if not industrially, there never has been a time from 1818 down to 1918 that our town’s name has not been on the map! It used to be said, “As go Lancaster city and county, so goes the Union for either one or the other parties.” Men have been known to sacrifice a lucrative business in order to serve their constituents in any capacity

from that of constable, squire, on up to that of president of the United States. And, indeed, why should not all men be willing to help in every way within their means and capacity, in enlarging and beautifying their own home city? To live alone for self and selfish ends and aims, is to live a useless, wasteful life. And here the thought occurs, it is easier to give advice than to practice what one preaches. So, to avoid the billowy waves of too much criticism, the chronicler has an episode to relate as taken from the minutes of councils at the November meeting of 1843.

“Gentlemen of Select and Common Councils. I have the honor to transmit herewith the resolution of the Lancaster, Susquehanna, Slackwater Navigation Company, inviting councils to join in an experimental excursion on Tuesday next.

“Respectfully,

“JOHN MATHIOT, *Mayor.*”

On the day named there arrived from the city of Philadelphia the steamer intended for the purpose of towing on part of the navigation between Lancaster and the Susquehanna. The invitation continued, “The Conestoga Packet Boat will leave Reigart’s Landing in tow of steam at half past eight o’clock, precisely. “LEWIS HURFORD, *President.*”

To this “free junketing expedition” came the prompt reply, “That Councils feel great pleasure in hearing of the arrival of the Steamboat, ‘The Edward Coleman,’ which is to be run on the Conestoga from the city to tidewater, and hail the occur-

rence as indicative of the completion of what they had always believed would be of great benefit to the city and county of Lancaster.

“Councils feel deeply the compliment paid to them, and freely accept, by resolving to meet at their rooms on Tuesday morning at 8 o’clock, to proceed from there to Mr. Reigart’s Landing.” Adopted unanimously by both branches.

It will be recalled that the canal continued with more or less success until the early sixties, before going finally into liquidation.

This, if the narrator may add, is the first resolution passed unanimously by councils since the year 1818, except over the remains of one of their own number. But why should there have been any hesitation, being led to believe, as they were, to partake of the many good things to be had on board the packet boat, “The Edward Coleman,” on their way to the Susquehanna on a beautiful November morning, even if it did require councilmen getting up a little earlier than was their usual custom. Why, we verily believe from personal experience in anticipation of a free “blow-out” to New York, the chronicler would have sat up the entire night, even to miss his breakfast.

The only account of this journey down the winding Conestoga has been taken from a newspaper of that early date, from which a few extracts have been made, to be read by some of the councilmen’s descendants.

“Before the Edward Coleman had gotten up steam, a roll-call registered the nine Select and the fifteen

Common members all aboard on schedule time. As the weather was a little too cool for bathing outwardly in the placid waters of the Susquehanna, our caravan of sightseers were not to be blamed for bathing themselves inwardly from a dozen bottles of champagne at the Company's expense! Then to think of the ample 'spread,' so different from what they had been getting at home! What actually occurred in passing through locks would be to betray confidence. It was late in the day when Safe Harbor was reached, owing to "The Edward Coleman" running out of steam. On our homeward journey, trouble beset us on every hand, requiring the packet boat to be drawn homeward bound by three mules. And now, Mr. Editor, whether any prayers were offered by the returning councilmen is extremely doubtful owing to the fact that they were not prayerfully inclined."

And so ends this chapter—fragments picked up, some out of the minutes of councils, others through the chronicler's storehouse of memory.

From the Intelligencer of May 28, 1844.

STEAMBOAT "CONESTOGA"

The splendid new Iron Steamboat CONESTOGA is now running with regularity and great dispatch between

LANCASTER & PHILADELPHIA,

and will take freight either way at very reduced rates, viz.: Flour at 18½ cents per barrel, delivered in Broad street or any part of Philadelphia. Store Goods 16 cents per 100 lbs. delivered in Lancaster city. Apply to

GEORGE CALDER,
Graeff's Landing, Lancaster.
A. WRIGHT & NEPHEW,
Vine st., Wharf, Philadelphia.

CHAPTER XVII

FIRST MOVE TO BRING GAS INTO THE CITY VERY DISCOURAGING

So much occurred during the forties as to cause the chronicler to pause and consider whether more time has not been given to matters of secondary importance rather than to such others having to do with the city as a growing municipality. But all readers are not interested alike. There is the human side apart from the historical, and it is to meet this diversity of opinion the chronicler has endeavored to interest in the volume's pages.

Mention of the railroad, water and gas, how would you, my reader, like to dispense with the automobile, trolley and parlor coach and go back to the slow-going stage? As to water, filtered, how would you like to go to the pump for your daily supply? In mention of light, the chronicler does not believe there is any one in Lancaster willing to exchange gas or electricity for the candle, fat lamp or oil with the danger of an explosion. Such were the conditions less than a century ago. Did the people welcome the incoming of the railroad? The majority may have; others, counting the cost, demurred. When it was proposed to bring the water from the Conestoga, a like condition prevailed, only in a more pronounced form. At last, when it was proposed to

illuminate the streets and houses with gas, did the citizens rise up in their might to welcome it as a godsend? No! wrapped in their former customs, habits and traditions, a goodly number met in town-meeting with the result to follow.

At a meeting of councils, November 7, 1842, came a petition signed by numerous citizens, praying said bodies to grant to "The Lancaster City Gas Company" the right to lay pipes into the city. With this, came a message from Mayor Mathiot: "Gentlemen: The undersigned, for and behalf of the Lancaster City Gas Company, respectfully begs leave to state that, in the event of the councils granting the said company the privilege of laying pipes through the streets of the city and distributing the gas, to give the Corporation the right and privilege at any time after twenty years of purchasing and assuming the ownership of the entire works with their appurtenances erected and established by the said company; on the Corporation of said city paying, or securing to be paid to said company the principal cost of said works, and making up the dividends on the stock of said company to six per cent. (should the same fall below that) and ten per cent. on the entire cost for the trouble and expense and responsibility incurred in the establishment of the said Gas Works:

"Signed, JOHN GETZ, on behalf of the company."

This was followed by a protest which, being read, was laid on the table. It is only reflecting public opinion pro and con to say that the townspeople were divided, as they have since been on all new

departures from former customs. As the writer has occasion to know, being chairman of the Lamp Committee at the time the electric light came to take the place of gas, his position was not by any means a bed of roses. And among the most strenuous dissenters were the owners of gas stock. This self interest unfortunately has always loomed up, and at times among councilmen who make city affairs secondary to their own selfish desires. All cities might become models of perfection if it were not that so many councilmen have axes to grind and in what they consider perfectly fair means in guarding their personal holdings from injury.

However, at a meeting following an ordinance was read three times and passed, giving the company the right to lay pipes through the city, provided it be done within two years. On the principle that you can lead a horse to the water-trough but you can't make him drink, so, while the company was given the right under certain restrictions, not even councils had the authority to make the people use it for house lighting.

Much of the opposition came from the dealers in oil with which the lamps had been filled, and to be lighted only during the dark of the moon. As there was not any weather bureau to tell when nights were to be cloudy and when clear, the lamp-lighters continued to obey instructions by glancing the almanac over.

It will be observed that, while councils permitted the gas company to lay its pipes, it did not take kindly to purchasing the plant after twenty years.

And why? Had not councils helped bring the railroad into the city? And, furthermore, had not the municipality built the water works? And yet, as these older heads reasoned, they had still the candle and oil lamp to fall back upon. It would be interesting to know how many years it took to persuade housekeepers to resort to gas; also, to get the city to light its streets with gas. And it was only after a special offer was made in a reduction, that a few of the prominent avenues were thus lighted.

It would seem there is always something to engage the chronicler's attention. At a councilmanic meeting, January, 1842, it was resolved "That three members from Select, three from Common, with a like number of citizens be appointed to meet a committee of members of Congress to make an examination of the waters of the Conestoga whereon to establish a 'National Foundry.'" Where or at what point this foundry was to be located or its purpose, no further mention was made at any future meeting, nor did any committee arrive.

Once more must mention be made of the "City Scales," first located at the southwest corner of Duke and Orange streets on the vacant plot where now stands the Pennsylvania Business College. From the upper part of the scale's house extended a beam, on the end of which hung the steelyards. When a load of coal was to be weighed, as per requirement, it was driven on the platform and the horses unhitched; then by means of pulley and tackle, up went the load, the weight taken by the weigh-master. Later, along came the empty wagon

undergoing the same process. At the time all coal was weighed by the city to make sure customers were getting the proper weight of twenty-two hundred and forty pounds as a ton. Since those early days, dealers in coal do their own weighing on platform scales at two thousand pounds per ton, or at so much per pound, and no questions asked by the consumer as to price per ton or weight.

Along about this time the Finance Committee was greatly annoyed over petitions from fire companies, praying for financial assistance. This caused the chairman to declare, "There are now in the city more fire companies and more firemen than under any circumstances can ever be required. Experience has shown that this excess of fire engines has produced very great confusion, but, what is more to be feared, retarded and interfered with their usefulness. It would, to say the least, be the height of folly, even with an overflowing treasury, to encourage any increase in the number of engines, already completely organized and equipped.

"Persons composing what they call the 'Columbia Hose' company well knew before they associated themselves together that their company was entirely unnecessary. Besides, it behooves councils to discountenance everything productive of evil, and we can conceive of none greater than a useless, super-numerary number of fire companies!" And the "Columbia Hose" Company did not get an appropriation! What an uproar the chairman's speech created among the members is not referred to in the councils' proceedings.

If the members of this disappointed fire company could have looked ahead to this year 1917, to see appropriated for the paid department \$30,000 annually, we can only imagine their astonishment. As the minutes show, the largest yearly appropriation made at any time mentioned was \$350.

Among the communications received was one from Thomas C. Wiley, Collector of City Toll at the railroad, "that from and after this day, all cars loaded or unloaded from the State Siding on Chestnut Street or from any private siding, shall be charged twenty-five cents wharfage for single and fifty cents for double cars for the use of said streets; and that no cars on the streets shall remain there for more than twenty-four hours."

Think of cars standing on Chestnut street from Duke to Water!

Another page encased in black lines indicates the passing of a person of more than usual importance. At this meeting, Tuesday afternoon, June 25, 1845, we find the following memorial resolution: "Whereas, It has been announced to the American people that Andrew Jackson, ex-President of the United States, has departed this life—

"Whereas, This mournful event, although not unlooked for, has caused a deep impression throughout the Nation, indicating a universal disposition to pay merited honors to the memory of the illustrious dead, And Whereas, we the members of the Select and Common Councils of Lancaster City, participated in the general feeling, and are desirous of participating in the general demonstration, suitable

to the sad occasion when the Country sorrows for the decease of one who has so eminently filled the mission of his glory—Therefore, Resolved, that in view of the loss the Nation has sustained in the death of Andrew Jackson, once the leader of her armies, the Head of the country, and chief among her statesmen—we cause our respective chambers to be placed in mourning for six months, and that each individual wear the badge of mourning for sixty days. Resolved, that a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars be appropriated to defray the expenses that may be incurred in the personal obsequies of the late Andrew Jackson.”

At the close of John Mathiot’s eleven years as mayor came Michael Carpenter, who for many years had held the position of Clerk of the Select branch. At the first meeting after his election in 1843, an ordinance was introduced, giving the Conestoga water to a “Cotton Factory at seventy-five dollars per year *so long as said factory shall continue its operations.*”

The petitioners’ request being granted, brought forth the following message from his honor, the mayor: “I object to the adoption to that part of the minutes which relates to the Preamble and Resolution instructing the Water Committee to enter into a contract with a company, giving water at seventy-five dollars per year perpetually, and for the following reasons:

“First, Councils cannot confer on the Water Committee a power which is not granted to itself by its charter:

“Second, Councils cannot authorize the Water Committee by resolution to sell or enter into contract, and bargain away for an unlimited period any part of the city property in which the citizens will thereafter continue to hold an interest:

“Third: Councils cannot pass such a resolution without suspending or repealing the second rule which governs the business and intercourse between the two bodies:

“Fourth: Councils have no power to enact either by resolution or by *ordinance* which will bind up the interests of the community perpetually.

“Fifth: This action on the part of Councils tend to compromise the interests of citizens, and tend to establish perpetuity, a power which no Corporation can possess under the laws of Pennsylvania.

“Sixth: Variance from required order of action is valid grounds for a motion to quash all proceedings had in the premises:

“Seventh: I object to their adoption because they are unjust in their tendency, and will confer rights and privileges to this Company perpetually which are refused and cannot be enjoyed by the rest of its citizens!

“Resolved, that the clerk be authorized and instructed to draw *black* lines around and to expunge forthwith from the Journal all reference to the grant.” This was decided by the president to be out of order when an appeal was taken, and his decision overruled with but one dissenting vote in the negative.

Comment would seem to be unnecessary. All

know what the Councils of Lancaster did less than a score of years ago—they gave in perpetuity a most valuable franchise never to be reclaimed! As the minutes further show, Mayor Carpenter was not opposed to giving aid to this, one of the first cotton mills to be erected, with others to follow. His objection was in giving the right in perpetuity. We all know what a blessing these mills have been, aiding in the building of homes all over the southern and other parts of the city. For nearly seventy years the clicking of their spindles has been heard day in and day out, affording employment to deserving men and women.

Before the year 1840, few new streets had been opened, and it was not until a somewhat later day that property holders had an act passed, reimbursing themselves for land taken in street extensions. Efforts have since been made to have the act repealed. Juries have in many cases awarded damages out of all reason, when it is considered that the benefit accruing to owners in the shape of building lots on both sides of a street. It is not so many years ago that the city had to pay the county over one hundred thousand dollars and which the county had previously assumed. This latter statement has reference to payment made by the city along in the eighties, as the minutes will in all probability show.

If what has already been set forth serves no other purpose than to make councils more careful in guarding the city's interests, it may serve a good purpose. And here the question arises, what is a city? As understood by the average citizen it is

but a heartless corporation owing everybody a living, if not in one way, then in another. To much the city in a suit for damages as against the individual has become a well-established principle in all municipalities. Few there are in the making of their wills ever think of leaving any part of their fortunes for the city's future enlargement and beautifying. We live, grow wealthy out of the advantages the city affords, and then take pleasure in finding fault with things that do not go our way. It is to be hoped in the next succeeding chapter there may be more of the historical, and less of the chronicler's telling other people how to manage their own affairs, public and private. If, however, the narrator's views run counter to the average citizen's, let them be taken for what they are worth, in extracting the grain from the chaff. For after all the community of Lancaster, taken as a whole, has at all times been a law-abiding citizenship. Strikes, as shall be shown, we have had, but seldom if ever have they resulted in any very great disturbance of the public peace. Physically speaking, the soil upon which the townstead was built, has been exceptionally free from upheavals such as have visited cities built along this or that river. Apart from frequent inundations to which other towns have been subjected, our town has had a certain number, but where can it be pointed to that whole blocks have been swept away? Lancaster's safety at least during the past quarter of a century can be attributed to our well-equipped Fire Department. But why shower too much praise before the story is ended?

CHAPTER XVIII

DISMANTLING OF THE OLD JAIL, AND BUILDING OF THE NEW PRISON. JAMES BUCHANAN'S BEQUEST

DISCUSSION having arisen at times as to when the old jail was dismantled and the new prison erected, it may be said it was completed in 1851, and considered at the time a very massive structure, in fact, too stately for evildoers. Built of sandstone, it had a tower one hundred and ten feet high; this, however, was removed years ago, owing no doubt to its becoming top-heavy. As the "Castle" stands it covers about four acres, surrounded on three sides with a wall eighteen feet high, but as has been the case, not high enough to prevent escapes. The cost was \$110,000.

To repeat what may already have been stated, the first crude jail stood at Postletwhait's tavern in which the first court was held in 1729-30. The second log jail was built on the Hamilton plot at the corner of West King and Prince. It answered its purpose until 1774, when it was supplanted by one of stone. This building, familiar to almost everybody from its picture, stood until 1852, when its inmates were transferred to their new quarters on East King near the reservoir.

During the time this structure was being dis-

mantled more than one boy's curiosity was aroused as he strolled here and there even to the dungeon on the lower ground floor. Looking through a crevice a more gruesome sight could not be imagined. And horror increased when told that, years before, a lone prisoner had been allowed to starve to death through the keeper's forgetfulness. Along the side of a rock could be seen where the convict had scraped with his fingers to find a way out or to attract attention. If the story was told to frighten boys, it surely had its effect.

At the January meeting of 1850 a score of petitions were presented, all praying for better pavements and better crossings. One from the Vestry of Saint James' Church asked in humbleness of spirit and meekness of heart for a crossing leading to the opposite sides of the streets. As the male attendance had fallen off, the excuse given no doubt was on account of the street's condition. And good reason had the men at least for being tardy, owing to a report that only a short time previous one of the vestrymen had suddenly disappeared with only his hat remaining to certify to his identification.

Of course, too much credence need not be placed in stories of this kind. And yet, along in the fifties, the streets were an abomination. However, this petition, and also others, was referred to the Street Committee. Being in the winter time, with the commissioner taking things easy until the coming of the June appropriation, the vestrymen had to bear their souls in peace for six months longer.

Waiting for the June appropriation, has been the

excuse down to the present day! For this waiting there may be some justification. It gives the dust a chance to find its way into this or that house, or all of them, instead of being carted away earlier in the shape of mud! Every womanly housekeeper in the city of Lancaster of this year 1917 has had more dust to contend with than all their other worries combined; at least the chronicler has been so informed by one who knows whereof she speaks.

During these years of slow, industrial development, Councils had all kinds of trouble with the Water street run. No sooner had it been arched from a certain point at Orange than along came a freshet, requiring the arching to be done over, all owing to the mistake of the engineer in making the culvert too small.

Coming regularly before Councils for a decade was the market house question. In fact, from the year 1730 on down through succeeding years, it was sure to loom up in some shape or another. The Reidenbach property, extending along West King sixty-four feet, thence northward, was about to be purchased for \$20,000, when, owing to the low condition of the treasury, the matter was indefinitely postponed.

It was along about the year 1849 that the following letter reached Mayor Carpenter, and was by him referred to the Select, and concurred in by the Common branch:

"Sir: When I removed from Wheatland to Washington in 1845, I communicated to some of my friends my determination to invest \$4,000 and donate the

accruing interest on the same to the purchase of wood and coal for the use of the poor and indigent females of the city of Lancaster during the winter season. Having often witnessed, with deep sympathy, the suffering of this helpless class of our community, for want of fuel, during periods of severe cold, I thought I could not manifest my gratitude to the benevolent citizens of Lancaster for all their kindness to myself personally in a more acceptable and christian manner than by establishing such a charity. This investment was actually made in April, 1846; and I feel myself greatly indebted to you for having cheerfully and faithfully distributed the interest which has since accrued, among the worthy objects for which it was intended. Hitherto, as you are aware, I have been prevented from placing this charity upon a legal and firm basis, and thereby giving it some degree of publicity for reasons which now no longer exist. The object of this letter is to request you to communicate to the Select and Common Councils that I am prepared to transmit to the city \$4,000 of the certificates of the loan, with interest, this thirtieth June last, as soon as they shall accept the same, and agree to apply the accrued interest thereupon perpetually in the manner already specified.

“Very Respectfully,

“JAMES BUCHANAN.”

This request was gratefully and thankfully accepted by both branches, and a suitable reply sent to Mr. Buchanan. Unless the minutes have been overlooked, this is the first bequest ever given by

anyone for the poor of the city. It bespeaks for the donor much for which the people of Lancaster have cause to be thankful, when we consider that in the forties, four thousand dollars was considered an ample fortune for any person to possess.

This fund has been increasing, but not proportionately as it should have been. The interest of this and other legacies has been carefully guarded and annually dealt out to the town's deserving in which favoritism has no place.

It used to be said in the olden days that a man who owned his one-story house with a little money in bank, was worthy of being congratulated. Only a short time ago the chronicler was shown a pamphlet compiled by the late Luther Richards, containing an estimate of the financial status of the leading men of the city during the middle fifties.

Among the number running from \$1,000 upward, there was only one on the list with a fortune of over \$10,000, and he was considered a millionaire, to use a more modern term. At the present day, fortunes must have a "nully" or two added to make them count for anything above the average. But in many instances, "come easy, go easy" is the rule rather than the exception. Let, then, those in making their wills not forget the deserving poor.

At a special meeting, July 12, 1850, the following preamble and resolution was passed unanimously by both branches of Councils: "Whereas, Councils have heard with deep regret the melancholy and unlooked-for intelligence of the death of Zachary Taylor, late President of the United States, There-

fore be it resolved that, in common with the American people, we deem that his great military training, his high integrity and purity of character have justly endeared him to the people of this Union, and that we deeply deplore his death as a National calamity."

What rendered the above tribute to the memory of General Taylor so appropriate at the time was, no doubt, for three reasons: First, that in 1846 he was known as "Old Rough and Ready," in winning the battle at Resaca la Palma in Mexico.

Second, it was while on his way to the city of Washington to assume the duties of President, that he stopped over in Lancaster for a short time, receiving a royal reception by the populace.

Thirdly, how vividly does the narrator recall how we boys hurried out the Harrisburg pike where, after he had dismounted from the train, we had the pleasure of grasping his hand. He lived but a short time after being inaugurated President. By some it was said the hospitality extended by the goodly people of Lancaster had hastened his death. We know the many good things provided by the people of Lancaster have been responsible for the demise of others, and may have had something to do with President Taylor's sudden ending.

About the year 1852 a recently published volume, entitled "Sketch Book of Pennsylvania," found wide circulation among councilmen, lawyers and others, producing a profound sensation! The part referred to is herein set forth in order to let the people of "New Lancaster" know what the writer thought of the town at the time. The portion

quoted may be found on page 48 of the "Sketch Book," thus relieving the chronicler of the charge of having written the article himself. Again, the narrative admits of every shade of opinion relating to the townstead, not to overlook the fact that some people think that only things complimentary should be written of their ancestors. With this apology, the sketch runs as follows:

"The city has made much improvement. It is now nearly fourteen thousand, whereas, only a few years ago it was but eight thousand. Like many another county-seat, Lancaster has labored under the paralyzing influence of a superfluous population—a population which, whatever its social merits, does nothing but *consume* without contributing to the real production or substantial wealth of a community. The place is literally over-run with professional men, including hordes of smiling, friendly politicians, awaiting their 'turn' for the suffrages of the 'free and independent electors' of the 'Old Guard.' There is no county in the State—there is probably none in the Union—where more interest is manifested in political affairs; at the same time, it must be observed, there is none which has more offices to bestow.

"Lancaster has produced some of the most skilful practitioners in the political arena. Indeed, any one who has graduated from its schools may safely venture forth, relying on his 'tactics.' The learned professions, too, embrace some of the brightest ornaments in the country. Some of its citizens are very rich and could safely invest their capital in objects

conceived in the spirit of taste and liberality; and, with half the talent and energy wasted in political struggles, the town might readily become one of the principal workshops in Pennsylvania.”

How much or how little truth the foregoing contains is for the Chamber of Commerce to ascertain at one of their weekly banquets. Of one sentence the chronicler cannot take issue—“That with half the talent and energy wasted in political struggles, Lancaster might readily have become one of the principal workshops in Pennsylvania.” And yet, as there are two sides to every question, it is not unreasonable to assume that the city could have reached its present status without the great legal minds which, in years gone by, gave the townstead a standing the country over such as no purely industrial center of trade and commerce has ever been known to reach. For, after all, it has been through politics that the nation has achieved its greatest ends and aims—forty-eight states into one glorious union.

We are now to reach the time of the dismantling of the Center Square court house in 1852. That no action was taken by councils against its removal was on account of its being a county building, the ground upon which it stood having been set apart by James Hamilton for the use of a court house only. Like a good many other buildings which have since been removed, it was no longer adapted for the same use it had been when Burgess Hand pictured it in such glowing colors as the “future home for Senators and Representatives.” It had become antiquated,

inwardly at least, although outwardly it was a magnificent structure of architectural design. For sixty-eight years it had stood with its clock striking out the hours of day and night. And within its narrow limits many a brilliant speech had been made by the leading attorneys gathered therein. For years it had been the voting place of the four wards of the city down almost to the time of its removal.

The question has often been asked, Why another new court house was not erected on the same site of the old one? There were many reasons, one, the space being too small, another, that the people did not want the Square encumbered. And yet, few ever imagined the time was to come when it was to be given up to street cars, automobiles and monumental purposes. But the Square is the hub around which the life and inspiration of all classes gather from each of the four sections of nine hundred square miles of our rich agricultural county. "Old Penn Square," as the chronicler loves to call it, owing to its many early associations of boyhood, is the great human reservoir into which the trolley cars pour their daily influx of shoppers and sight-seers. No longer as in days gone by exists the antipathy between city and country people, as during our childhood, when the cry went out, "The town for the town's people, the country for those who till the soil." The line of demarcation has been eliminated almost entirely, and people of all classes mingle together. And what has become so strikingly apparent, no longer are we able to discriminate between the girls from the country and



THE OLD COURT HOUSE

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those of the city. Almost every Saturday has become a "Whitmonday" as it was known in the olden time. Fair week comes along yearly, with the circus for boys to make merry over! And who would exchange Lancaster for any other city in the union of states? If our people lack in anything, it is in sentiment. Only in certain parts where new residences have been erected have the dwellers displayed any sense of propriety in beautifying their homes with lawns and other attractions. The ungainly board fence still stands, leading strangers to the opinion that the people of Lancaster want to be fenced in from their neighbors. These dividing obstructions ought to be removed, if for no other reason than for the high price of lumber in keeping them in repair, not to mention the quantity of lime required and the cost of whitewashing annually.

However, there is one thing for which the people of both *old* and *new* Lancaster have ever had a loving regard—trees, and the older, the more valued they become. But in their selecting, little attention has been paid to the kind planted: The speedy growing poplar or the silver maple that sends its roots as far underground as its branches are above, are planted without regard to either symmetry or length of service.

And here, another thought: What every city needs is a commission on the selection of trees for shade fronting the town's houses. In the backyards fences may be necessary, to keep bad boys from encroaching on the luscious fruit, which is not half as plentiful as when orchards abounded with every

variety from the Rambo and Smokehouse, to the Grindstone apple which was not to be despised after being dug up in the spring and as mellow as a peach.

Only a very few can recall "Bobby" Fultz' and "Freddy" Hensel's apple orchards! And the boy who did not pay these a frequent visit by crawling over a high fence during the "good old summer time," was not deserving the honor of being dubbed an all-round happy youngster! What matter it if caught astraddle, with one side of his anatomy hanging perched on the inside, the other on the outside of the high fence, where stood the owner with paddle in hand. But you know the rest, my boys! However, the owners of apple, peach and cherry orchards were more considerate during the good old days; they never stretched a line of barbed wire along the line of their fences, maybe for the reason that barbed wire had not come into general use!

The chronicler has just read of a twentieth-century boy who, being caught on the topmost twig of a pear tree with pear in hand, was asked by the owner what he was doing there. To this silly question he made reply, "Say, mister, as I found a pear on the ground, I am just trying to tie it on."

Another story that comes to mind: Walking along a road, a man was asked where he was going? Returning a short time later, and asked what had caused him to return so soon, came his witty reply, "I have been all over the farmer's farm, and findin' all the fences made of wire, I soon concluded that a wire fence was no place for a tired man to rest!"

Speaking of boys, what in all conscience have become of the innumerable number of ginger-horses, artistically decorated by the ginger-horse artist? The best known known during later years was "Toodler," whose business was that of "ginger-horse decorator." It has been said that he died from eating too many of the broken ones!

Another query! What have become of all the "love letters" done up in tissue paper, each containing a little square "goodie"? We think we know where the few lines of verse went—to the girl friends, while the goodies went the way of all delicacies!

Oh, it is a funny world, is it not? No! the world is all right. It is the many funny boys living in it that makes it so funny! We have just learned of a most indulgent father who, on taking his own Willie aside before starting for school, said most affectionately, "Willie, remember, you are to be home promptly this evening, otherwise you will have to go to bed without your supper in missing the picture-show"! It was well after the sun had set when poor, tired Willie entered, to be met by the enraged father, who exclaimed, "Now, my son, go your way to your room!" Turning, the obedient Willie replied, "Say, Dad, if I take a lickin', won't you take me to the picture-show?" And to the show they went to see the pictures.

But Willie is not to be blamed for being an all-round boy. It takes just such active, forceful lads to make the all-round men. Have you ever thought, my dear worrisome mothers, what an insipid world this would be without at least one Willie in the

family? They are necessary evils, except in time of war, when they are called upon to do service for Uncle Sam to save their daddies from going! As we all know, the war of the sixties was won largely by the boys! And who knows what is likely to happen again? And as for the girls, they are just as patriotic today as were the Daughters of the Revolution and, later, during the Civil War.

A little sentiment woven into the narrative! Well, how could it be otherwise, after meeting the champions of the "Red Cross" Fund? It is the greatest charity ever given by mortal man since the beginning of the world!

With a councilmanic record book lying within reach, the chronicler's eyes take in a transcript of the first engraved bond ever issued by the city of Lancaster, bearing date, 1851:

"CITY OF LANCASTER, STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA:

"Know all men by these presents that the city is indebted to bearer, in the sum of five hundred dollars lawful money of the United States of America, which sum the city does agree well and truly to pay to said or bearer on the day of in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred in the city of Lancaster, with interest at the rate of per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually on the first day of January and July in each year on delivery of the annexed coupon at the office of the Treasurer of the city of Lancaster."

In issuing this bond series, it was ordered that it

be embellished with appropriate design and vignette at a cost "not exceeding \$400." The bond was engraved in Philadelphia.

If, then, the few holders were kept busy in clipping off coupons at certain intervals, think of the busy time all holders of the "Liberty Bonds" will have along in June and December! It will enhance the price of scissors everywhere among the millions of bond-holders. But as we close this chapter, why, it may be asked, should not the price of scissors go up, like everything else under high heaven! There is only one thing in going up will find few objectors—the price of the "Liberty Bonds." And up they will go as reward to those who have gone to the nation's rescue in the hour of its greatest danger. All glory, then, to the champions of the "Red Cross" Fund!

CHAPTER XIX

REMOVAL OF COUNCILS AND COURT FROM THE COURT HOUSE TO FULTON HALL

It is a well-established fact, quoted from the records of councils that, from 1818 down to 1855, this body was never known to meet in the city hall, their present place of meeting. As a rule their meeting place was in one of the upper rooms of the Center Square court house. It was there Christian Kieffer was elected for the second time, the sixth mayor in joint convention. The oath was administered by Judge Long in the presence of councilmen, officials and others. This meeting, as the records show, was held Tuesday, February 8, 1853.

As the time was fast approaching when the court house was to be removed, other quarters had to be sought, not only for councils, but for the Court as well. The following preamble and resolutions were read severally and adopted by both councils, to wit:

“Whereas, the Commissioners of Lancaster County have advertised for public sale on the eighth day of March next the building known as the Court House in the city of Lancaster at the junction of King and Queen Streets: And Whereas, the ground upon which said Court House is erected is situated in the middle of Center Square, and was given by the proprietors to certain persons in trust for the County

of Lancaster for the erection of a court house to accommodate the public service of said County and for the ease and convenience of the said inhabitants thereof and others having occasion to repair thither: And Whereas, the said County Commissioners have no right, claim or title to the ground occupied by the said court house except to use it as a court house and for no other purpose—

“Therefore be it resolved by the Select and Common Councils of the city of Lancaster that the Mayor and presidents of councils be and they are hereby instructed to attend said sale and give public notice that the councils of the city of Lancaster in behalf of the people of said city and county of Lancaster claim the ground upon which said court house is built and that any persons who may bid for the same will do so at their peril.”

On examining the minutes of the County Commissioners, we find that they did order the Court House removed “immediately after the Court of Quarter Sessions and Common Pleas have concluded their Sessions.” And further, “That all courts be held in Fulton Hall until the new court house is completed. And that the County Commissioners pay Mr. Hager five dollars per day for all Courts held in Fulton Hall, he to furnish sufficient light, and the County to pay for the fuel.”

That this meeting of February 8 was the last ever to be held in the court house is verified by a personal note affixed to the minutes by James C. Carpenter, for a score of years the efficient clerk of Select Councils:

He made this record: "This is the last meeting to be held in the old court house, commencement of tearing down the fixtures on the lower floor, preparatory to its final removal, having already begun."

Signed, "JAMES C. CARPENTER, *Clerk of Select Councils.*"

Singular as it may seem, this is also the last entry in the minute book closing February 8, 1853. The clerk must have been overcome with a feeling of sadness as he heard the sound of workmen engaged in desecrating this olden-time temple of justice. But these employees, he well knew, were only doing their duty under instructions of the commissioners.

There are many stories concerning the use made of the material, some of the ornaments going to the new home of Newton Lightner, with others carried off by souvenir searchers for anything old. It has been said that the four-face clock was for a time in use in the belfry of the new court house, the corner stone of which was laid August 23, 1852, and, of course, not ready for occupancy by the courts until fully a year or two later. This accounts for their going to Fulton Hall during the interval elapsing, as has been stated.

That the County Commissioners did order the building to be torn down is not to be questioned; nor was it against its removal that Councils protested; it was the *ground* upon which it stood that the Commissioners were warned not to dispose of at public sale—that to do so would be at the purchaser's peril. It is evident from what has already been referred to that, after the building's removal,

the county had lost all right in the spot except whereon to build another court house.

Having settled the question of right and ownership of the soil upon which the court house stood and which could not be carried away, we are now to draw from the minutes of Councils certain data relating to the ownership of city hall, spoken of at times by councilmen as the "State House," no doubt on account of its stately appearance.

From the time it was erected down to 1854, it was occupied by county and state officials. In fact, it had become a question no longer in dispute, that, being built out of county funds, the city had no legal right to it or to any other part of the "one hundred and twenty feet square" which took in all of the space within this area including the market house over which Blue Lodge built their rooms in 1798, also the space on which the present market house stands, erected along in the eighties of the past century.

The narrator is prepared to state what occurred at a meeting of Councils, July 10, 1854, in their temporary quarters in Fulton Hall.

"Resolved by the Select and Common Councils that the Mayor be instructed to negotiate with the County Commissioners for the absolute grant, bargain and sale of title and interest of the said County of Lancaster, of and in the property situate on the North West angle of West King and Market Square in said city, to embrace all the ground and buildings now used for county purposes for a consideration not exceeding the sum of six hundred and fifty

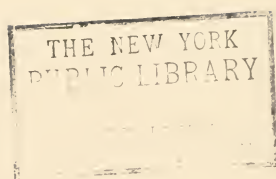
dollars, payable on the execution and delivery of a sufficient deed of conveyance."

While the chronicler has not come into possession of the deed of conveyance, what happened at a meeting of Councils September 12 following, will make clear that the deed was signed and delivered to the mayor of the city, otherwise, "Mr. Wise of the special committee would not have been appointed to prepare plans for the alteration of city hall." He reported at another meeting, "That, after examination, they recommend the removal of the large stacks and fire places in the building and heating it with a furnace in the cellar; that the third story be fitted up for the Council Chamber, and each chamber to be provided with necessary desks and chairs to accommodate the members—the east room, designed for Common Council, to have 24 seats and desks, President chair with appropriate desk and fixtures, and place for clerk and reporter in order to accommodate the meeting of both bodies in convention.

"That the second story would not be suitable for Councils, being more within the reach of noise around the building, and could be rented for other purposes—That the east room of the lower story would make an excellent and commodious post office, with little alteration. The west room could be made into a comfortable Mayor's office, and portions of the cellar-way might be converted into a lock-up, all at the expense not exceeding one thousand dollars." This was concurred in by Common Councils.



CITY HALL AS IT APPEARED IN 1855



At a meeting, October 20, following, it was ordered that "The Presidents of Select and Common Councils be authorized to sign bonds of a city loan to the amount of seven hundred dollars, and that the sum of \$650 thereof be applied to purchase the aforesaid State House and buildings, and the balance to be paid into the treasury."

With the purchase and fitting up of city hall, at the same October meeting, another loan of \$5,000 was authorized "to pay and complete the four new market houses in course of erection, and that the Mayor be instructed to negotiate a loan on the best terms possible." This was followed by the report of the committee on the new market houses stating that the expenditures, including the price paid for the several properties to this time, amounted to \$43,846, and that the receipts, including the special appropriation of \$40,000, were \$42,125, leaving a deficit of \$1,725.

The properties referred to were eleven in number, used for various purposes. However, this new market house must not be confused with the present brick structure standing in the place of the one long since removed, costing \$40,000. Nor has it reference to the building over which Blue Lodge have their rooms.

At a meeting, January 10, 1854, it was ordered by Councils, "that arrangement be made with H. M. Reigart, postmaster, to get the post office in the building adjoining that of the Mayor's new quarters-to-be. Also, that any part of city hall not otherwise engaged be let for exhibition purposes

until such time as alterations be made for the convenience of Councils and other departments of the town government."

The first organization to ask permission to meet in an upper room of city hall was the Young Men's Christian Association, and which was granted.

At a convention of Councilmen held in Fulton Hall, February 3, 1855, Jacob Albright was elected the seventh mayor, and sworn into office by Judge Hayes.

On March 3, as the records show, the Mayor, Councils and other officials of the town government went from Fulton Hall to their new permanent quarters in city hall, where they have resided officially ever since down to the incoming year 1918. But the end is not yet; it was at a meeting, December 23, 1856, that the property committee reported that they "had rented the room to the postmaster, H. B. Swarr, for a term of four years at the same price Mr. Reigart had been paying, to be used as a post office and nothing else."

Postmaster Swarr held the office under Mr. Buchanan until 1861, when Mr. John J. Cochran was appointed by President Lincoln.

Of the twenty-two postmasters in the borough and city of Lancaster, the first was Samuel Turbett in 1790. He was succeeded by the following: John Stone, Henry Wilcox, William Hamilton, George Moore, his wife Ann, Mary Dickson, George W. Hammerly, H. M. Reigart, Hiram B. Swarr, John J. Cochran, H. W. Hager, Ellen H. Hager, James H. Marshall, H. E. Slaymaker, Elwood Griest,

John E. Malone, Elwood Griest, Adam C. Reinoehl, S. Clay Miller, H. L. Trout, Louis W. Spencer, the present postmaster.

As has already been referred to, we have no means of knowing where or in what building the first post-office was held in 1790. However, it was not during the whole of these one hundred and twenty-nine years that the delivery man was in evidence. For years there were no postage stamps like at the present day for souvenir collectors or no government envelopes. And yet, people are not satisfied to rest over the Sabbath. What the letter carrier did not bring them on Sunday, they called for at the office-window until Uncle Sam concluded to give the over-worked officials a day's rest to attend church service.

Whether the officials are underpaid or overpaid we do not know. What all have reason to know is that they are most welcome visitors, provided there be a ring at the door-bell at least three times daily. During years gone by they were usually handed a small stipend on each Christmas. It used to be the same with the newspaper carrier lad, and who, after handing in his almanac souvenir embellished with a picture, received sometimes a nickel, at others, a dime, and from the kindly disposed a quarter or, maybe, a half dollar. And since we come to think it over, these free-givers have never been forgotten by once newsboys. So, in closing this chapter, do not fail to be kindly disposed toward the boys! They, as a class, have long memories, and seldom forget favors to buy goodies with! All boys have appetites for goodies! And it is better that coppers

go for these delicacies than to burn a hole in their pockets. Again, before closing, have you ever thought why boy trousers have pockets anyway? Dress a six-year old in pantaloons without pockets and you can imagine the result. They are not simply to be filled with slate pencils, a jackknife and other worthless odds and ends, but with paddy cakes and ginger horses! Every school ought to have a paddy cake shop in which goodies are dealt out instead of too much of the non-essentials of the present-day school room curriculum.

CHAPTER XX

LANCASTER JOCKEY CLUB. TWO-FORTY ON THE PLANK ROAD FOR SPEEDERS

IF anyone is predisposed to the opinion that clubs of any and all kind are peculiar to this twentieth century, and particularly to "New Lancaster," his opinion must undergo change after reading of the "Gentlemen's Jockey Club," one of "Old Lancaster's" famous organizations. It was started as far back as the year 1830 by the town's sporting fraternity.

Its rules and regulations would lead one to suppose that its members were imbued with a desire to improve conditions which had hitherto prevailed among the drivers of fast horses. Printed in pamphlet form, the club's rules were set forth as follows:

"For the encouragement and breed of fine horses, which all experience has proved is best promoted by occasional trials of speed and strength; and for the prevention of that vicious dissipation, which is too common on such occasions, unless the races are under the direction of an association, empowered and determined to prevent it by the exhibition races respectably conducted. The subscribers therefore agree to unite and form a society which shall be stiled 'The Lancaster Jockey Club' for the encouragement of the breed of fine horses."

For the preservation of harmony and good order, as the twenty-two rules and articles of the club indicated, it consisted of one hundred members with an annual fee of ten dollars, payable in advance. Its membership was not confined alone to Lancaster. It included the owners of fast horses from various sections of other states known for their respectability and standing.

As only a few of the club's provisions need be mentioned, these ran as follows: "The officers shall have entire control over the place where the races may be given, and it shall be the special duty of the officers to prohibit all gambling; that no cards, dice, tables, boards or cloths of any kind or description, shall be suffered. No member shall suffer any gambling on his horse, or within the sphere of his control.

"Every rider at starting must be dressed neatly and cleanly, in boots or half boots, leather or nankeen breeches or pantaloons, white shirt, jockey cap and silk jacket, with sleeves; in default thereof, the horse, mare or gelding, to be rode by such rider, shall not be permitted to start. And if two or more riders shall appear dressed in the same uniform, the rider of the first horse entered shall have preference. And the time between heats shall be twenty minutes for mile heats, twenty-five for two-mile heats, thirty for three-mile heats, and forty for four-mile heats. The Judges shall give the word, 'Are you ready'?

"The course shall measure one mile, and the following shall be the weight to be carried, viz.,

Aged horses 126 lbs.; six year old, 120; five year old, 112, four year old, 102, three year old, 88. The Stewards shall provide a good set of scales with good weights, for the use of the club. After the races are over, the result shall be published in the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, and in the papers of Lancaster.

“Riders, jostling, whipping each other, or each other’s horses, is foul riding; and every rider guilty of infringing the rules, shall be deemed distanced, and the rider rendered incapable of riding any nag, for any prize of this association.”

For many years this was known as “The Lancaster Gentlemen’s Jockey Club” composed of all reputable owners of fast horses. Where or in what part of the city the club’s race track was located, we have no means of knowing. Enough has been shown, however, that it might have continued down to the early fifties when “The Manheim, Petersburg and Lancaster Plank Road Company” came to throw a halo of glory over the spirits of all owners of fast horses.

It was on September 13, 1852, that a committee was appointed by Councils to “ascertain on what terms a settlement could be made between said company and the city growing out of the condition of North Queen street over which the plank road extended to James.”

The plank road! Of course, it was not a turn-pike, but it was built beside one, extending clear through to the old town of Manheim, pretty much as the trolley at the present day along other pikes.

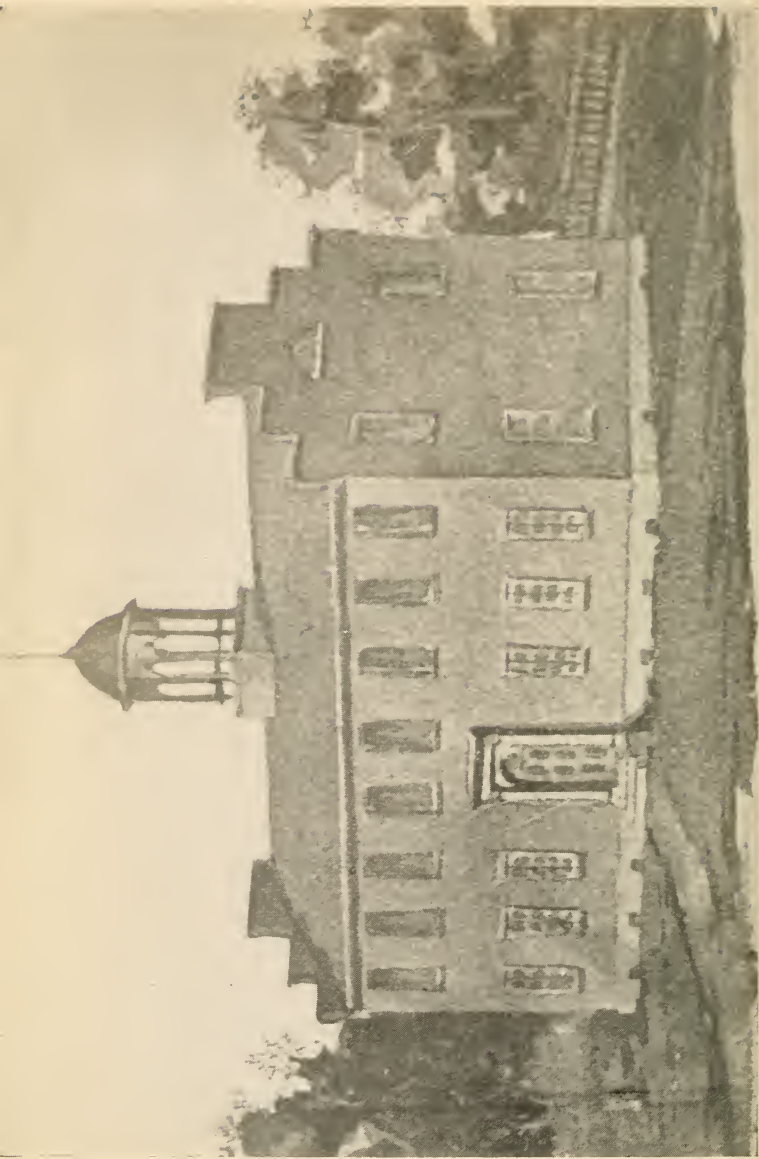
Most elderly people have no doubt heard the once familiar expression, "Two-forty on the Plank Road"! When it was first conceived, it was looked upon by some of the older members of the "Jockey Club" with unmixed pleasure. And now a word or two as to how it was constructed. Planks nine or ten feet long and two inches thick were laid on stringers with turnouts to avoid a collision. But, at last, as the planks began to flare up at their ends, the sporters' joys came to an untimely end. And so ended the "two-forty" on the plank road leading to the town of Manheim.

Years later came the electric car, to be followed by the automobile, the greatest champion for good roads the world has ever seen since the dawn of history. Their only disadvantages are the habit of stirring up the dust, and turning turtle occasionally after striking a trolley pole. Whether poles were planted to be struck, we have no means of knowing. That they are struck, all drivers of cars well know. They seem to have a peculiar fascination for striking poles in turning out in giving up the middle of the road to some obstreperous farmer in his dear-born. At times an automobile has been known to go tearing through a gate, and all for the saving, not the toll, but to see how far they can go with the least consumption of gasoline!

It used to be said that the man who rode in a sulky was always in danger of the axle breaking in the center, causing the two wheels to grasp the lone rider back of the ears. Again, even in ye olden times a stage coach was liable to overturn,

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FRANKLIN COLLEGE

spilling its passengers into a ditch. So, things have never been so bad but that they might not be worse! No! nothing can be worse than to be scared out of one's wits by the blowing of the abominable auto-horn!

It is at times pleasing to note how the proceedings of Councils have always something *old* yet *new* to suggest. And now, ye young students of Franklin and Marshall, give eye to what is to follow. It was on the 25th of July, 1854, that the Select and Common Councils met by invitation to "join in procession with the Trustees and patrons of the college to their new home in the Northwestern part of the city."

The old brick college from which the procession started stood on Lime Street opposite where stood the Schroeder mansion. At the time, more than sixty years ago, people wondered what had ever possessed the management to locate so far out in the country! And country it was to all intents and purposes. But not so today! By some it was intimated that the trustees wanted to get their students out of the hurly-burly of town-life. For a time the college stood almost alone on an extended plot. But it was not long until came residences with macadam roads and well-laid pavements along the thoroughfares. And who can predict what another six decades may have in store for Franklin and Marshall with its bathing resort during the summer and a skating rink during the winter. Known as "Buchanan Park," what a magnificent resort it has become, even if it did cost one hundred

thousand dollars of the taxpayers' money! It might have gone for a less useful purpose!

In closing this chapter, the chronicler has a letter before him from a gentleman who was born in "Old Lancaster" in the year 1834, at present a resident of the Cumberland Valley. Never having met the writer, its contents at once reawakened an interest in the life and career of Mr. Stevens.

"Having read your 'Cherished Memories,' kindly loaned the writer by one of your city friends, it was after learning of your intention to write a narrative of the town of my birth, that prompted one of over four-score to relate an episode or two which are at your disposal, provided there is still room for what the relater has had stored in memory since a boy in his teens. And since your lady-readers seldom read a book without a love story woven therein, one shall be told occurring back in the middle forties. As it goes, there resided on Mulberry Street opposite Shreiner's graveyard, a most beautiful young lady with many admirers among the young men of the town. If all were persistent in their attentions, there was one among the number who persisted in outdoing his rivals for the hand and heart of one who shall be designated Miss Maggie Remson.

"For a fortnight the ardent young lover was always on hand, and at such an early evening hour as to turn all the rest of his rivals homeward bound. Having at last popped the question to Miss Maggie, with what he considered a favorable response, made or implied, off one cold, snowy December evening,

he ran his way, never stopping until he had reached the parsonage of the Rev. Glessner, favorably known at the time, beloved by all who knew him well and intimately.

“Telling him of his mission, away together they went through the storm to the young lady’s residence. Reaching the knob of the door, to the lover’s surprise, he found it locked to all outside intruders. Rap, rap! No response came from within. Moments followed as they stood shivering from the cold wind with the temperature near the zero-point.

“At last, kneeling and placing his lips to the key hole, he called in pitiful tone, ‘Maggie! Maggie, why don’t you open the door? Don’t you know the parson is here to tie the marriage knot?’ As no reply came, with the light burning brightly within, and the parson shivering without, he continued his pleadings, ‘Oh, you cruel Maggie, You’ll repent of this sooner or later!’ With this threat falling on the ears of Miss Maggie, at last the door flew wide open. Entering the parlor, it was found deserted with no prospective bride in evidence. At last, in she stepped, and as the ceremony was about to be performed, turning on her heel she haughtily exclaimed, ‘I-am-not-going-to-get-married-this-evening. I have changed my mind, so I have!’

“What followed is a scene indescribable, as the disconcerted young lover, on bent knee, implored her to change her mind. This, after some pleading, she did, still manifesting her former haughty demeanor.

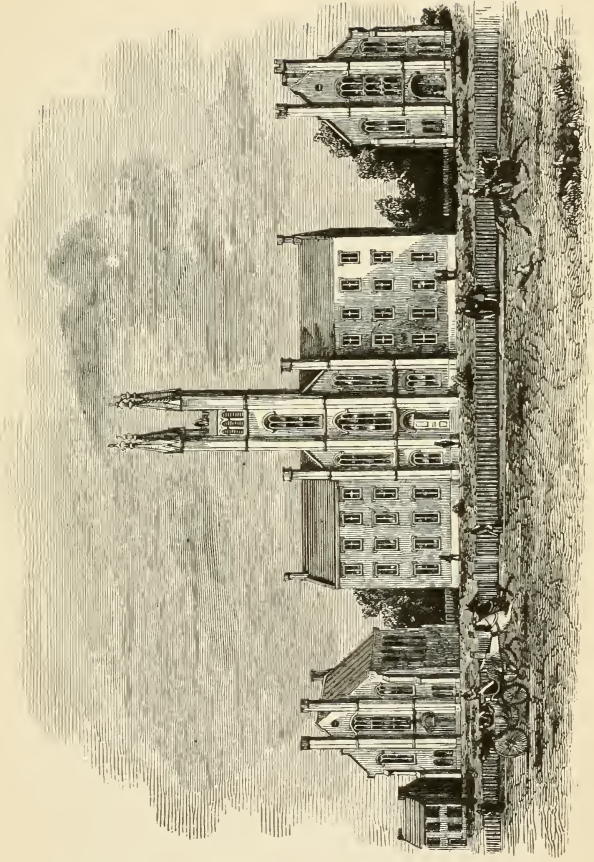
“Stepping forward, the Rev. Glessner exclaimed

in low, sympathetic tone, 'Since you, Miss Maggie, have changed your own mind so suddenly, I have also changed mine. The reason I have to give is, that after the wedding ceremony you may want to change it again in seeking a divorce. But listen to reason. Dry your tears. Calm yourselves. If two weeks hence both are of the same mind, come to my parsonage, and I will perform the marriage ceremony.'"

As the Rev. Glessner was later overheard to say: "At the appointed hour they came as happy as two children; and so, happily they went their way, not by any means forgetting the marriage-fee." But the sequel is to follow: For some years they lived together, when the end came; both being laid to rest in Shreiner's graveyard.

"And now to the sequel: Later, after returning from the war, it was my pleasure in visiting the city of my nativity, to go strolling through this almost abandoned graveyard in looking up the tombs of the departed Maggie and her husband when my eyes took in the monument of another I had seen many a time in the Penn Square court house. Recalling as it did pleasing reminiscences of other days, homeward I went my way almost forgetful of my visit to Shreiner's graveyard. And it was not until reading in a Lancaster paper later of an attempt to exhibit on canvas a scene reflecting on one with whom father had been so intimately acquainted, that the thought occurred of giving your readers a short sketch of the great 'Commoner.'

"This 'emancipationist,' as he was known even



FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE, BUILT 1854

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before his advent into your city during the middle forties, had already achieved fame not conferred upon him by either chance or favor. Long years as a plodder, first with Blackstone, later with other law-books, had placed him above asking favors from any of the town's practitioners with whom he was to measure swords not only in his adopted city and county, but in the higher courts as well.

"Having purchased a house wherein he could dwell among his law books, not to be found in any of the taverns, what he needed most was a house-keeper to look after his bachelor wants. In a certain town the name of which has escaped my memory, he had known one of color respected by all who knew her, but having married, another of equal character was recommended. This colored woman had two sons by her marriage. But no sooner had she installed herself and sons in a frame house in the rear of the bachelor's residence than the tongues of gossip began to wabble that this fifty-year-old attorney was living on perfect equality with a negro woman, which meant a failure to observe the well-established system of social ethics which prevailed among all classes of the town's social life.

"As father would frequently say, this was the opportunity his political enemies were awaiting, and among the first to charge him with the buying up of votes were those most jealous of his political ascendancy. Apart from this, who, it may be asked, was this colored woman? As a boy we had seen her on the streets as a dignified, high-minded lady of color, in no way pronounced, and yet with colored

blood in her veins. Of medium height, if not prepossessing in the eyes of her defamers, as a conversationalist she was exceedingly entertaining. Knowing well the position she had assumed, she at all times went her way as a consistent Catholic, and who later was buried in St. Mary's cemetery, of the church of which she was a member.

"Of one thing to her credit, this much can be said, without fear of successful contradiction, that, down to the close of the great Commoner's career, covering nearly thirty years, Lydia attended him with all the tenderness of a true woman!

"But what was the attitude of this great lawyer and statesman as history shows? Did he drag his vilifiers into Court? No! He spurned them as he gradually overreached the great majority.

"Rather a singular coincidence, say you not, my author friend, that these two episodes should follow one the other? And yet, follow they have from a man well past his four-score with memory, however, undimmed by age. And now, before bringing this long letter to a close, I was an intimate friend of Charlie Wise, and recall the time his father took him to a city in North Carolina where, after making an ascension himself, Charlie entered the balloon. Reaching terra firma in safety, he was presented with a fawn deer by the girls, which he brought home to Lancaster with him. Over this, we boys had much pleasure.

"One other thrilling occurrence yet to be mentioned—the murder of the Melchor Fortney family, that took place Saturday, October 20, 1845. The

whole town seemed to have gathered nearly opposite where Woodward Hill Cemetery since has been located. Everywhere the cry went out, 'Hang him, hang him!' And hung Haggarty was, in the yard of the old stone jail at the corner of Prince and West King."

With this ends my octogenarian's letter—the man whom it has never been the narrator's pleasure to meet. However, it would seem that surprises are sure to follow, one the other, for no sooner had the Stevens episode been quoted than came an invitation from Blue Lodge No. 43 to attend the celebration of James Buchanan's hundredth year as a member of said Lodge.

Recalling both James Buchanan and Thaddeus Stevens, never were two statesmen, residing in the same city, so different in their personal and political proclivities. Neither was to the manor-born. James Buchanan, while a native of Pennsylvania, was born in 1791, and died in Lancaster in 1868, at the age of seventy-seven. Thaddeus Stevens, born in New England in 1792, died in Lancaster, the same year, 1868, at the age of seventy-six.

Mr. Buchanan entered the United States Senate in 1844; Mr. Stevens, Congress, along about the same time. It has been said that they only spoke on one occasion—over a law suit. And why, it may be asked, came I, as a boy to like Mr. Stevens, and dislike Mr. Buchanan? For the reason that my father, being a Whig, liked the one and disliked the other, politically speaking. And how could it be otherwise after hearing Mr. Buchanan spoken of

in the campaign of '56, as "Ten-cent Jimmy"! The moral—never speak disparagingly of any one in presence of your children. It is sure to leave a deep, lasting impression, not so easily to be eliminated in after years! More men have been swayed in their political proclivities through prejudice than from conviction. It is cruel, heartless! Give every boy a chance to form conclusions of his own without prejudicing his young nature in favor of opinions oftentimes based on prejudice or political availability!

CHAPTER XXI

CHANGES IN CITY LIFE ARE LIKE THE CHANGES OF THE SEASONS

IT has been a long endless search and research among the records in finding the names of those who for one hundred and seventy-six years were engaged in building Lancaster as we find it almost to the present day. Of the number, including the burgesses and their assistants, the great majority have passed over the River of Time, leaving the work for other hands to finish. To finish? No city has ever been finished—it is forever undergoing change, sometimes by repair, at others by extension. With most municipalities, more time has been given to undoing what has been done amiss than to have built up an entirely new city from start to finish. Few men live long enough to see the error of their way of doing things. Their own judgment, they think, is never to be questioned by incoming generations.

In the building of the market house in 1798, when the burgesses gave the right in perpetuity to Blue Lodge, No. 43, to erect a hall over it, they thought their action could never be questioned. And yet, mark what happened. The Councils had hardly more than entered city hall in 1855, than the question arose as “to the ownership of the whole

of the market house including the lodge rooms." Finding on due examination that the city's title to it was faulty, a committee was appointed to confer with a similar committee of the lodge. The purpose was to ascertain on what terms they would be willing to vacate, provided that "nothing shall be construed to impair the title which the city already has to a room 'always to be at the disposal of the city.'"

The reply was such as might have been expected on the principle that "possession is nine points of the law." Shown the deed of agreement entered into between the burgesses and lodge, what redress had councils? And as for the room to be at *the* disposal of the Corporation, and later the city, it has remained in undisputed possession of Lodge No. 43 ever since, with no disposition on the part of the city to lay claim to it.

This is the story of the market house, substantiated by the actions of burgesses as far back as 1798. With city hall, the councilmanic minutes make it clear that its title rests in possession of the city of Lancaster. Of course, the legal mind may have recourse to data setting aside all that the council records show.

Adjoining the market house on the West King Street side stood a vacant space formerly called "Union Court," embracing along said street 16 feet, and extending back 40 feet; this Lodge No. 43 bought from the city for the sum of \$2,685.31. On this the lodge erected a "plain, substantial three-story building, the first story for store rooms, the second and third stories for Lodge purposes.

After the sale, Councils laid out another street and which they named "Market" with the Hager store as its western boundary. With this ends the long drawn-out litigation running from 1798 down through succeeding years.

That the members of Councils were sensitive to criticism of their duties, may be seen from the following. At a meeting hurriedly called during the year 1857, came a resolution in defence of the honesty and integrity of councilmen. It was offered in Select Councils. "Whereas, it has been very generally alleged against the integrity of city authorities, in the purchase of material, and in doing work for the city, strongly implicating the Councils and those acting under them of furnishing worthless material at exorbitant prices, and in doing the most worthless kind of work at extravagant rates, that a proper regard for the municipal character of the city, and a proper sense of self respect demand the adoption of such decided action as will at once remove the disgraceful imputation so frequently cast upon the integrity of the city authorities;

"Therefore be it resolved that, after the passage of this resolution, no member of either Councils, agent, employee of the city, shall purchase any kind of material, goods, wares, lumber, or other articles, or to contract to do, make, execute or perform any kind or description of work whatsoever for the city."

This resolution was adopted unanimously by a rising vote. So much impressed was one member with a sensitive conscience as to cause him to rise

and offer the following, "Resolved, that the Rev. Shultze be invited to open the proceedings of both councils with prayer." Sent to Common Councils for concurrence, it was voted down unanimously, showing that this body had not as yet become conscience-stricken! Glancing over the returns of the following election, nowhere could be found the name of the mover of the resolution to "open Councils with prayer," indicating that the voters were not in sympathy with Select Council's course of procedure. And yet, no good reason can be given why all corporate bodies should not be opened with prayer.

During the month of July, 1857, it was announced in councils that "the second reservoir built beside the first was ready to be filled, owing to the great scarcity of water to supply the city." At the meeting of August, so alarming had conditions become, as to make it necessary for the Water Committee to "contract with the 'Lancaster Locomotive Company' for the erection of a steam engine and boilers of sufficient capacity to pump daily 1,000,000 gallons, and of one hundred horse power, to be placed in the City Mill at a cost not exceeding \$7,540." This resolution was concurred in by Common Councils.

Along about this time the Water Committee was floundering round like a ship in a turbulent sea of uncertainty, with a scanty supply one day, and little or none the next. Whether an extra engine was placed in the station pumping 1,000,000 daily, no mention is to be found in the minutes of councils.

What is well known at the present day is that over six million gallons are either used or wasted every twenty-four hours. But as the Conestoga River water has always been considered both a necessity and a luxury, in this one article of consumption economy is seldom practiced. Think for a moment how much water, and filtered at that, costing \$55,000 annually is wasted by the running of but one spigot nightly. Then multiply the wasted gallons by such number of dwellers you may have in mind, and a tolerably fair estimate can be reached of how much is used, how much wasted unnecessarily. They say a "penny saved is a penny earned." The chronicler can only emphasize this axiom by saying that if you want your water rent reduced, cut out all wastes. Do not allow the spigot to be running all winter to prevent the pipes from freezing, or all summer to keep a few "catties" alive.

Among the failures of the panic of 1857 came, the year following, the "Lancaster Locomotive and Machine Manufacturing Company." For several years prior it had been one of Lancaster's most thriving industries. Nor were failures to end; for, about this time, there was at least one bank failure, bringing distress to depositors, with a cloud of suspicion on directors and officers. However, this was the first failure since the branch bank of Pennsylvania went into liquidation. But how fortunate have depositors since been with but two possible exceptions. Nowhere in the United States are banks more prosperous than in Lancaster City and County.

We are now to reach a measure of considerable interest to the people engaged in solving the problem of the passenger station. If reference has already been made as to the location of the present depot, no harm can be done by a repetition. At the December meeting of councils, 1858, an ordinance was presented to the Select branch by Thomas H. Burrowes, the ninth mayor, who succeeded John Zimmerman. This ordinance was "relative to the grant of certain property and privileges by the city of Lancaster to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in two sections:

"Section 1, Grant in fee simple the piece of ground at the North East angle of North Queen and Chestnut Streets, whenever by a resolution of the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, they will erect a Passenger station on the ground, and which resolution by said company shall be presented to the Mayor, with a clause that the grant shall be void if such depot shall not be erected within one year from the passage of this ordinance—

"Section 2—Grants the Company for the use of the building the privilege to build over the public alley between North Queen and Duke streets, at a height of twelve feet or more, and to cross said alley and Prince street, with such additional track or tracks, and at such points, with such directions and grades as the Company may divide, so as not to prevent the ordinary travel along said street and alleys."

The title of the bill being read, "it was agreed by three fourths of members present." And so

Common Councils was informed. "This body returned the ordinance as having been concurred in as passed by the Select branch."

We have no means of knowing what action was taken by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, but as the depot was started and completed a year or two later, there can be no doubt that the ordinance was accepted by the company.

The chronicler has made diligent search through the Council's proceedings, to find if the ordinance contained a clause that the passenger station was never to be removed from its present location. In this he has not been successful. Some claim that such a provision is somewhere on record, but as for the narrator, in his search and research, it is not anywhere to be found in the councilmanic records. According to the grant, it was given in fee-simple without any conditions as to whether the ground was to revert back to the city at any time the depot might be removed. By referring to chapter five, the reader's memory may be refreshed as to what occurred between the Canal Commissioners and the city and, later, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. At all times the minutes of Councils have been the narrator's only guide, with no opinion pro nor con as to where the passenger depot should or should not be located. If, then, what has been set forth will aid the Chamber of Commerce in finding a solution for the vexed problem, the chronicler's time has not been altogether wasted!

Between the years of fifty and sixty, as has been

said, the inhabitants were in a constant state of alarm, owing to the many fires breaking out, with a scanty water supply. It was only natural that various opinions should find expression among councilmen as to the cause of these conflagrations. By one member of the Fire Committee, it was openly declared that the great majority of these incendiary acts were to be charged to "irresponsible members of companies for the 'fun' of engaging in a 'free fight.'" This was no overdrawn statement. The difficulty was to catch the perpetrator with sufficient evidence to bring about conviction. That there were "irresponsibles" connected with this or that company is made only too clear by the Councils' minutes. But, as has already been said, the great majority were law-abiding citizens. Not a few had dedicated their lives to the cause which the volunteer department represented. The hose-house was their place of rendezvous, where not a few lingered night and day, ready to respond to a "call."

Plenty of men can recall the intense excitement which prevailed in and out of Councils when it was proposed to substitute the "paid" for that of the volunteer system. Of course, the chief opposition came from these organizations, all-powerful at the time as political factors. For over a century they were as stable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, composed as they were of the bone and sinew of the townstead. Nor were doctors, lawyers and even the clergy above lending their names and influence, usually distinguished as honorary members, and liberally disposed in giving financial sup-

port in addition to what Councils oftentimes dealt out sparingly. Whether this or that member of the "cloth" had ever engaged in a "free fight," is not likely. His duty was to officiate over the remains of one who had either fallen at his post of duty or as the result of a scrimmage. All honor to the memory of those who in years gone by were ever active in a good cause! And as for the present, "paid department," costly as it would seem, requiring an appropriation of \$30,000 yearly, the expenditure is but a mere bagatelle when safety of lives and property are considered. All that is needed to make this department at all times still more efficient is plenty of Conestoga water.

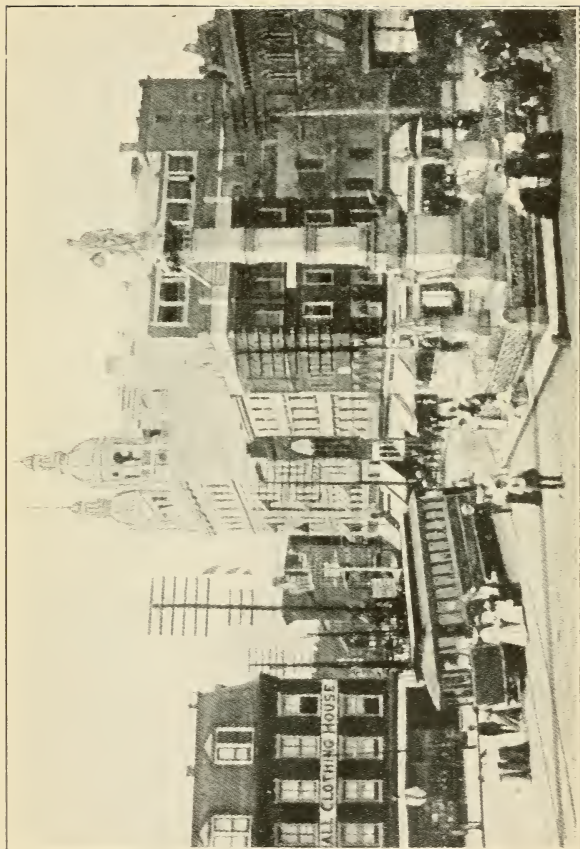
At an adjourned meeting in 1857, came a message from the mayor, "favoring the granting one of the upper rooms of city hall to certain societies for literary and scientific purposes free of charge." The third floor was granted to the School Board for their meetings, and there they held forth until they went their way to the Administration Building. Many still recall the Linnæan Society under the auspices of the late S. S. Rathvon, John Kevinski and others. It is a pleasure to recall the names of departed friends, is it not?

In the preface, written before the volume was started, reference was made to Lancaster's social life, its liberality in financing every charitable enterprise, but when, or at any time in the town's history, has a grander outpouring been known than that which has crowned the efforts of the workers for the Red Cross Fund?

From all classes, the rich and from others less well to do, has come a most generous response! And after this and the taking of the "Liberty Loan," who can say that the name Lancaster, Pennsylvania, is not on the map with a big "M"?

And as to Lancaster's commercial, industrial and financial enterprises, the great majority of our manufacturing establishments are only partly known to our people who seldom get further than along the four principal thoroughfares. If you want to see "New Lancaster" at its best, apart from its social life, enter the hundreds of workshops during the busy part of the day. In these industries you will find the bone and sinew of our town's prosperity!

Then watch the trolley cars as they unload their hundreds from every part of a great county! And not to forget the Automobile Association! The only objection the chronicler has against the auto owners is that they do not pay half as much tax as they should for stirring up the dust and wearing out the streets. But let us be patient, all-forgiving even to the "horn," the greatest nerve-destroyer that Lancaster has ever seen or heard! With love for all and malice toward none, this chapter closes.



CENTRE SQUARE AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY

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CHAPTER XXII

NINE YEARS OF MUNICIPAL RULE OF THE MUCH-RESPECTED GEORGE SANDERSON

FOLLOWING Mayor Thomas H. Burrowes, who resigned to accept the position of president of State College, came George Sanderson, a most worthy elderly gentleman, well and favorably known for his conservatism in following the trend of many of his predecessors in letting well enough alone. He was elected in 1859, and held the office until succeeded by William Augustus Atlee in 1868 and who served two years under the new charter dividing the four wards into nine.

As a singular coincidence worthy of political note, during the nearly thirty years following from 1868 to 1900, when a change was made, it was from a Republican to a Democrat and vice versa. It was only after Mayor Shissler's term ended that a Republican was followed by a Republican down to the present year, 1917. These three decades, politically speaking, were the most exciting through which the city had ever passed. Following the conflict, with the return of the soldiers, the war-feeling which it had engendered became the more pronounced, leading to a bitterness of feeling never since equaled.

Mayor Sanderson, the tenth in line, was sworn into office by I. Franklin Reigart, City Recorder, after

he himself had taken the oath of office. As the manuscript from which the inaugural was delivered is quite lengthy, full of promises as to how the city ought to be governed, it might find place in the volume had it differed from other state papers from the time of John Passmore down through succeeding years. Each seemed to be patterned after that of the preceding mayor's—the less the promises fulfilled, the greater the chance of a reëlection.

For nine yearly consecutive terms, Mayor Sanderson had done the best he knew how at a salary of not over five hundred dollars per annum. But as the city, financially speaking, was as poor as himself, what he lacked in compensation was offset by the honor the office carried with it.

It would be untimely to measure all mayors by the same yardstick. Each in turn was subject to conditions over which he had no control. There have been years when little except a certain routine of duty was required. To pay an hour's visit to the station house, and then possibly go about his private business, seemed to be all the public service required. But within a few short years all has changed; the mayor has his duties to perform, and one of these is to be always on hand to meet those with grievances, or solicitors for help. And, as a rule, the mayor of every city is among the first to be called upon for help, help, help.

We cannot recall our present mayor's salary, but whatever it may be, it ought to be doubled. And as for the multiplicity of co-workers in the various departments of the public service, sometimes re-

ferred to as "hangers-on to the public crib," there is not one who is not earning his salary.

Tax-payers are the most relentless people in the world. If given to smiling, this is suppressed on entering the treasurer's office. A good many will use the city water, or waste it with impunity, and all for about five cents a thousand gallons, and then growl at the exorbitant charge for the same!

Mention having been made of the city poor in years gone by is not intended as a reflection. Financially speaking, down to the close of the Civil War, the closest economy was practiced in all cities. And the city of Lancaster as a municipality was no exception. It will seem surprising when shown that at no time from 1855 down to 1868 did the receipts and expenditures from all sources wherewith to run the town government exceed fifty-one thousand dollars annually.

At the March meeting of 1865, the Finance Committee presented the report for the present fiscal year as follows:

RECEIPTS

Tax of 90 cents per 100 on property value of	
\$3,500,000.....	\$31,500.00
Water Rent from Duplicate.....	10,650.00
Water Rent from Pennsylvania R. R. Co.	600.00
From licenses, fines and forfeits.....	200.00
From Market Rents including arrearages.....	2,300.00
Rent of city property.....	375.00
Additional tax in default of payment.....	300.00
Refunded quota from County for bridges and road damages.....	113.62
Balance in the treasury at close of year.....	1,682.79
Total amount of revenue.....	<u>\$47,721.41</u>

EXPENDITURES

1. To pay interest on Corporation Loans	\$20,443.72
2. To pay temporary loans	6,700.00
3. To pay for grading and repair of streets . . .	1,000.00
4. To pay lighting streets in winter and dark nights	3,100.00
5. To pay Fire Companies	950.00
6. To pay salaries	5,297.00
7. To pay sum due Sinking Fund	600.00
8. To pay Water Works expenses	3,000.00
9. To pay abatement for prompt payment of city taxes	1,250.00
10. To pay abatement water rent	350.00
11. To pay for collection of taxes	400.00
12. To pay night watchmen during three winter months for ninety days at \$1.50 each night	1,620.00
13. To pay contingences	3,010.69

Whole amount of expenditures during the
year 1865 was \$47,721.41

Accompanying the report was the following:
“Resolved that believing in and wishing to adhere strictly to the policy of limiting the expenditures to the appropriations in order that no deficiencies may be created in any year to be provided for in the next, and at the same time deeming it but a measure of justice that the compensation of the city officials should be proportionate to the value of their services and the cost of the necessities of life, it is considered proper that *now* at the commencement of the fiscal year, their salaries be permanently fixed.

“High Constable \$500 per annum. Each of the four city constables, \$400; Street Commissioner, \$500; Superintendent of the Water Works, \$600;

Machinist, \$500; Market Master, \$200; Principal Regulator when employed, \$2.50 per day, Assistants, \$1.75; Lockup Keeper, \$84 per annum; Night Watchman, \$1.50 per night." Fortunately, no change was recommended for city officials, the total amount appropriated for these being \$4,000. And yet, for positions there were then as now, plenty of applicants.

The whole corporate debt was.....	\$348,612.02
Sinking Fund.....	49,367.06
Outstanding debt.....	<u>\$299,244.96</u>

A half century later, or in this year 1917, the receipts and expenditures for running the city government amounts to over \$470,000, with a permanent debt of something like \$700,000, the greater portion of which is to be charged to water and street improvements.

By the census of 1860 the population was, in round numbers, 17,000; today it is over 50,000. What, it may be asked, has caused this tremendous yearly increase of expenditures? Up to the close of the war, the city was at a standstill; as the report shows, few streets were opened. What are known as the sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth wards were partially lying vacant. Since the sixties, forty or more miles of streets have been opened and macadamized or paved either with belgian block, brick or stone. As all will remember who have kept in touch with the city's extension, a hundred thousand dollars had to be paid the county for the opening of streets, whether in justice, we cannot say. Then, a

broken reservoir, too, added another hundred thousand.

But the greater amount of money expended since the year 1837 has been for water works improvements. To mention the amount annually voted during the past eighty years, would not serve any good purpose. However, startling as the sum may be if set forth in one item, we do not believe the people of Lancaster have ever regretted owning their own water works, nor will the time ever come when they will part with it to a private company. They will continue to bear their ills patiently so long as they feel they are getting the worth of their money, partly in filtered water, partly for industrial enterprises. That mistakes have been made by experimenting; others through bad management by councilmen without a thorough knowledge of requirements, all know.

In the olden days, as has been shown, men entered councils to keep down the assessed valuation as well as the rate to the minimum. Another word for those who usually vote "straight" and do the kicking on their way home from the poles! The great majority of all parties thrust aside their conviction if they have any concerning municipal affairs on the flimsy pretext that their party organization must be held together for state and national elections to follow.

Men enter councils for various reasons. Some consider it an honor, and an honor it should be today as in times gone by. Others use the office as a boost to something higher, and yet others to be

able to say "I am one of the city fathers!" But why enlarge on what everybody knows. After all, the people of Lancaster should feel thankful that their city is governed as well as it is, considering that the life of a councilman is no earthly paradise, notwithstanding a few think it is and strive so hard for a reelection. In this also the chronicler knows whereof he writes.

As has been said, it is a "Department of Instruction" all cities need. If teachers need be examined before elected to teach the young idea how to shoot "straight," why overlook candidates charged with the making of the laws for the welfare of a town's citizenship?

However, when the matter is summed up, and a reply from this or that councilman is solicited, his response is, "I have taken my cue from representatives and senators of the United States who will vote for every blessed measure conceived by mortal man, provided by so doing he can have included one of his own pet measures, a postoffice or maybe the widening of a stream in no way comparable with our own Conestoga."

Our Congressman, the best Lancaster County has ever had, has done wonders; and the only thing he has not yet undertaken is to have our Conestoga widened and made navigable clear through to the Chesapeake. But during these war times, it may be best that this important project be deferred, and for the reason that it would not be conducive to one's peace of mind to see a German submarine landing at Reigart's Landing! So, let us be thank-

ful for such blessings as we have, clear water with all the germs removed.

Again, what is lacking in our councils is closer relationship between the legislative and the administrative. It was Mayor Carpenter who, in a message to councils, complained of how little influence he had with councils.

Apart from the same views expressed by a later mayor, for a good many years the chronicler has been looking forward to the time when the Suffragettes would enter the halls of councils to take up the work of good local government, but seeing what a mess the "Lady from Montana" has been making in the Lower House at Washington, it may after all be well to let matters rest instead of running the risk of going further and faring worse!

Glancing thoughtfully back over the assessed valuation of 1865 we find it to have been but \$3,500,000, with the tax-rate 90 cents on the hundred dollars, the highest ever known. But think of only a \$3,500,000 property valuation! Evidently the assessor was abroad. In glancing over the list of assessments the minutes show that properties in the business parts of the city were assessed so low, compared with what they are today, as to cause one to wonder why such a condition should ever have been tolerated. It is not so many years ago, however, since Lancaster had its Board of Assessors under an act of the Legislature. But mark the result! An examination brought out the glaring fact that this Commission, while putting almost everybody's up to the top notch, had accidentally forgotten to raise the valuation of their own properties.

But what, it may be asked, is the remedy? There is only one town in Pennsylvania in which the people do not have to bother themselves over property valuation or the tax rate! They live along in their own quiet way, leaving the town's owner do for them what the voters of Lancaster cannot do for their own best interests.

The town to which the chronicler refers is Hershey, better known as the "Chocolate" town, in which the dwellers bask in the sunshine of contentment, and, what is to them a blessing, they do not have to worry over either the tax collector or the ward assessor. It is a great pity that, when James Hamilton laid out our town in 1730, he had not the foresight to become sole owner of the town himself instead of turning it over to his paid agents to have town lots sold either for ready cash or on the ground-land plan to every "squatter" that might happen to come along with a few pounds, shillings and pence! Oh, it is dreadful, isn't it, my poor, over-charged taxpayer?

Reminded that all things must come to an end sooner or later, the octogenarian cannot divest himself of the thought that in many respects the volume has failed to measure up to what certain friendly helpers had been led to expect through their generosity. If then, disappointment follow, let the volume's shortcomings be charged to the war times during which it was written.

There has seldom been a time during the past six months that the author's mind has not been distracted, yea, bewildered, confused over bulletins

and newspaper reports, first over war with Mexico, later with that on the Eastern continent. Ordinarily during more peaceful times the very mention of writing the story of Lancaster would have brought forth a friendly, hearty response, but not so during war and rumors of war such as the country is passing through at the present time. With a young man, the writing of a book could afford to wait a more propitious season; not so with one who has reached his four score. He cannot turn the dial of time backward. And so, recalling Lot's wife, and the punishment dealt out to her for looking backward, the chronicler has acted in conformity with a rule of his life, never to give up until the results of his efforts have been achieved.

Every hour in the day came reports of what was going on at the recruiting station, recalling how, more than a half century ago, the boys went their way to do battle for their country. It has been said that opportunity awaits every young man, at times the man the opportunity. And then, but for the Civil War, there might never have been the great Abraham Lincoln, a Grant, Sheridan, Lee or a Sherman, names ever to be held revered among the world's greatest patriots. And as I sit reflecting comes the thought, Why should mothers worry over their sons going to war? Let them not despair. A half score years hence, if still living, they may rejoice to see their sons holding positions of trust and honor in their own home town or city. So, my dear mothers, wives and sweethearts, do not worry, for whatever happens is for the best; for, as

has been said, one of these days they will be coming home to be making of their city a still "Greater Lancaster."

All honor then to the Committee whose labors in behalf of the "Red Cross" have been crowned with success. And as for the contributors to this fund, their liberality goes far to prove that the citizens of Lancaster are generous to the limit in contributing to every worthy cause.

Suddenly reminded that there must be a limit to even a book's pages, the volume will close with the names of the twenty-five magistrates, only one of whom has been elevated to the high position of Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania, usually spoken of as the "Red Rose" of Lancaster.

And here they are since the city was first incorporated in 1818: John Passmore, Samuel Carpenter, Nathaniel Lightner, John Mathiot, M. Carpenter, Christian Kieffer, Jacob Albright, John Zimmerman, Thomas Burrowes, George Sanderson, William Aug. Atlee, Frederick S. Pyfer, William D. Stauffer, John T. MacGonigle, D. P. Rosenmiller, William A. Morton, Edward Edgerley, Robert Clark, Edwin S. Smeltz, Simon Shissler, Dr. H. E. Muhlenberg, Chester W. Cummings, John P. McCaskey, Frank B. McClain, Harry L. Trout.

In mention of the names of the twenty-five magistrates, dating from 1818 to the present time, the minutes fail to state of a death occurring of anyone while in office. Only in one instance, and that in the case of Jacob Albright, was there a vacancy from this cause, and while Mayor Albright died the year

following, in 1856, he was too feeble to fill out the term of his office, resulting in the election of John Zimmerman, who held the office for a single term of one year. This yearly rotation of office went on until 1868 when, under the new charter, mayors were elected for two years, since changed by act of Assembly.

Out of this galaxy of twenty-five, only eight are living to help celebrate the incoming Centennial of the city as a municipality, namely, Robert Clark, Edwin S. Smeltz, Simon Shissler, Chester W. Cummings, John P. McCaskey, Hon. Frank B. McClain, and the present incumbent, Harry L. Trout. Who will be the next mayor to succeed the present chief magistrate, only time can tell.

However, in finally concluding the volume, no greater reward can await our present mayor's outgoing than to be able to say, "I have done my duty for the people, of the people and by the people of Lancaster."

May he join with the octogenarian in saying, "I love my home better than any other home, my city better than any other city, my county better than any other county, my State better than any other in the Union, and my country better than any other country in the world!"

With the foregoing as the school-boy's slogan, the probability is, on reaching his voting age, he will love his city to the extent of making it a "Greater Lancaster," religiously, socially, industriously and commercially.

THE END.

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